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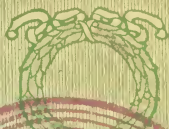
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Boston College

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STEPHEN GWYNN



Irish Literature

SECTION ONE

Irish Authors and Their
Writings in Ten
Volumes

VOLUME X

Gaelic Authors

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BIOGRAPHIES AND LITERARY APPRECIATIONS

BY

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CLÁR I MLÉABDAR X.

ROIM-RÁD leatanaic
3710

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THE IRISH DRAMA.

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the eminent critic, told the story of the Irish Literary Theater. We present here his account of the Irish National Dramatic Society, written in December, 1902. With regard to the first named he says:—

Its work may be summed up in a sentence: It produced in Ireland, with English actors, seven plays written in English on Irish subjects. These were: two by Mr. Yeats, 'The Countess Cathleen' and 'The Land of Heart's Desire'; two by Mr. Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maeve'; one by Miss Milligan, 'The Last Feast of the Fianna'; one by Mr. Moore, 'The Bending of the Bough'; and one, 'Diarmuid and Grania,' by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration. At the time when the last was produced by Mr. Benson, a troupe of amateurs played Dr. Hyde's 'Casadh an t-Sugáin,' and the advantage that Irish amateurs had, even over good English professionals, for the purpose in hand was obvious. I suppose that this occurred to Mr. Fay, for it was after this that he and some friends—all of them people earning their bread by daily labor—banded together to devote their leisure to the acting of Irish plays; and the new experiment was inaugurated last Easter, when this company of Irish actors played two Irish plays, "A. E.'s" 'Deirdre' and Mr. Yeats' 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' It was renewed on a much larger scale this Samhain-tide, when in the course of a week some plays (including one short farce in Gaelic) were given; the subjects ranging from poetic handling of the oldest mythology down to contemporary satire on the town corporation. The whole thing was absolutely and entirely uncommercial. Authors and actors alike gave their services for the benefit of Cumann na Gael, under whose auspices the plays were produced, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company.

The more one thinks about it, the plainer one sees that for full enjoyment of drama the auditor must be one of a sympathetic crowd. For instance, a comedy of Mr. Shaw's

played before the Stage Society is infinitely more enjoyable than when it is played in Kennington or Notting Hill. But the Stage Society, which makes an ideal audience for wit, is perhaps too sophisticated for poetry; too much under the domination of modern comedy. In Dublin Mr. Yeats and the rest had a hall full of people not less intelligent but less over-educated, less subservient to the critical faculty; in a word, more natural. This audience had all the local knowledge necessary to give dramatic satire its point (and that is scarcely possible in a place so big as London), and had also a community of certain emotions arising out of distinctive ideas. And, above all, the people composing it came to the theater much as they might have gone to church or to a political meeting, ready to be moved by grave emotions or by serious ideas. Two of the plays could, I think, have held their own with any audience. But without that special audience 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan' and 'The Laying of Foundations' would have been by far less dramatic than they were.

It should be said at once that these plays were for the most part extremely modest in scope. Only one had so many as three acts or required a change of scene; and two or three were at best "curtain raisers." In this class must be put Mr. McGinley's 'Eilis agus an Bhean Déirce' ('Eilish and the Beggar Woman'), which I cannot criticise, as no text was procurable and my Gaelic was not equal to following the dialogue closely. I do not think that a higher rank can be claimed for Mr. Yeats' farce, 'A Pot of Broth,' which, however, afforded Mr. W. G. Fay the chance for a capital piece of broad comic acting. The story is one, common among Irish peasants, of a beggar, who comes to a churlish woman's house, and knowing well that asking will get him neither bite nor sup, plays on her credulity by displaying a wonderful stone which will make the best of broth. All he asks is the use of a pot and water in it, and while the miserly housewife listens to his praise of the saving to be effected by such a stone, he dilates upon its other qualities—its effect on a chicken if you put it in with it, or on a ham-bone or the like—till gradually one eatable after another slips into the pot, and the beggar in a fit of generosity presents the stone to the housewife, taking in return merely the broth and a few unconsidered trifles.

That was all, and it was little enough. But it was interesting to find Mr. Yeats as a purveyor of laughter—for the little piece was genuinely droll, and interesting too—to notice how, for his comedy as for his tragedy, he went to folk lore and the peasant's cottage.¹

I may dismiss at once Mr. Seumas O'Cuisin, author of two of the plays. His 'Racing Lug' was a little story of sea-faring folk, apparently so cut down as to be barely intelligible. This was in prose; his other production, 'The Sleep of the King,' was simply a poetic tableau, showing how Connla, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, left a proffered throne to follow after a fairy woman.

"He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son."

Mrs. Chesson has put the gist of it into the haunting little poem from which I quote these two lines, and put it much more effectively than Mr. O'Cuisin. Still, his little piece in verse—and very creditable verse—gave the troupe their one opportunity of showing how they spoke what was written in meter. They spoke verse not as actors generally do, but as poets speak it, in a kind of chant, which I confess seems to me the natural and proper manner.

It was just this quality—the absence of all stage mannerisms, the willingness to speak poetry simply as poetry, to speak it for its own sake, and not to show the actor's accomplishments—that rendered possible the production of 'Deirdre;' and it would have been a pity for work so good not to have been produced. Nevertheless I cannot regard 'Deirdre' as a good or successful piece of drama. The author, "A. E.," ranks high in my judgment as a lyrical poet, but even as a lyrical poet his appeal must necessarily be to the few. Mystic in the blood and bone, he stands habitually apart, and moves in ways of thought and emotion where it is difficult to follow him. And yet it was striking to observe how well the audience responded to his interpretation of the famous and beautiful story, and to the thoughts that he wove into its fabric. The first act tells how the sons of Usnach found Deirdre in the secret abode where the High King Conchobar had secluded her

¹ The story is told in Griffin's 'The Collegians,' see Volume IV.

fatal beauty, and how she fled with Naisi, obedient to the voice of a new wonder; and in this act I could see little or nothing to praise. But in the second, which shows Deirdre in the kingdom that Naisi and his brother had won on the shore of Loch Etive, there was work of a very different quality. In a passage of singular beauty the poet—for the play, though written in prose, is sheer poetry—shows Deirdre looking out on a glorious sunset. It is the sunset not of one but of many days, she says, and the stars that had lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun, know again their friends' faces across the firmament. And so, too, she and Naisi, awaking at last from the long swoon of sunshine, see at last into each other's hearts, and she sees in him a regret. It is the regret of pride that he has fled without confronting King Conchobar; the regret of chivalry that he has broken the rules of the Red Branch Order. It is, indeed, for comradeship in the Red Branch that he pines, not knowing it; and on the top of this discourse comes the shout of a man of Erin from his galley in the loch. And Deirdre, who has Cassandra's gift, foreknows the whole; so that when Fergus enters, the dearest of Naisi's friends, with pledge of forgiveness and of restoration to the Red Branch, she has no heart to greet him. She can only implore Naisi to stay, and her sorrow angers him, till her love and her knowledge yield to his pride.

I thought the whole of this act very well planned and full of beauty, and, even when the beauty was recondite, it conveyed itself surprisingly well. Deirdre in her lament says that the Gods have told her her love and happiness are ended, and are yet immortal, for they are destined to live forever as a memory in the minds of the Gael! and one felt that slight stir run through the silent audience which tells of a point gone home. And the spectacular beauty, even on that mean stage, was considerable; the figures moving behind a gauze veil in costumes designed by the author, who is artist as well as poet, and moving no more than was essential for the action. It was a great relief to see actors stand so still, and never to have attention distracted from the person on whom it naturally fell. But the whole thing was too literary, depended too much on the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing, and not enough on a strong central emotion. I do not think that "A. E."

achieved more than to demonstrate the possibility of a drama on an Irish heroic subject which should appeal to an Irish audience. But such a drama would have to be written by a most skillful dramatist.

The other two plays of which I have to speak had their way, as it seemed, made almost absurdly easy for them; so directly did they spring out of the mind of the audience. And yet these things are not quite so easy as they appear, and Mr. Ryan succeeded when Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn had failed. Mr. Moore's 'Bending of the Bough' was a dramatic satire on Irish politicians: so was Mr. Martyn's 'Tale of a Town.' But though Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn knew well how Ibsen had done that sort of thing, they were not familiar at first-hand with local politics; they did not show that perfect knowledge of local types which gave a value to 'The Laying of Foundations.'

The action of this comedy passes in the house of Mr. O'Loskin, town councilor (and patriot), immediately after a municipal election. To him come his friends, Alderman Farrelly and another, for a discussion of prospects. The alderman and his ally have their own little game to play; to secure for a building syndicate in which they are concerned the contract for erecting a new asylum. Mr. O'Loskin, on his part, desires the post of city architect for his son Michael. There is an obvious fitness in the arrangement by which Mr. O'Loskin will back the one job, while Mr. Farrelly completes the other; indeed, the only obstacle to this and all other good plans lies in one Nolan, the editor of a plaguy print, who has succeeded in capturing one of the wards, and will have a new means of annoyance—as if his *Free Nation*, with his rancorous comment on the private arrangements of public men, were not troublesome enough already. "And the worst of it is," says Alderman Farrelly, with pious indignation, "that I don't believe the fellow can be squared." Needless to say, the *Free Nation* has its counterparts in real life: the *United Irishman*, and another clever paper, *The Leader*, have been for some time back making things very unpleasant for patriot publicans and others. Nor was this all. Even the *obiter dicta* of prominent men found a new publicity given to them on the stage. "This fellow Nolan," says Alderman Farrelly, "is never done putting absurd no-

tions into poor people's heads. He says a working man ought to get twenty-four shillings a week. Twenty-four shillings!" (They all roar with laughter.) "Eighteen shillings is plenty for any laboring man. What would they do with more if they had it? Drink it!" And he slaps his thigh, leans back, and drains his tumbler of monstrously stiff whisky and water. This trait did not lose any of its pungency before an audience which remembered how a certain Lord Mayor had recently fixed eighteen shillings as the highest wage any working man should look for.

After the opening dialogue the action begins to develop. Michael, the future city architect, is an almost incredibly ingenuous youth. He only knows his father as the prominent patriot, the liberal subscriber to charities. And he is vastly overjoyed at the prospect, but he does not see how it is to be accomplished. How exactly is Alderman Farrelly going to secure favors from Alderman Sir John Bull, the leading Unionist? How is he, Michael, going to consent to receive them? Mr. O'Loskin has to explain that Sir John Bull is a large employer of labor, and, no matter what his politics, which is the better patriot, the man who gives the means of livelihood to hundreds, or one of your starveling fellows who goes about making trouble and stirring up ill-will? Michael yields easily, for Michael is engaged, and this will mean marriage; but the young lady, Miss Delia, is not so sanguine. She has been infected with the venom of Nolan, she distrusts Mr. O'Loskin, she warns Michael against a trap. Nevertheless, Michael accepts.

Two months later finds him installed, and coming gradually face to face with facts. Alderman Farrelly is righteously indignant because Michael has pedantically reported that the foundations of the new asylum are being laid with four feet of concrete instead of the stipulated eight. Worse still, Michael has condemned, root and branch, certain slum tenements—not knowing that they are the joint property of Alderman Farrelly and his own father. Here again one may observe that the audience bore in mind how a rickety tenement owned by a prominent and patriotic member of the Corporation had finally collapsed, killing some of the inmates. Michael's eyes are finally opened completely by an interview with Mr. Nolan, and,

Delia backing him, he takes his stand. In vain does Alderman Farrelly inclose a check for £500 as "a wedding present." In vain does Mr. O'Loskin tear his paternal hair. "Michael, I always thought you would take after me. See what comes of giving a boy a good education." (That, I will be bold to say, is a stroke of irony worthy of Swift himself.) Michael is obdurate, and the curtain falls on his righteous protestations.

Up to a certain point, as will be evident, the thing is purely analogous to Ibsen's work—but might have been written by one who had never read a line of that master. Only, if Ibsen had drawn Michael as Mr. Ryan drew him, and as Mr. Kelly represented him, there would certainly have been a third act, showing, in a bitter sequel, Michael's surrender. This is a defect in the art, for Michael is ill-drawn; and Miss Delia is rather a needlessly aggressive young lady. But whatever Mr. O'Loskin and Mr. Farrelly have to say and do is excellent, and the sentence which I have quoted is a fair illustration of the irony which pervades the whole. And a wholly subordinate character, Mrs. Macfadden, wife of the third town councilor, has an admirable scene in which she speaks her mind of Miss Delia and her extraordinary notions and goings on. Nothing could be better played than this was by Miss Honor Lavalle; she was the Dublin Catholic bourgeoisie to the life.

I do not say that the play was a masterpiece. I do say that it was live art; and that here was a new force let loose in Ireland: the clear sword of ridicule, deftly used from the point of greatest vantage, striking home again and again. Here there was no reference to the stranger; here was Ireland occupied with her own affairs, chastising her own corruption. I wish I could have been present on the Saturday night when the programme began with 'The Laying of Foundations' and ended with 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' That would have been to see drama pass from its cauterizing the ignoble to its fostering the noble in national life: from the comedy of municipal corruption to the tragedy, brief, indeed, but drawing centuries into its compass of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

It is necessary to explain for English readers that "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was one of the names which poets in the eighteenth century used to cloak, in the disguise of love-

songs, their forbidden passion for Ireland; that the "Shan Van Vocht," or "Poor Old Woman," was another of these names; and that Killala, near which, in 1798, is laid the scene of Mr. Yeats' play, is the place where Humbert's ill-starred but glorious expedition made its landing. But there was no need to tell all this to the Dublin audience.

The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then on a sudden impulse he faces round and says, "Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other day about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other thoughts to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune. A hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes; and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, Delia Cahel, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him, and Peter with handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause, and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house, and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, through the thick glass of the window. And Michael shivers a little. "I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old wayfarer.

Miss Maud Gonne, as every one knows, is a woman of superb stature and beauty; she is said to be an orator, and she certainly has the gifts of voice and gesture. To the courage and sincerity of her acting I can pay no better tribute than to say that her entrance brought instantly to my mind a half-mad old-wife in Donegal whom I have

always known. She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so frequent with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people question her and she speaks of her travel on the road.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed, you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

BRIDGET. Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to Bridget*). Do you think, could she be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to Old Woman*). Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

“ I will go cry with the woman,
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,
And a white cloth on his head.”

The sound of her strange chant draws the boy over to her as if by a fascination; and she tells him of the men that had died for love of her.

“ There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.”

The boy draws nearer to her, and plies her with questions, and the old people talk pityingly of the poor crea-

ture that has lost her wits. They offer her bread and milk, and Peter, under his wife's reproaches, offers her a shilling. But she refuses.

"If any man would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all."

And Michael starts to go with her, to welcome the friends that are coming to help her. But his mother interposes sharply, with a note of terror, and she reminds him whom it is he has to welcome. Then turning to the stranger—

Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to Bridget*). Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

It sounds flat and cold when you write it down; it did not sound cold when it was spoken. And the audience felt, too, in a flash, all that lay in Peter's comment, "I think I knew some one of that name once. It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy."

The stranger goes out then, chanting an uncanny chant, after she has told them what the service means that she asks of men. "They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid." And she leaves the boy in a kind of trance, from which his mother tries to waken him with talk of his wedding clothes. But as Bridget speaks the door is thrown open, Patrick bursts in with the neighbors: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Delia Cahel may come with him, may cling about Michael; but the chant is heard outside and the bridegroom flings away the bride and rushes out, leaving them all silent. Then old Peter crosses to Patrick and asks, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" And the lad answers, "I did not; but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

The actors played the piece as it was written; that is, they lessened instead of heightening the dialect and the brogue; they left the points unemphasized. But they had

the house thrilling. I have never known altogether what drama might be before. Take a concrete instance. Few things in modern literature seem to me so fine as the third act in 'Herod'; few pieces of acting have pleased me better than Mr. Tree's in that scene. But I have never felt in reading it over that I missed anything by lacking the stage presentment, and I felt obscurely glad to be spared the sense of an audience only half in sympathy. 'Herod' came to the audience from outside; Mr. Yeats put before them in a symbol the thought of their own hearts. He had such a response as is only found in England by the singers of patriotic ditties in the music halls. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" is the Irish equivalent for the "Absent-minded Beggar" or the "Handy Man." It is superfluous to do more than suggest the parallel.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that these Irish plays are worthy the attention of English managers. There is no money in them. They will be played, no doubt, a few times in Dublin, where Mr. Fay and his fellows have taken a small house for occasional performances. They will be played up and down through the country to people paying sixpences and pennies for admission. Some of them will, I hope, be produced by the Irish Literary Society in London for an Irish audience. But wherever they are played they will represent a wholly different order of dramatic art from that which prevails in the English theater; and the difference will lie chiefly in their intention, first, in the fact that they are not designed to make money.

Wherever they are played I hope they may find performers so good as Mr. W. G. or Mr. F. J. Fay, or Mr. Digges—an actor of extraordinary range, who played the parts of Naisi, of Michael Gillane, and of Alderman Farrelly, with equal success. The ladies of the company were hardly equal to the men, but Miss M. Quinn and Miss M. nic Shiubhlaigh both acted with fine intelligence. And the whole company, by their absence of stage tricks, showed the influence of Mr. Yeats, who is President of the company.

Part of the propaganda was an address delivered by him on the scheme which he has so much at heart for establishing a fixed manner by means of notation for speaking verse.

I was unable to be present, but have heard his views before, and have heard Miss Farr speak or chant verse on his method, accompanying herself on a queer stringed instrument.

The important thing is the deliberate attempt to re-establish what has never died out among Irish speakers—a tradition of poetry with a traditional manner of speaking it. Put briefly, it comes to this: Mr. Yeats and many others wanted to write for Ireland, not for England, if only because they believed that any sound art must address itself to an audience which is coherent enough to yield a response. The trouble was that Ireland had lost altogether the desire to read, the desire for any art at all, except, perhaps, that of eloquent speech—and even in that her taste was rapidly degenerating. What the Gaelic League has done is to infuse into Ireland the zeal for a study which, as Dr. Starkie says, “is at heart disinterested.” What Mr. Yeats and his friends have done is to kindle in Ireland the desire for an art which is an art of ideas. No matter in how small a part of Ireland the desire is kindled, nothing spreads so quick as fire.

It is noticeable that Mr. Fay’s company has more and more limited its efforts to two types of play—the prose idyll, tragic or comic, of peasant life, and the poetic drama of remote and legendary subjects. In the former kind a new dramatist has revealed himself, Mr. J. M. Synge, whose little masterpiece, ‘Rivers to the Sea,’ was the most successful of five plays produced by the company at the Royalty Theater in London in the spring of 1904. Mr. Synge had not been heard of before, but his work in prose is no less accomplished and complete than that of Mr. Yeats in poetry, in the days of poetic plays. “A. E.’s” ‘Deirdre’ has been succeeded by Mr. Yeats’ Morality ‘The Hornglass,’ written like it in cadenced prose, and this by ‘The King’s Threshold’ and ‘The Shadowy Waters.’ In both of these plays we have heard Frank Fay and Maire nic Shiubhaigh speak beautiful and dramatic verse as it is seldom spoken, and in ‘The Shadowy Waters,’ especially, what the piece lacked in dramatic quality was made up by the mounting, which showed how much solemn beauty could be achieved with little cost from common materials handled by an artist.

It is satisfactory to add that a theater has been arranged in Dublin where these players will in future have the advantages of a proper stage, however modest its dimensions.

From the
Stephen Gwynn

In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Samhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynn has chronicled in the foregoing, has grown to such an extent that the year's doings could not be described in detail.

Father Dineen, Father O'Leary, P. Colum, and Dr. Hyde produced new plays which, with those by "A. E.," Mr. Cousins, Mr. Ryan, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Lady Gregory, etc., were witnessed not only by thousands throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but by large and appreciative audiences in London as well. The Irish Literary Society of New York also has been active in presenting several of these plays, and the effect of the new-born Irish drama is being strongly felt in this country also.

Let Lady Gregory say the last word on this subject:

"There has always, on the part of the Irish people, been a great taste for dramatic dialogue. The 'Arguments of Oisín and Patrick' are repeated by peasants for hours together with the keenest delight and appreciation. Other dramatic 'arguments' appeal to them—the 'Argument of Raftery with Death,' the 'Argument of Raftery with Whisky,' or the argument between a Connaught herd and a Munster herd as to the qualities of the two provinces. These old pieces are recited and followed with excitement, showing how naturally the dramatic sense appeals to the Celtic nature. It is curious, therefore, that only now should Irish drama be finding its full expression, and not at all curious that it has taken such a hold upon the country. The dramatic movement has made really an enduring impression upon the life and intellectual activity of the people."—[C. W.]

FOLK TALES, FOLK SONGS, RANNS,
sean-sgeuluisgeacht, sean-abráin, raiinn,

HISTORICAL SKETCH,

blúire as stair na h-éireann,

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS,

sgeolta, dánta, agus drama,

BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.

le h-údaráib an lae inniu.

AN NUAD-UITRÍÓEACHT I NGAEOEILG.

Cíorúimís inran imleabair deirimís reo, romplairís ar Shná-
 Gaedheilg na nDaoine, mar do bí sí aca in ran dá céad bliadan
 ro do énaíó éarrainn, agus mar tá sí aca anois. Ní'l aót nuad-
 Gaedheilg le fágaíl ann ro, 7 caiteirís an leigsteoirí a bpreiteamhar
 féin déanamh ar an trean-Gaedheilg le congnamh na n-airtúingad
 béarla do túsamair inna h-imleabhair eile. Ní túsamair an
 trean-Gaedheilg ann ro, oir ír nó deacair a tuigrint do don duine
 nac ndearna fuirdearacht ppeirialta innití.

Tá rgealtar, abhain, 7 ráirde na nDaoine féin, le fágaíl inran
 leabair ro, 7 tá cur mór oib ro rghíobta ríor le rgláirib ó
 béal na sean-Daoine i n-Éirinn náir tuis a tteanga féin do
 rghíobad ná do léigead. Aót tá cur eile dé, agus ír obair na
 rghíobnoirí ír clirde í obair na rghíobnoirí atá as déanamh lictir-
 eaceta nuairde do muinntir na h-Éireann inoiú, mar atá an t-
 Aitir Peadar O Laoisair, Seumas O Dubháil, Conán Maol (Mac uí
 Seasda), Pádraig O Laoisair, Tomás O h-Adá, an t-
 Aitir O Duinnín, úna ní feargailte, "Tóirna" 7 Daoine eile.

Ír an-deacair an fuo é béarla ceart blarad do cur ar Gaed-
 eilg, oir ír é mo bairmair nac bfuil don dá tteanga ar éalaim na
 Cíorúingeadat ír mó oirir eatorra féin 'ná iad. Agus cíó go
 bfuilid a com fáda rin 'na fearaim ar an don oileán, taob le
 taob, ír ríor-deas an loirg o'fag ceann aca ar an gceann eile,
 agus ír ríor-deasán o'fógluim na Daoine labhar iad ó n-a céile.

Tá rgoilte na h-Éireann, farair! Fá rtiúingad Daoine o'a
 otus an Ríagaltar Sacraad an rtiúingad oirra, agus bí na
 Daoine reo i gcóinnuirde i n-aíad na nGaedéal agus i n-aíad
 teangad na tíre. Ní'l eolair as duine ar bit aca uirir aót oirrad
 le aral no le bulóig. Tá ceatrar de na Daoinib reo 'na mbpreiteam-
 hair ó cúirteannair an oirge, nac bfuil ploc eolair aca ar
 oirdeacar, aót o'ír Shná-obair leó Daoine cionntaca do daorad,
 daorann ríad muinntir na h-Éireann, 'sá gcur fá bpreiteamhar
 aineolair; rad a mbeata, i otaob na neirde bainear leó féin 7
 le na oirir. Tá fear eile aca 'na uactarain ar Colairte na
 Tríonóirde—ír fuat na nGaedéal an áit rin—agus tá cur mór

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

WE shall see in this last volume specimens of the ordinary Irish language of the people, as they have had it for the last couple of hundred years, and as they have it now. There is nothing but modern Irish to be found in this volume, and hence the reader must form his own opinion of the old Irish literature by the help of the English translations that have been given in the other volumes. We give here no old Irish, because it is too difficult to understand for any person who has not made a special study of it.

There are stories, songs and sayings of the people themselves to be found in this book, and a great many of these have been written down by scholars from the mouths of old people in Ireland who did not know how to read and write their own language. But there is another portion of the book which is the work of the cleverest writers, the work of writers who are making a modern literature for the people of Ireland to-day, such as Father Peter O'Leary, James Doyle, Conan Maol (O'Shea), Patrick O'Leary, Thomas Hayes, Father Dinneen, Miss O'Farrelly, Tadhg O'Donoghue, and others.

It is a very difficult thing to put correct tasteful English upon Irish, for it is my opinion that there are no two languages in the lands of Christendom which differ more between themselves than they do. And although they have been so long standing side by side upon one island, very little is the trace that either of them has left upon the other, and it is very little that the people who speak them have learned from one another either.

The schools of Ireland also, are, alas, under the dominance of people to whom the English Government has given the control over them, and these people have always been against the Irish, and against the language of the country. Not one

eile aca na ndaoimib-uairle raióbre san don eólar rpeirialta aca ar rgoilcib ná ar rgoilúigeact; agus do choimearḡ ríad ḡaeó-eilg do múnad inḡna rgoilcib, no do labairt leir na rḡoláirib, so oḡi tḡi no ceatar de bliadantaib ó roin: Tá aḡruḡad ann anoir, ḡ so, oḡuḡaró 'Dia dúinn ḡo mbéir ré buan! Ní mearaim ḡo raió don tḡi eile ar talam na Cḡiorḡuigeacta riam, a raió a leicéir rin de rḡannail le feicrint innti agus do bí i n-Éirinn—máigirḡirde ḡ máigirḡreara rḡoile nac raió focal ḡaeóeilgḡe aca, aḡ “múnad”! páirḡirde nac raió focal béarla aca! Ní n-ionḡnad ḡur oibḡeas amac rḡiorad na Litirdeacta ar na daoimib, agus ḡur ruaiḡeas arta ḡac oibḡar, ḡliocar, cḡionact, agus rḡuaim do táinig anuar cuca ó n-a rinnḡearaió rompa: Act anoir,—mar ḡeall ar Conḡrad na ḡaeóeilgḡe—tá an ḡaeóeilg, aḡ teact cuici féin arí; agus ir roiléir é anoir, do'n doḡman ar fao, má tá Éire le beic 'na náiríun ar leic, no le beic 'na ruo ar bí act 'na condae ḡráanna Sacraḡaig, (agus i aḡ déanam aicḡir ḡo faon fann ruar an nóraió na Sacraḡac) ḡo ḡcaiciró rí iompóó ar a teanḡaró féin arí ḡ Litirdeact nuad ceapad innti.

Agus tá Éire aḡ toḡuḡad ar rin do déanam ceana féin, agus tá romplairde ar a bḡuil rí o'á déanam inḡan leabhar ro. Ní'l ionnta ro ḡo léir (obair na ndeic mbliadan ro cuairó tarḡainn) act céad-bláta an earḡraig. Tá an Samḡrad le teact fóir le conḡnam Dé:

RIG AN FÁSAS ḡuib:

Labḡar O ploinn, ó beulḡat-na-muice (Swinford i mbeurla) o'innir an rḡeul ro do ḡróinḡar O Concúḡair i mb'l'aeḡuain, ó a bḡuair mire é.

Nuair bí O Concúḡair 'na ríḡ ar Éirinn bí ré 'na cómnurde i Ráḡ-cḡuacáin Connaḡt: Bí don mac amáin aige, act nuair o'fár ré ruar, bí ré ríadain, agus níor feud an ríḡ rmaḡt do cuir aḡ; mar beirdeas a coil féin aige inḡ ḡac uile nio:

of them knows anything about it, more than so many asses or bullocks. Four of these men are judges from the courts of law, who have no particle of knowledge about education; but since their ordinary work is to condemn the guilty, they condemn the people of Ireland, sentencing them to life-long ignorance about the things that concern themselves and their country. Another of them is the Provost of Trinity College, that place that is Fuath na nGaedheal, and a great number more of them are wealthy country gentlemen, without any special knowledge of schools or scholarship; and these men practically forbade the Irish language to be taught in the schools or to be spoken to the scholars until three or four years ago. A change has come now. God grant that it may be a lasting one!

I do not think that there was ever any other country in the lands of Christendom in which such a scandal was to be witnessed as in Ireland—masters and mistresses of schools who did not know a word of Irish, “teaching” (!) children who did not know a word of English! It is no wonder that the spirit of literature was banished out of the people, and that all instruction, intelligence, wisdom and natural ability, that had come down to them from their ancestors before them, were driven out of them. But now—thanks to the Gaelic League—the Irish language is coming to itself again, and it is evident at last to the whole world that if Ireland is to be a nation apart, or anything at all except an ugly English county, (imitating, in a manner lifeless, feeble, and cold, the manners of the English), she *must* turn to her own language again, and create herself a new literature in it.

And Ireland is beginning to do this, even already, and there are specimens of what she is doing in this book. These—the works of the last ten years—are yet nothing but the first spring blossoms. The summer is to come with the help of God.

THE KING OF THE BLACK DESERT.

This story was told by one Laurence O'Flynn, from near Swinford, in the County Mayo, to my friend, the late F. O'Connor, of Athlone, from whom I got it in Irish. It is the eleventh story in the “Sgeulidhe Gaodhalach.”—Douglas Hyde.

When O'Connor was king over Ireland, he was living in Rathcroghan of Connacht. He had one son, but he, when he grew up, was wild, and the king could not control him, because he would have his own will in everything.

Aon mairvin amāin ċuairō ré amac;

Δ εὐ le na ċoir
Δ ῥεαῶac ap Δ ῑoir
Δ'p Δ ċapall b'pēāg vub ō'ā iomēap,

aġur ō'imēiġ ré ap aġairō, aġ ḡabāil pāinn aḡrāin ōō fēin ḡo
ḡtāiniġ ré ċom fao le ῥḡeātāc mōr ōo bī aġ fār ap ḡrūāc
ḡleanna. Ōi rean-ḡuine liat 'na fūiḡe aġ bun na ῥḡeīce, aġur
ḡubaiḡt ré: “Δ mīc an pūg, mā tiġ leat imiḡt ċom maiḡ Δ'p
tiġ leat aḡrān ōo ḡabāil, buḡ mait liom cluiḡe ō'imḡt leat.”
ḡaoil mac an pūg ḡur rean-ḡuine mī-ḡeīllīḡe ōo bī ann, aġur
ḡuipḡiḡ ré, ċait ῥriān ḡap ḡeug, aġur fūiḡ ῥiōr le ḡaoiḡ an
ḡrean-ḡuine liat: ḡarpiāiḡ ῥeirean paca cāῥḡairō amac aġur
ō' fīapῥiāiḡ: “An ōtiġ leat iāō ῥo ō'imḡt?”

“ḡiġ liom,” ap ran mac-pūg:

“ḡrēāō imeḡῥamaōiō aiῥ?” ap ran rean-ḡuine liat,

“Nīḡ ap biḡ ῥ mian leat,” ap ran mac-pūg:

“Maiḡ ḡo leḡr, mā ḡnōḡaiḡim-re caitḡrō ḡurā nīḡ ap biḡ a
iāῥῥap mē ḡeunam ḡam, aġur mā ḡnōḡaiḡeann ḡurā, caitḡrō
mire nīḡ ap biḡ iāῥῥap ḡurā oῥm ḡeunam ḡuitῥe,” ap ran rean-
ḡuine liat:

“ḡā mē ῥārḡa,” ap ran mac-pūg:

Ō'imḡi ῥiāō an cluiḡe aġur buail an mac pūg an rean ḡuine
liat: Ann rin ḡubaiḡt ré, “ḡrēāō ōo buḡ mian leat mire ōo
ḡeunam ḡuit, a mīc an pūg?”

“Nī iāῥῥairō mē oῥt nīḡ ap biḡ ōo ḡeunam ḡam,” ap ran
mac-pūg, “ῥaoiḡm naḡ ḡῥuil ḡū ionnān mōῥān ōo ḡeunam.”

“Nā bac leiῥ rin,” ap ran rean ḡuine, “caitḡrō ḡū iāῥḡairō
oῥm ῥuō ēiḡin ōo ḡeunam, nīōῥ ċāiḡ mē ḡeall aῥiām nār ῥeūo
mē a ioc.”

Mar ḡubaiḡt mē, ῥaoiḡ an mac pūg ḡur rean ḡuine mīḡeīllīḡe
ōo bī ann, aġur le na ῥārḡaḡ ḡubaiḡt ré leiῥ

“ḡain an ceann ḡe mo leāῥmāḡaiῥ aġur cuiῥ ceann ḡabaiῥ
uiῥḡi ap ῥeāḡ ῥeāḡḡaine.”

“ḡeunῥaḡ rin ḡuit,” ap ran rean ḡuine liat:

ḡuairō an mac pūg aġ marḡuiḡeāḡt ap a ċapall;

Δ εὐ le na ċoir
Δ ῥεαῶac ap Δ ῑoir,

aġur ḡuġ ré a aġairō ap āit eile, aġur nīōῥ ċuimniġ ré nīōῥ mō
ap an rean ḡuine liat, ḡo ḡtāiniġ ré a-ḡaile:

ῥuaiῥ ré ḡāiῥ aġur ḡrōn mōῥ in ran ḡcāiῥleān: Ō'innῥ na
ῥeāῥḡḡōḡantairō ōō ḡo ḡtāiniġ ḡῥaoiḡḡeāḡōiῥ aῥḡeāc 'ran ῥeomῥa
'n āit a ῥaiḡ an ḡainῥiōḡan aġur ḡur cuiῥ ré ceann ḡabaiῥ uiῥḡi
i n-āit a cinn fēin:

One morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
And his hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he went forward, singing a verse of a song to himself, until he came as far as a big bush that was growing on the brink of a glen. There was a gray old man sitting at the foot of the bush, and he said, "King's son, if you are able to play as well as you are able to sing songs, I should like to play a game with you." The King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and he alighted, threw bridle over branch, and sat down by the side of the gray old man.

The old man drew out a pack of cards and asked, "Can you play these?"

"I can," said the King's son.

"What shall we play for?" said the gray old man.

"Anything you wish," says the King's son.

"All right; if I win, you must do for me anything I shall ask of you, and if you win I must do for you anything you ask of me," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," says the King's son.

They played the game, and the King's son beat the gray old man. Then he said, "What would you like me to do for you, King's son?"

"I won't ask you to do anything for me," says the King's son, "I think that you are not able to do much."

"Don't mind that," said the old man. "You must ask me to do something. I never lost a bet yet that I wasn't able to pay it."

As I said, the King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and to satisfy him he said to him—"Take the head of my stepmother and put a goat's head on her for a week."

"I'll do that for you," said the gray old man.

The King's son went a-riding on his horse

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand—

and he faced for another place, and never thought more about the gray old man until he came home.

He found a cry and great grief before him in the castle. The servants told him that an enchanter had come into the room where the Queen was, and had put a goat's head on her in place of her own head.

“Daf mo lām, iṛ ionġantaċ an nið é rin,” af ran mac riġ;
 “dā mbeirōinn ’ran mbaile do bainfīnn an ceann dē le mo claið-
 eam.” Bi bñon mōr af an riġ aġur ċuiri ré fīor af cōmairleōiri
 cñiona aġur d’fīarriuiġ ré dē an riab fīor aġe cia an ċaoi ċārla
 an nið reo do’n bainfīoġain. “Ġo deimīn nī ċiġ liom rin inn-
 reaċt duit,” af reirean, “iṛ obairi dīaoiðeaċta é.”

Nīor leiġ an mac riġ afi fēin ġo riab eōlar af bið aġe af an
 ġċuiri, aċt af maiðin amāriac d’imċiġ ré amac,

A ċú le na ċoir
 A fēabac af a bōir
 ’S a ċapall bñeāġ dūb d’ā iomċari,

aġur nīor ċarriaiġ ré rriian ġo dāiniġ ré cōm fāda leiṛ an
 rġeic mōiri af bñuac an ġleanna. Bi an fēan duine liaċ ’na fūiðe
 ann rin fāoi an rġeic aġur dūbairi ré: “A mīc an riġ, mbēið
 cluiċe aġao andiū?” Ċuiriuiġ an mac riġ aġur dūbairi:
 “Bēið.” Leiṛ rin, ċaiċ ré an rriian ċar ġeuiġ, aġur fūið fīor le
 taoið an tṛeān duine. Ċarriaiġ reirean na ċāriðaið amac, aġur
 d’fīarriuiġ dē’n mīc riġ an bñuairi ré an nið do ġnōċaiġ ré andē:

“Tā rin ceairt ġo leōri,” af ran mac riġ:

“Imeōriamaoið af an nġeall ceuðna andiū,” af ran fēan
 duine liaċ.

“Tā mé fārta,” af ran mac riġ:

D’imiri riab, aġur ġnōċaiġ an mac riġ. “Cñeāto do buð mīan
 leat mīre do dēunam duit an t-am ro?” af ran fēan duine
 liaċ. Smuāin an mac riġ aġur dūbairi leiṛ fēin, “bēupfaið mé
 obairi ċriuið dō an t-am ro.” Ann rin dūbairi ré: “Tā pāiri
 reaċt n-acriā af ċūl ċairleāin m’āċari, bið pi liōnta af maiðin.
 amāriac le baċ (buiab) ġan aon bēiri aca do bēit af aon dāċ, af
 aon āiriðe, no af aon aoir amāin.”

“Bēið rin dēunta,” af ran fēan duine liaċ:

Ċuið an mac riġ aġ mairiuiġeaċt af a ċapall;

A ċú le na ċoir
 A fēabac af a bōir,

aġur ċuiġ aġaið a-baile. Bi an riġ ġo bñōnac i dāoið na bain-
 fīoġna. Bi doċtūirið af h-uile āit i n-ċirinn, aċt nīor fēuð
 riab aon mīaiċ do dēunam bi.

Af maiðin, lā af na mārāc, ċuið maori an riġ amac ġo moċ,
 aġur cōnnairi ré an pāiri af ċūl an ċairleāin liōnta le baċ
 (buiab) aġur ġan aon bēiri aca dē ’n dāċ ceuðna no dē’n aoir
 fēuðna, no dē’n āiriðe ceuðna. D’imċiġ ré arteaċ, aġur d’inniri
 ċē an rġeul ionġantaċ do’n riġ. “Teiriġ aġur tiomāin iāto
 amac,” af ran riġ: fūairi an maori firi, aġur ċuið ré leō aġ

"By my hand, but that's a wonderful thing," says the King's son. "If I had been at home I'd have whipped the head off him with my sword."

There was great grief on the King, and he sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know how the thing happened to the Queen.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said he, "it's a work of enchantment."

The King's son did not let on that he had any knowledge of the matter, but on the morrow morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein until he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was sitting there under the bush and said, "King's son, will you have a game to-day?" The King's son got down and said, "I will." With that he threw bridle over branch and sat down by the side of the old man. He drew out the cards and asked the King's son did he get the thing he had won yesterday.

"That's all right," says the King's son.

"We'll play for the same bet to-day," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," said the King's son.

They played—the King's son won. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" says the gray old man. The King's son thought and said to himself, "I'll give him a hard job this time." Then he said, "there's a field of seven acres at the back of my father's castle, let it be filled to-morrow morning with cows, and no two of them to be of one colour or one height or one age."

"That shall be done," says the gray old man.

The King's son went riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and faced for home. The King was sorrowful about the Queen; there were doctors out of every place in Ireland, but they could not do her any good.

On the morning of the next day the King's herd went out early, and he saw the field at the back of the castle filled with cows, and no two of them of the same color, the same age, or the same height. He went in and told the King the wonderful news. "Go and drive them out," says the King. The herd got men, and went with them driving out the cows,

tiomáint na mbó amac, aċt ní luaithe cúirfeadh ré amac ar don taoibh iad 'nád tiucfaidh ríad arthead ar an taoibh eile. Cúaidh an maorh do'n riġ arís, agus dubhairt leir nac bfeudfaidh an méadh fearh bí i n-Éirinn na bat rin do bí ran bpaire do cúir amac. "I r bat d'raoirdheacta iad," ar ran riġ:

Nuair connairc an mac-riġ na bat, dubhairt ré leir féin: "Déidh cluice eile agam leir an sean duine liat anois." D'imtigh ré amac an maidin rin,

A cú le na coir
A feadhac ar a boir
A' r a capall bheadh dub d'á iomdair,

agus níor tarrainġ ré rrian go dtáinig ré comh fada leir an rgeid móir ar bhuac an gleanna. Bí an sean duine liat ann rin roime agus d'iarh ré air an mbeirtheadh cluice cáirdaigh aige.

"Déidh," ar ran mac riġ; "aċt tá fíor agad go maith go dtig liom tú bualaigh ag imirt cáirdaigh."

"Déidh cluice eile agaim," ar ran sean duine liat. "Ar imir tú liatphóir ariam?"

"D'impeir go deimhin," ar ran mac riġ; "aċt raolaim go bfuil tura ró sean le liatphóir d'imirt, agus cor leir rin ní' an don áit agaim ann ro le n'imirt."

"Má tá tura úmál le n-imirt, geobaidh mire áit," ar ran sean duine liat.

"Táim úmál," ar ran mac riġ.

"Lean mire," ar ran sean duine liat.

Lean an mac riġ é tríd an ngleann, go dtáingadar go cnoc bheadh glar. Ann rin, tarrainġ ré amac rlaicín d'raoirdheacta, agus dubhairt focla nári tuig mac an riġ, agus faoi ceann móimio; d'orġail an cnoc agus cúaidh an beirt arthead, agus cúaidh ríad tríd a lán de hállaibh bheadh go dtáingadar amac i nġairdín. Bí gac uile ní' ní' ní' bheadh 'nád céile in ran nġairdín rin, agus ag bun an ġairdín bí áit le liatphóir d'imirt.

Cait ríad píora airgid ruar le feicrint cia aca mbeirtheadh lámh-arcigh aige, 7 fuair an sean duine liat rin:

Torais ríad ann rin; agus níor ríad an sean duine gur ġnódaigh ré an cluice. Ní raib fíor ag an mac riġ creadh do deunfaidh ré: faoi deoid d'fiarhuigh ré de'n tsean-duine creadh do buid maith leir é do deunam dō.

"I r mire Riġ ar an b'fárac Dub, agus caiteir tura mé féin agus m'áit-comnuirde d'fáragail amac faoi ceann lá agus bliadhain; nó geobaidh mire tura amac agus caillir tú do ceann."

Ann rin tug ré an mac riġ amac an bealaigh ceurtha a nbeaigh ré arthead: Dhuir an cnoc glar 'na d'iaigh agus d'imtigh an sean duine liat ar amairc:

but no sooner would he put them out on one side than they would come in on the other. The herd went to the King again, and told him that all the men that were in Ireland would not be able to put out these cows that were in the field. "They're enchanted cows," said the King.

When the King's son saw the cows he said to himself, "I'll have another game with the gray man to-day!" That morning he went out,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein till he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was there before him, and asked him would he have a game of cards.

"I will," says the King's son, "but you know well that I can beat you playing cards."

"We'll have another game, then," says the gray old man. "Did you ever play ball?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "but I think that you are too old to play ball, and, besides that, we have no place here to play it."

"If you're contented to play, I'll find a place," says the gray old man.

"I'm contented," says the King's son.

"Follow me," says the gray old man.

The King's son followed him through the glen until he came to a fine green hill. There he drew out a little enchanted rod, spoke some words which the King's son did not understand, and after a moment the hill opened and the two went in, and they passed through a number of splendid halls until they came out into a garden. There was everything finer than another in that garden, and at the bottom of the garden there was a place for playing ball. They threw up a piece of silver to see who would have hand-in, and the gray old man got it.

They began then, and the gray old man never stopped until he won out the game. The King's son did not know what he would do. At last he asked the old man what would he desire him to do for him.

"I am King over the Black Desert, and you must find out myself and my dwelling-place within a year and a day, or I shall find you out and you shall lose your head."

Then he brought the King's son out the same way by which he went in. The green hill closed behind them, and the gray old man disappeared out of sight.

Cuair an mac ius aq marcuigeadt ar a ċapall;

A ċú le na ċoir,
A feabac ar a boir,

aqur é bñónac go leor:

An trātnōna rin, do bñeātñuiġ an ius go iaiḃ bñōn aqur buairñeāt mōr ar an mac oġ, aqur nuair ċuair ré 'na ċōulaḃ, ċualair an ius aqur ġac uile duine do bi in ran ġcairleān trōm-orñaoil aqur iāmālaiḃ uairḃ. Bi an ius faoi bñōn ceann ġabair do beir ar an mbainñioġain, aċt buḃ mēara é reāċt n-uairē nuair o'innir an mac do an rġeul, mar tārila o tūr go deirēāt.

Ċuir ré fīor ar ċōmairleōir cñiona, aqur o'fiarñuiġ ré de an iaiḃ fīor aiġe cīa an āit a iaiḃ an Riġ ar an b'fārac Duib 'na ċōmñuīde:

“Ni'l, go deimñin,” ar reirēan; “aċt ċōm cinnṽe a'r tā iuball (earball) ar an ġcat muna b'fāġair an t-oīḃre oġ an o'raoiḃ-eaḃōir rin amac, caillirḃ ré a ċeann.”

Bi bñōn mōr i ġcairleān an ius an lā rin: Bi ceann ġabair ar an mbainñioġain, aqur an mac-ius dul aq tōrñuiġeadt o'raoiḃ-eaḃōira, ġan fīor an o'ciurēāt ré ar air go deo:

Tar ēir reāċtmāine [do] baīneāt an ceann ġabair de'n bainñioġain, aqur cuirēāt a ceann fēin uirñi. Nuair ċualair ri an ċaoi ar cuirēāt an ceann ġabair uirñi, tāinīġ fuāċ mōr uirñi anaġair an mīc ius, aqur dubairc ri: “Nār tāġairḃ ré ar air beo nā marḃ.”

Ar maroin, Dia luain, o'fāġ ré a beannaċt aq a āċair aqur aq a ġaol, bi a mālā-riūḃail ceanġailṽe ar a o'ruim, aqur o'imtiġ ré,

A ċú le na ċoir
A feabac ar a boir
A'r a ċapall bñeāġ duib o'ā iomēar.

Siūḃail ré an lā rin go iaiḃ an ġrian imtiġēte faoi rġāile na ġenoc, aqur go iaiḃ o'pēādar na h-oīḃēe aq teāċt, ġan fīor aiġe cīa'n āit a bñuiġfeāt ré lōirċin. Bñeātñuiġ ré coill mōr ar taoiḃ a lāimē clē, aqur tārñainġ ré uirñi ċōm tārā aqur o'fēur ré, le fūil an oīḃēe do caiteam faoi fārgāḃ na ġerann: Siurḃ ré fīor faoi bun cñainn mōir o'arac, o'fōrgail ré a mālā-riūḃail le biāḃ 7 deoċ do caiteam, nuair ċonnaīrc ré iolār mōr aq teāċt ċuiġe:

“Nā biōḃ fāitēior o'it rōmām-ra, a mīc ius. Aitēinīġim tū, ir tū mac Uī Ċōncubair ius ēirēann: Ir cārair mē, aqur mā tūġann tū do ċapall oām-ra le tabairc le n'ite do ċēitēre ēanlāit o'pācā

The King's son went home, riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and he sorrowful enough.

That evening the King observed that there was grief and great trouble on his young son, and when he went to sleep the King and every person that was in the castle heard heavy sighing and ravings from him. The King was in grief—a goat's head to be on the Queen; but he was seven times worse when they told him the (whole) story how it happened from beginning to end.

He sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know where the King of the Black Desert was living.

"I do not, indeed," said he, "but as sure as there's a tail on a cat, unless the young heir finds out that enchanter he will lose his head."

There was great grief that day in the castle of the King. There was a goat's head on the Queen, and the King's son was going searching for an enchanter, without knowing whether he would ever come back.

After a week the goat's head was taken off the Queen, and her own head was put upon her. When she heard of how the goat's head was put upon her, a great hate came upon her against the King's son, and she said, "That he may never come back alive or dead!"

Of a Monday morning he left his blessing with his father and his kindred, his traveling bag was bound upon his shoulder, and he went,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him.

He walked that day until the sun was gone beneath the shadow of the hills and till the darkness of the night was coming, without knowing where he could get lodgings. He noticed a large wood on his left-hand side, and he drew towards it as quickly as he could, hoping to spend the night under the shelter of the trees. He sat down at the foot of a large oak tree, and opened his traveling bag to take some food and drink, when he saw a great eagle coming towards him.

"Do not be afraid of me, King's son; I know you, you are the son of O'Connor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you grant me your horse to give to eat to four hungry birds

atā aġam, bēarfaṛ mīre nīor fūde 'nā do bēarfaṛ do capall tū, aġur b'ēoiri go ġcuirfīnn tū ar loġs an tē atā tū 'tōruig-eaēt."

"Tis leat an capall do beit aġaw aġur fālte," ar ran mac riġ, "ciṛ ġur bṛōnāc mē aġ rġaramāint leir."

"Tā go maite, bēṛ mīre ann ro ar maṛoin amārac le n-ēirġe na ġrēine." Ann rin o'fōrġail rī a ġob mōr, ruġ ġrēim ar an ġcapall, buail a dā t̄aoib anaġaṛ a cēile, leatnuig a rġiatān, aġur o'imtīġ ar amāre:

O'it aġur o'ol an mac riġ a fāit, cuir an māla-riūbail faoi na cēann, aġur nīor bfaṛa go maib ré 'na cōvlaṛ, aġur nīor oūirīġ ré go o'tāinīġ an t-iolar aġur ġur oūbairt: "Tā ré i n-am oūinn beit 'ġ imtēaēt, tā airtear faṛa rōmāinn, beir ġrēim ar do māla aġur lēim ruar ar mo o'ruim."

"Aēt, mo bṛōn!" ar reirean, "caitṛō mē rġaramāint le mo cū aġur le mo feaṛac."

"Nā bīoṛ bṛōn oṛt," ar rīre; "bēṛ rīaṛ ann ro rōmāṛ nuair tīucfar tū ar air."

Ann rin lēim ré ruar ar a o'ruim, ġlac rīre rġiatān, aġur ar go bṛāt lēite 'ran aēr. Tūġ rī ē t̄ar c̄nocaiṛ aġur ġleannṛaiṛ; t̄ar mūir mōir aġur t̄ar cōillṛiṛ, ġur faoil ré go maib ré aġ oēireaṛ an o'māin. Nuair bī an ġrīan aġ o'ul faoi rġāile na ġnoc, t̄ainīġ rī go talam i lār fāraiġ mōir, aġur oūbairt leir: "Lean an capān ar t̄aoib do lāime oēire, aġur bēarfaṛ ré tū go teac capāṛ. Caitṛō mīre filleaṛ ar air le rōlāt̄ar do m'ēanlāit."

Lean reirean an capān, aġur nīor bfaṛa go o'tāinīġ ré go o'ti an teac, aġur cūaṛ ré arteac. Bī rean-oūine liat 'na fūde 'ran ġcōirneull; o'ēirīġ ré ġ oūbairt, "Ceṛo mīle fālte rōmāṛ, a mīc Riġ ar Rāt-Cṛuaēan Cōnnaēt."

"Nī'l eōlar aġam-ra oṛt," ar ran mac riġ:

"Bī aītne aġam-ra ar do fean-ātair," ar ran rean oūine liat; "fūṛ rīor; ir oōiġ go bfuil t̄art aġur oēur oṛt."

"Nī'l mē raor uatā," ar ran mac riġ. Buail an rean oūine a dā boir anaġaṛ a cēile, aġur t̄ainīġ beirt feirbīreac, aġur leaġ-aṛar boṛṛ le maṛt-feōil, caoir-feōil, muic-feōil aġur le neaṛt arāin i lātair an mīc riġ, aġur oūbairt an rean oūine leir: "It aġur ol do fāit, b'ēoiri go mbuṛ faṛa go bfuigfīṛ tū a leitēro arīr." O'it aġur o'ol ré oirēaṛ aġur buṛ mīan leir, aġur tūġ buṛdeac̄ar ar a fōn.

Ann rin oūbairt an rean oūine, "tā tū o'ul aġ tōruigēaēt Riġ an Fāraiġ Ōuib; teirīġ aġ cōvlaṛ anoir, aġur maēaṛ mīre t̄re mo leaṛaiṛ le feūcāint an o'tiġ liom āit-cōmnuṛde an riġ

that I have, I shall bear you farther than your horse would bear you, and, perhaps, I would put you on the track of him you are looking for."

"You can have the horse, and welcome," says the King's son, "although I am sorrowful at parting from him."

"All right, I shall be here to-morrow at sunrise." With that she opened her great gob, caught hold of the horse, struck in his two sides against one another, took wing, and disappeared out of sight.

The King's son ate and drank his enough, put his traveling bag under his head, and it was not long till he was asleep, and he never woke until the eagle came and said, "It is time for us to be going, there is a long journey before us; take hold of your bag and leap up upon my back."

"But my grief!" says he, "I must part from my hound and my hawk."

"Do not be grieved," says she, "they will be here before you when you come back."

Then he leaped up on her back; she took wing, and off and away with her through the air. She brought him across hills and hollows, over a great sea, and over woods, till he thought that he was at the end of the world. When the sun was going under the shadow of the hills she came to earth in the midst of a great desert, and said to him, "Follow the path on your right-hand side, and it will bring you to the house of a friend. I must return again to provide for my birds."

He followed the path, and it was not long till he came to the house, he went in. There was a gray old man sitting in the corner. He rose and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, King's son, from Rathcroghan of Connacht."

"I have no knowledge of you," said the King's son.

"I was acquainted with your grandfather," said the gray old man. "Sit down; no doubt there is hunger and thirst on you."

"I am not free from them," said the King's son.

The old man then smote his two palms against one another, and two servants came and laid a board with beef, mutton, pork, and plenty of bread before the King's son, and the old man said to him, "Eat and drink your enough. Perhaps it may be a long time before you get the like again."

He ate and drank as much as he desired, and thanked him for it.

Then the old man said, "You are going seeking for the King of the Black Desert; go to sleep now, and I will go

rin o'pāḡail amac." Ann rin, buail ré a boḡa; ċāinīḡ reirbireac, aḡur oubairet ré leir "Tabair an mac iuḡ ḡo oti a feompā." Ċuḡ ré ḡo feompā breāḡ é, aḡur nioir bḡaḡa ḡur tuit ré 'na coḡlaḡo:

Ai maiḡin, lá ai na mādmac, ċāinīḡ an rean ouine aḡur oubairet: "Éiriuḡ, tā airtear faḡa iómaḡo: Caiḡirō tú cúis ceuo mile deunam ióim meadon-lae."

"Ní feurḡainn é do deunam," ai ran mac iuḡ:

"Mā'r marcac maiḡ tú, bēarḡairō mire capall ouit bēarḡar tú an t-airtear."

"Deunḡaḡo mar bēarḡar tura," ai ran mac iuḡ:

Ċuḡ an rean ouine neairt le n'ite aḡur le n'ól oḡ; aḡur nuair bi ré pāḡac, ċuḡ re ḡearḡān beaḡ bān oḡ, aḡur oubairet: "Tabair ceao a ċinn do'n ḡearḡān, aḡur nuair rtoḡḡar ré, féac ruar 'ran aéir aḡur reirōir tú tḡi ealairde coḡ ḡeal le rneacḡa: Ir iao rin tḡi ingean Riġ an f'ġaraiġ Ōuib: Bēirō naipicīn ḡlar i mbeul eala aca, rin i an ingean ir óiḡe, aḡur ní'l neac beḡ o'feurḡaḡo tú do tabairt ḡo tiḡ Riġ an f'ġaraiġ Ōuib acḡ i. Nuair rtoḡḡar an ḡearḡān, bēirō tú i nḡar do loḡ; tiucḡairō na tḡi ealairde ḡo talam ai bḡuac an loḡa rin, aḡur deunḡaḡo tḡiúr mnā (ban) óḡ oíob féin, aḡur iacairō iao arḡeac 'ran loḡ aḡ iḡmā aḡur aḡ iunc. Congḡaiḡ do iúil ai an naipicīn ḡlar aḡur nuair ḡeobar tú na mnā óḡa 'ran loḡ, teiriuḡ aḡur pāḡ an naipicīn aḡur ná rḡar leir. Teiriuḡ i bḡolac faoi ċḡann aḡur nuair tiucḡairō na mnā óḡa amac, deunḡaḡo beirḡ aca ealairde oíob féin aḡur imḡeḡcāirō iao 'ran aéir. Ann rin, bēarḡairō an ingean ir óiḡe, "Deunḡaḡo mé nio ai biḡ do'n té bēarḡar mo naipicīn oam." Tar i láḡair ann rin, aḡur tabair an naipicīn oí, 7 abair nac bḡuil níḡ ai biḡ aḡ teartāl uait, acḡ do tabairt ḡo tiḡ a h-aḡar, aḡur innir oí ḡur mac iuḡ tú ar tḡi cūmācḡaiḡ."

Rinne an mac iuḡ ḡac níḡ mar oubairet an rean ouine leir, aḡur nuair ċuḡ ré an naipicīn o'ingīn Riġ an f'ġaraiġ Ōuib, oubairet ré: "Ir mire mac Uí Concubair, Riġ Connaḡc: Tabair mé ḡo oti o'aḡar: faḡa mé o'a ḡóruḡeacḡ."

"Nār bḡearr ouit mé níḡ éiḡin eile do deunam ouit?" ai rir.

"Ní'l don níḡ eile aḡ teartāl uaim," ai reirean:

"Ma ċairbēanam an teac ouit nac mbéirō tú rārḡa?" ai rir:

"Béirdeao," ai reirean:

"Anoir," ai rir, "ai o'anam ná h-innir do m' aḡar ḡur mire do ċuḡ cum a tiḡe-rean tú, aḡur bēirō mire mo ċarairō māit ouit; aḡur leis oir féin," ai rir, "ḡo bḡuil móir-cūmācḡ oḡaoidacḡ aḡao."

"Deunḡaḡo mar deir tú," ai reirean:

through my books to see if I can find out the dwelling-place of that King." Then he smote his palms (together), and a servant came, and he told him, "Take the King's son to his chamber." He took him to a fine chamber, and it was not long till he fell asleep.

On the morning of the next day the old man came and said, "Rise up, there is a long journey before you. You must do five hundred miles before midday."

"I could not do it," said the King's son.

"If you are a good rider I will give you a horse that will bring you over the journey."

"I will do as you say," said the King's son.

The old man gave him plenty to eat and to drink and, when he was satisfied, he gave him a little white garran and said, "Give the garran his head, and when he stops look up into the air, and you will see three swans as white as snow. Those are the three daughters of the King of the Black Desert. There will be a green napkin in the mouth of one of them, that is the youngest daughter, and there is not anyone alive except her who could bring you to the house of the King of the Black Desert. When the garran stops you will be near a lake, the three swans will come to land on the brink of that lake, and they will make three young women of themselves, and they will go into the lake swimming and dancing. Keep your eye on the green napkin, and when you get the young women in the lake go and get the napkin, and do not part with it. Go into hiding under a tree, and when the young women will come out two of them will make swans of themselves, and will go away in the air. Then the youngest daughter will say, 'I will do anything for him who will give me my napkin.' Come forward then and give her the napkin, and say that there is nothing you want but to bring you to her father's house, and tell her that you are a king's son from a powerful country."

The King's son did everything as the old man desired him, and when he gave the napkin to the daughter of the King of the Black Desert he said, "I am the son of O'Conor, King of Connacht. Bring me to your father. Long am I seeking him."

"Would not it be better for me to do something else for you?" said she.

"I do not want anything else," said he.

"If I show you the house will you not be satisfied?" said she.

Ann rin sinne rí eala dí féin agus dubhairt: “Léim ruar an mo muin, agus cuir do lámha faoi mo muinéal, agus congbaíς sinne cruair.”

Rinne ré amháid, agus éirí rí a ríatána; 7 ar go bpiac léite tar éinocaid a’r tar gleanncaid, tar muir agus tar fléibicib, go dtáinig rí go talamh mar do bí an srian ag dul faoi: Ann rin dubhairt rí leir: “An bfeiceann tú an teac móir rin tall? Sin teac m’atar. Slán leat: Am ar bíc bheidear baogal ort, beir mipe le do taoid.” Ann rin d’imicib rí uaid:

Cuair an mac iúg cum an tige, cuair arteaé, agus cia d’feiceaíó ré ann rin ’na fuide i scaíaoir óir, áct an rean duine liac d’imiri na cáiraid agus an liacóir leir:

“Feicim, a mic iúg,” ar reirean, “go bfuair tú mé amac poimh lá agus bliadain: Cá fao ó d’fás tú an baile?”

“Ar maidin anóid, nuair bí mé ag éirge ar mo leabuir, connairc mé tuag-ceata, sinne mé léim, ríar mé mo dá coir air, agus fleanndais mé com faoa leir reo.”

“Dar mo lámh, ir móir an sáirgideáct do sinne tú,” ar ran rean iúg.

“D’feudainn iud níor iongantaisge ’ná rin do deunam, dá n-ógrócin,” ar ran mac iúg:

“Tá rí neite agam duic le deunam,” ar ran rean iúg, “7 m’r féirir leat iad do deunam, beir poğa mo trúir ingean agao mar mnaoi, agus muna dtis leat iad do deunam, caillir tú do ceann mar cáill cuir maic de daoimib óga rómao.”

Ann rin dubhairt ré, “Ní bíonn ite ná ól in mo tige-re, áct don uair amáin ’ran treacáin, agus bí ré againn ar maidin anóid.”

“Ir cuma liom-ra,” ar ran mac iúg; “tis liom trórgaí do deunam ar fao míora dá mberdeáí cruairós ort.”

“Ir dóis go dtis leat dul gan coílaí mar an sceudna?” ar ran rean iúg:

“Tis liom gan amhar,” ar ran mac iúg:

“Beir leabuir cruair agao anocht mar rin,” ar ran rean iúg; “tar liom go dtairbéanraíó mé duic é.” Tug ré amac ann rin é, 7 tairbéan ré do crann móir agus gablóis air, 7 dubhairt: “Teirug ruar ann rin agus coíal in ran ngablóis, agus bí réir le h-éirge na saine.”

Cuair ré ruar in ran ngablóis, áct com luat agus bí an rean iúg ’na coílaí, táinig an ingean ós agus tug arteaé go reompa bpeas é, agus congbaíς rí ann rin é go piab an rean iúg ar tí éirge: Ann rin cuir rí é amac air i ngablóis an éirinn:

Le h-éirge na saine, táinig an rean iúg cuige agus dubhairt:

"I will be satisfied," said he.

"Now," said she, "upon your life do not tell my father that it was I who brought you to his house, and I shall be a good friend to you, but let on," said she, "that you have great powers of enchantment."

"I will do as you say," says he.

Then she made a swan of herself and said, "Leap up on my back and put your hands under my neck, and keep a hard hold."

He did so, and she shook her wings, and off and away with her over hills and over glens, over sea and over mountains, until she came to earth as the sun was going under. Then she said to him, "Do you see that great house yonder? That is my father's house. Farewell. Any time you are in danger I shall be at your side." Then she went from him.

The King's son came to the house and went in, and whom should he see sitting in a golden chair but the gray old man who had played the cards and the ball with him.

"King's son," said he, "I see that you found me out before the day and the year. How long since you left home?"

"This morning when I was rising out of my bed I saw a rainbow; I gave a leap, spread my two legs on it and slid as far as this."

"By my hand, it was a great feat you performed," said the old King.

"I could do a more wonderful thing than that if I chose," said the King's son.

"I have three things for you to do," says the old King, "and if you are able to do them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife, and unless you are able to do them you shall lose your head, as a good many other young men have lost it before you."

Then he said, "there be's neither eating nor drinking in my house except once in the week, and we had it this morning."

"It's all one to me," said the King's son, "I could fast for a month if I were on a pinch."

"No doubt you can go without sleep also," says the old King.

"I can, without doubt," said the King's son.

"You shall have a hard bed to-night, then," says the old King. "Come with me till I show it to you." He brought him out then and showed him a great tree with a fork in it, and said, "Get up there and sleep in the fork, and be ready with the rise of the sun."

“Taq anuar anoir, 7 taq liom-ra ʒo ʼotairbēanpairo mé ʼouit an nio atá aʒao le ʼdeunam andiú.”

ʼTuz ré an mac miz ʒo bpuac loća 7 ʼairbēan ré ʼoʼo rean-ćairleān, aʒur ʼoubairt leir, “Ćait ʒac uile ćloc ʼran ʒćairleān rin amac ʼran loć, 7 bioʼo ré ʼdeunta aʒao real mā ʼotėirdeann an ʒpian paoi, trāćnōna.” ʼOʼimćiz ré uairo ann rin:

ʼĆoraiġ an mac miz aʒ obair, aćć bi na cloća ʒpreamuiġće ʼa ćėile ćom ćpuairo rin, nāri feuo ré aon ćloc aća ʼo ćōġbāil, aʒur ʼoā mberdeao ré aʒ obair ʒo ʼotī an lā ʼo, nī berdeao ćloc ar an ʒćairleān. ʒuio ré ʼrior ann rin aʒ ʼpmuaineao ćpėao ʼo buo ćoi ri ʼoʼo ʼdeunam, aʒur nio ri bpaʼo ʒo ʼotāinis inġean an ʼtpean-miz ćuiġe, 7 ʼoubairt, “Ćao é ʼfāć ʼo bpiōn?” ʼOʼinnir ré ʼo an obair ʼo bi aiġe le ʼdeunam: “Na ćuipeao rin bpiōn opt; ʼdeunpairo mire é,” ar ʼripe: Ann rin ʼtuz ʼrī arān, maiććpėoić 7 ʼfion ʼoʼo, ʼćarraiġ amac ʼplaićin ʼpmaiʼoćeaćća, buail buille ar an ʼtpean-ćairleān, aʒur paoi ćeann mōimio bi ʒac uile ćloc ʼoé ar bun an loća: “Anoir,” ar ʼripe, “nā h-innir ʼo mʼaćair ʒur mire ʼo rinne an obair ʼouit.”

Nuair bi an ʒpian aʒ ʼoul paoi, trāćnōna, ćāinis an rean miz aʒur ʼoubairt: “ʼpeicim ʒo bpuil ʼoʼobair lāé ʼdeunta aʒao.”

“Ćā,” ar ʼran mac miz, “ćiz liom obair ar bit ʼo ʼdeunam.”

ʒaoil an rean miz anoir ʒo ʼpaiʼo ćūmāćć mōri ʼpmaiʼoćeaćća aʒ an mac miz, aʒur ʼoubairt leir, “Sé ʼoʼobair lāé amāpāć na cloća ʼo ćōġbāil ar an loć, aʒur an ćairleān ʼo ćur ar bun mar bi ʼrī ćeana.”

ʼTuz ré an mac miz a-baile aʒur ʼoubairt leir, “Ćeiriġ ʼo ćoćlaʼo ʼran aić a ʼpaiʼo ćū an oioće arėir.”

Nuair ćuairo an rean-miz ʼna ćoćlaʼo ćāinis an inġean oġ aʒur ʼtuz arćeać é ćum a ʼreompi ʼfėin, aʒur ćonġbaiz ann rin é ʒo ʼpaiʼo an rean miz ar ʼćī ėiriġe ar maiʼoin; ann rin ćur ʼrī amac arīr é i nġablōiz an ćpian.

Le h-ėiriġe na ʒpėine, ćāinis an rean miz 7 ʼoubairt: “Ćā ré i n-am ʼouit ʼoul. ʒćionn ʼoʼoibpe.”

“Nīʼl ʼdeiri ri ar bit opt,” ar ʼran mac miz, “mar ćā ʼrior aʒam ʒo ʼotiz liom m obair lāé ʼdeunam ʒo ʼpėio.”

Ćuairo ré ʒo bpuac an loća ann rin, aćć nio ri feuo ré ćloc ʼoʼpeiceāl, bi an ʼt-uirġe ćom ʼoub rin. ʒuio ré ʼrior ar ćarraiġ; aʒur nio ri bpaʼo ʒo ʼotāinis ʼpionġuāla, buo h-é rin ainm inġine an ʼtpean miz, ćuiġe, aʒur ʼoubairt: “Ćao ćā aʒao le ʼdeunam andiú?” ʼOʼinnir ré ʼo, aʒur ʼoubairt ʼrī: “Nā bioʼo bpiōn opt; ćiz liom-ra an obair rin ʼdeunam ʼouit.” Ann rin ʼtuz ʼrī ʼo arān, maiććpėoić, aʒur ćaoiri-pėoić aʒur ʼfion: Ann rin ʼćarraiġ ʼrī amac an ʼtplaićin ʼpmaiʼoćeaćća, buail uirġe an loća lėiće, aʒur

He went up into the fork, but as soon as the old King was asleep the young daughter came and brought him into a fine room and kept him there until the old King was about to rise. Then she put him out again into the fork of the tree.

With the rise of the sun the old King came to him and said, "Come down now, and come with me until I show you the thing that you have to do to-day."

He brought the King's son to the brink of a lake and showed him an old castle, and said to him, "Throw every stone in that castle out into the loch, and let you have it done before the sun goes down in the evening." He went away from him then.

The King's son began working, but the stones were stuck to one another so fast that he was not able to raise one of them, and if he were to be working until this day, there would not be one stone out of the castle. He sat down then, thinking what he ought to do, and it was not long until the daughter of the old King came to him and said, "What is the cause of your grief?" He told her the work which he had to do. "Let that put no grief on you, I will do it," said she. Then she gave him bread, meat, and wine, pulled out a little enchanted rod, struck a blow on the old castle, and in a moment every stone of it was at the bottom of the lake. "Now," said she, "do not tell my father that it was I who did the work for you."

When the sun was going down in the evening, the old King came and said, "I see that you have your day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son; "I can do any work at all."

The old King thought now that the King's son had great powers of enchantment, and he said to him, "Your day's work for to-morrow is to lift the stones out of the loch, and to set up the castle again as it was before."

He brought the King's son home and said to him, "Go to sleep in the place where you were last night."

When the old King went to sleep the young daughter came and brought him into her own chamber and kept him there till the old King was about to rise in the morning. Then she put him out again in the fork of the tree.

At sunrise the old King came and said, "It's time for you to get to work."

"There's no hurry on me at all," says the King's son, "because I know I can readily do my day's work."

He went then to the brink of the lake, but he was not able to see a stone, the water was that black. He sat down on a rock, and it was not long until Finnuala—that was the name

faoi ceann móimíto bí an rean-éairleán ar bun mar bí ré an lá roimhe. Annn rin dubairt rí leir: “Ar d’anam, ná h-innir do m’ádaí 50 n-dearthaí míre an obair reo dúit, nó 50 bfuil eolair ar bíť aśať oim.”

Tráťnóna an laé rin, táiníś an rean mĩś aśur dubairt; “feicim 50 bfuil obair an laé deunta aśať.”

“Tá,” ar ran mac mĩś, “obair fói-deunta i rin!”

Annn rin faoil an rean mĩś 50 mab níor mó cúmaťť trapaíť-eaťť aś an mac mĩś ‘ná do bí aĩge fėin, aśur dubairt ré: “Ní’l aťť aon ruť eile aśať le deunam.” Tũś ré a-baile ann rin é, 7 cúir ré é le coťlať i nśaťlóiś an érainn, aťť táiníś fionnśuala 7 cúir rí in a reompa fėin é, aśur ar mairin, cúir rí amac arĩr ar an śrann é. Le h-éirĩge na śréine, táiníś an rean mĩś cúĩge aśur dubairt leir: “Tar liom 50 tairbėanfaíť mé dúit d’obair laé.”

Tũś ré an mac mĩś 50 śleann móř, aśur tairbėan d’oťar, 7 dubairt: “Caill mo máťair-móř fáinne in ran toťar rin, aśur fáś d’am é real má d’éirĩ an śrian faoi, tráťnóna.”

Anoir bí an toťar ro ceuť troiś ar d’oimne aśur fice troiś timćioill; aśur bí ré líonta le h-uĩrge, aśur bí arim ar ířmionn aś fairė an fáinne:

Nuair d’imćĩś an rean mĩś, táiníś fionnśuala aśur d’fíarfaĩś; “Cať tá aśať le deunam anoiú?” O’innir ré d’i, aśur dubairt rí, “Ir deacaĩr an obair i rin, aťť deunfaíť mé mo d’icćioill le do beaťť do fáťail.” An rin tũś rí d’o mairťfėoil, arán, aśur fion. Rinne rí mĩdeať * d’i fėin aśur cúairť ríor ‘ran toťar; Níor bfaťa 50 bfaťairť ré deaťať aśur tinnťeať aś teaťť amac ar an toťar, aśur toťan ann mar toĩrneať árť, aśur duine ar bíť do beĩdeať aś éirťeaťť leir an toťan rin faoilťeaťť ré 50 mab arim ířmionn aś troiť.

Faoi ceann tamail, d’imćĩś an deaťať, cóirś an tinnťeať aśur an toĩrneať, aśur táiníś fionnśuala aníor leir an bfaĩnne; Śeaťairť rí an fáinne do mac an mĩś, aśur dubairt rí: “Śnóťaĩś mé an cať, 7 tá do beaťť fáťailťa, aťť feuc, tá laĩťĩrcėin mo láĩme deire bĩrťe. Aťť b’ėoirĩ ġur áťamail an níť ġur bĩrťeať é. Nuair ġuťarf m’áťair, ná taťair an fáinne d’o, aťť baśairť é 50 cĩuairť. Bėarfaĩť ré tũ ann rin le do bean do tośať, aśur feť an éaoi deunarf tũ do rośa: Bėirť míre aśur mo deĩrťřĩrpaťa i reompa, bėirť poll ar an d’orarf, 7 cúĩřmĩť uile ár láma amac mar cĩuimĩřĩn. Cúĩřřĩť tĩra do lám třĩť an bpoll, aśur an lám c’oĩśb’óćarf tũ ġréim uĩřĩ nuair f’orśólaĩť

* Rĩdeať no mĩrťeať = “Cĩotať marť,” róřť éin uĩrge.

of the old King's daughter—came to him and said, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "Let there be no grief on you. I can do that work for you." Then she gave him bread, beef, mutton, and wine. After that she drew out the little enchanted rod, smote the water of the lake with it, and in a moment the old castle was set up as it had been the day before. Then she said to him—"On your life, don't tell my father that I did this work for you, or that you have any knowledge of me at all."

On the evening of that day the old King came and said, "I see that you have the day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son, "that was an easy-done job."

Then the old King thought that the King's son had more power of enchantment than he had himself, and he said, "You have only one other thing to do." He brought him home then, and put him to sleep in the fork of the tree, but Finnualla came and put him in her own chamber, and in the morning she sent him out again into the tree. At sunrise the old King came to him and said: "Come with me till I show you your day's work."

He brought the King's son to a great glen, and showed him a well, and said, "My grandmother lost a ring in that well, and do you get it for me before the sun goes under this morning."

Now, this well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet round about, and it was filled with water, and there was an army out of hell watching the ring.

When the old King went away Finnualla came and asked, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "That is a difficult task, but I shall do my best to save your life." Then she gave him beef, bread, and wine. Then she made a sea-bird of herself, and went down into the well. It was not long till he saw smoke and lightning coming up out of the well, and (he heard) a sound like loud thunder, and anyone who would be listening to that noise he would think that the army of hell was fighting.

At the end of a while the smoke went away, the lightning and thunder ceased, and Finnualla came up with the ring. She handed the ring to the King's son, and said, "I won the battle, and your life is saved. But, look, the little finger of my right hand is broken; but perhaps it is a lucky thing that it was broken. When my father comes do not give him the ring, but threaten him stoutly. He will bring you then to choose your wife, and this is how you shall make your choice. I and my sisters will be in a room, there will be a

m'atair an doimh, ir í rin lám an té beirdear aghad marthanas; Tis leat mire d'aithe ar mo lairdicín bhirte."

"Tis liom, aghur shiáó mo éiride tú, a fionnguala," ar ran mac ruis:

Tráchnóna an lae rin, táinig an fear-ruis aghur d'farruis: "An bfuair tú fáinne mo mátar móire?"

"Fuardear go deimhin," ar ran mac ruis; "bí arim 'gá cúmhac ar írionn, aét buail mire iad, aghur buailrinn a feaét n-oiriada; Nac bfuil fíor aghad gur Connacéac mé?"

"Tabair dam an fáinne," ar ran fear ruis:

"Go deimhin, ní tiubrao," ar reirean; "éiride mé go cruaid ar a fion; aét tabair dam-ra mo bean: Teartaig' uaim beic agh imteacé."

Tus an fear ruis arteaé é, aghur dubairt, "Tá mo éiríur ingean 'ran reomra rin ió' látair: Tá lám gac doin aca rínte amac; aghur an té congubócar tú shéim uirri go bforzólar mire an doimh, rin i do bean."

Cuir an mac ruis a lám tríd an bpoll do bí ar an doimh, aghur fuair ré shéim ar lám an lairdicín bhirte, aghur congubais shéim cruaid air, gur forzáil an fear ruis doimh an treomra:

"'S í reó mo bean," ar ran mac ruis; "tabair dam anoir rpré d'ingine."

"Níl de rpré aici le fágail aét caoil-eac donn le ríó no tabairt abailte, aghur náir éagaid ríó ar air; beó ná marb, go deó!"

Cuaid an mac ruis 7 fionnguala ar marcuisgeacé ar an gcaoil-eac donn; aghur níor bfaó go dtáingadar go dtí an coill 'n ar fág an mac ruis a cú aghur a feabac: Bí ríad ann rin noime, mar don le na éapall bpeásh dub. Cuir ré an t-eac caoil donn ar air ann rin: Cuir ré fionnguala agh marcuisgeacé ar a éapall; aghur léim ruar, é féin,

A cú le n-a coir
A feabac ar a boir,

aghur níor rtaó ré go dtáinig ré go Rát Éruacáin:

Bí fáilte móir noime ann rin, aghur níor bfaó gur póraó é féin aghur fionnguala. Cait ríad beata fáda feunmar,—aét ir beas má tá loig an trean-éairleáin le fágail anoir i Rát-Éruacáin Connacé:

hole in the door, and we shall all put our hands out in a cluster. You will put your hand through the hole, and the hand that you will keep hold of when my father will open the door that is the hand of her you shall have for wife. You can know me by my broken little finger."

"I can; and the love of my heart you are, Finnuala," says the King's son.

On the evening of that day the old King came and asked, "Did you get my grandmother's ring?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "there was an army out of hell guarding it, but I beat them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know I'm a Connachtman?"

"Give me the ring," says the old King.

"Indeed I won't give it," says he; "I fought hard for it; but do you give me my wife, I want to be going."

The old King brought him in and said, "My three daughters are in that room before you. The hand of each of them is stretched out, and she on whom you will keep your hold until I open the door, that one is your wife."

The King's son thrust his hand through the hole that was in the door, and caught hold of the hand with the broken little finger, and kept a tight hold of it until the old King opened the door of the room.

"This is my wife," said the King's son. "Give me now your daughter's fortune."

"She has no fortune to get, but the brown slender steed to bring you home, and that ye may never come back, alive or dead!"

The King's son and Finnuala went riding on the brown slender steed, and it was not long till they came to the wood where the King's son left his hound and his hawk. They were there before him, together with his fine black horse. He sent the brown slender steed back then. He set Finnuala riding on his horse, and leaped up himself.

His hound at his heel,
His hawk on his hand,

and he never stopped till he came to Rathcroghan.

There was great welcome before him there, and it was not long till himself and Finnuala were married. They spent a long prosperous life; but it is scarcely that (even) the track of this old castle is to be found to-day in Rathcroghan of Connacht.

A ÓGÁNAIS AN CÚIL CEANGAILTE.

A ógánaig an cúil ceangailte
 Le a maib mé real i n-éinfeact;
 Cuairt tu 'réir, an bealaic ro,
 'S ní táinig tu do m'feudaint.
 Saoil mé nac n-deunfaide dochar duit
 Dá dtiucfá, a'r mé d' iarraid,
 'S sur b'i do póisín tabairfead rólár
 Dá mberdinn i lár an fíabhair:

Dá mberdead ^{maoin} maoin a gam-ra
 Agus aigeas ann mo póca
 Deunfainn bóitín aic-ghorpaic
 So dochar tige mo rtoirín;
 Mar fúil le Dia so s-cluinnfínn-re
 Topann binn a bpoige,
 'S ir fad an lá ó corail mé
 Aic ag fúil le blar do póige:

A'r faoil me a rtoirín
 So mbuó gealaic agus shian tu;
 A'r faoil mé 'nna diais rin
 So mbuó rneacta ar an truaib tu;
 A'r faoil mé 'nn a diais rin
 So mbuó lócrann o Dia tu,
 No sur ab tu an feult-eólaic
 Ag dul póimam a'r mo diais tu;

Seall tu píoda 'r raicín dam
 Callaíde 'r bpoisa árho,
 A'r seall tu tar éir rin
 So leanfá trío an trnám mé;
 Ní mar rin atá mé
 Aic mo rgeac i mbeul beapna;
 Sac nóin a'r sac maroin
 Ag feudaint tige m' atar.

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
 You passed by the road above,
 But you never came in to find me;
 Where were the harm for you
 If you came for a little to see me;
 Your kiss is a wakening dew
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
 I would make a nice little boreen
 To lead straight up to his door,
 The door of the house of my storeen;
 Hoping to God not to miss
 The sound of his footfall in it,
 I have waited so long for his kiss
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love! you were so—
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
 And I thought after that you were snow,
 The cold snow on top of the mountain;
 And I thought after that you were more
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
 And satin and silk, my storeen,
 And to follow me, never to lose,
 Though the ocean were round us roaring;
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall
 I am now left lonely without thee,
 And this house, I grow dead of, is all
 That I see around or about me.

COIRNÍN NA h-AITINNE.*

A b'ead ó foim; in ran t-Sean-aimeir, bí baintreabac d'arib' ainm Uirigio Ní Shádaig, 'na cónnuirde i gCondae na Gaillimhe: Bí don mac amáin aici d'ar b'ainm Tadhg. Rugadh é mí tair éir báir a d'ar i lár coille bige aitinne do bí ag fáir ar t'aoib énuic i n'gar do'n tigh: Ar an ád'ar rin, gáir na daoine Coirnín na h-Aitinne mar leat-ainm air: Táinig cinneap obann ar an mnaoi boict nuair bí pí ag reola do na mbó ruar ar t'aoib an énuic:

Nuair rugadh Tadhg bí ré 'na naoréanán b'ead, agus méad'ais ré go maic go raib ré ceit'ne bliadhna d'aoir, aet ó'n am rin amac níor fáir ré orolac go raib ré t'pí bliadhna deus; no níor cuir ré cor fáoi le coircéim do fíubal; aet d'f'euoradh ré imteact go t'apa go leor ar a d'á láim agus ar a t'aoib fíar, agus d'á gcluinfeadh ré don duine ag teact cum an t'ighe, do buailfeadh ré a d'á láim fáoi, agus do iacadh ré d'áon léim amáin ó'n teine go d'á an d'orap; agus do cuirfeadh ceo míle fáilte foim an té táinig. Bí sean móir ag aoir óis an baile air, mar do geirbeadh ríad g'neann móir ar, gac uile oirde: Ó'n am bí ré peact mbliadhna d'aoir, bí ré deaplámac agus úpáideac d'á má'air, agus d'á má'air-móir do bí 'na cónnuirde i n-aon t'ig leir: In ran b'pógmar, téirbeadh ré ar a lám'air agus ar a t'aoib-fíar ruar ar t'aoib an énuic, 7 bíod ag ite blá' na h-aitinne mar gá'ar: Bí abann beas ann, ioir an teac agus an cnoc; agus do iacadh ré de léim t'ar an abann com h-aépeac le geirpíad:

Buod Sean-gosairde an má'air-móir: Bí pí bo'ar agus beas-nac balb, agus b'iomda t'ior do bíod aici féin agus ag Tadhg.

Don lá amáin, du'airt an má'air le Tadhg, "Cait'píó mé, a t'arógín, tóin leat'air cuir ar do b'píctib; tá mé r'g'moirta ag ceannac b'píroin, agus nuair b'pídeap ré deunta agam cait'píó tú dul go t'áillíur le ceir d'p'ogluim."

"D'ar m'pocal," ar ra Tadhg, "ní h-é rin an ceir b'pídeap agam: Ní'l in ran t'áillíur aet an naom'ad cuir d'f'ear: Má t'ugann tú ceir ar bí' d'am, deun p'obair d'iom—tá r'p'pí' móir agam in ran gceól."

"Bíod mar rin," ar ran má'air:

An lá 'na d'ais rin, cuir pí cum an baile móir leir an leat'ar d'fá'ail, agus nuair ruair buacaili' beaga an baile go raib an má'air imt'ighe, ruar'ar poc gá'ar do bí ag páir d'acac O Ceallais, agus cuir ríad Coirnín ag marcuigeact air: Ar go

* Ó p'p'p'p'ar O Connéubair do ruair mé an r'géal ro.

COIRNIN OF THE FURZE

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

LONG ago, in the olden time, there was a widow, whose name was Bridget O'Grady, living in the County Galway. She had an only son, whose name was Teig. He was born a month after his father's death in a little wood of furze that was growing on the side of a hill near the house. For that reason the people called him "Coirnin* of the Furze" as a nickname. The poor woman was suddenly taken ill as she was driving the cows up the side of the hill.

When Teig was born he was a fine infant, and grew well till he was four years of age, but from that time on he did not grow an inch until he was thirteen, nor did he put a foot under him to walk a step, but he was able to go quickly enough on his two hands and his back, and if he would hear anyone coming to the house he would strike his two hands under him, and would go of a single leap from the fire to the door, and he would put a hundred thousand welcomes before whoever came. The youth of the village liked him greatly, for they used to get great amusement out of him every night. From the time he was seven years of age he was handy and useful to his mother, and to his grandmother who was living in the one house with him. In the harvest time he used to go on his hands and his back up the side of the hill, and he used to be eating the furze blossoms like a goat. There was a little river on it there, between the house and the hill, and he used to go over the river of a leap, as airy as a hare.

The grandmother was a silly old woman; she was deaf and almost dumb, and many was the fight herself and Teig used to have.

One day the mother said to Teig, "Teigeen, I must put a leather seat on your breeches; I'm destroyed buying frieze, and as soon as I have it done, you must go to a tailor to learn a trade."

"By my word," says Teig, "that is not the trade I'll have. A tailor is only the ninth part of a man. If you give me a trade at all, make a piper of me. I've a great liking for the music."

"Let it be so," says the mother. The day after that she went to the town to get the leather, and when the little lads of

* Pronounced 'Carneen.'

briáit leir an bpoc, aḡ meigilt côm h-áirio aḡur o'feuo ré, 7 Coirínín ar a múin aḡ rḡreaoail mar dúine ar a céil, le faicéoir so otuitreao ré, aḡur buacáillir an baile 'na diais. Tus an poc tḡair ar boctán páirín, aḡur nuair cónnairc páirín an poc 7 a marac aḡ teac. faoil ré sur b'é an rean-buacáill do bi aḡ aeacé 'na cónne. Níor riúbail páirín coircéim le reacé mbliab-anairc paimé rin; acé, nuair cónnairc ré an poc aḡ teacé arceac ar an doirar; éuaré ré o'aon léim amac ar an bfuinneois, aḡur ḡair ré ar na cómarannairc é do fábail o'n diabal do bi 'na diais.

Bí na buacáillir aḡ ḡairre 7 aḡ ḡreaoao bor sur éuir riad an poc ar mipe; aḡur amac air leir ar an teac. Nuair cónnairc páirín é aḡ teacé an doirar uair, ar so briáit leir, aḡur an poc aḡur Coirínín ar a múin 'na diair. Bí adairca faoa ar an bpoc; aḡur bí ḡreim an fír báirce aḡ Coirínín oirra. Tus páirín aḡair ar ḡaillim; aḡur an poc o'a leanamaint. O'éirig an ḡair aḡur táinig doime na mbailte ar ḡac taoir de'n bótar amac, aḡur a leicéir de ḡáiraoil ní raib airam i ḡconrac na ḡaillime. Níor rtao páirín so noeacáir ré arceac i ḡcáir na ḡaillime aḡur an poc 7 a marac le na fálar. Buó lá marḡair é aḡur bí na rriáreanna lionta le doimib. Topairc páirín aḡ ḡlaodac aḡur aḡ ḡáiraoil ar na doimib é do fábail aḡur bí riad-ran aḡ deunam marḡair faoi. Éuaré ré ruar rriáir aḡur anuar rriáir eile aḡur bí aḡ imteacé so raib an ḡrian aḡ uil faoi 'ran tráctóna.

Cónnairc Coirínín úbla breáḡa ar élar, aḡur rean-bean anaire leó, aḡur táinig dúil móir, air, cuir de na n-úbair do beir aise; ḡaoil ré a ḡreim ar adaircaibair puic aḡur éuaré ré de léim ar élar na n-úbail. Ar so briáit leir an t-rean-bean aḡur o'fás rí na n-úbail 'na diais, óir bí rí leac-marb leir an rḡannrac.

Níor bfaoa bí Coirínín aḡ ite na n-úbail nuair táinig a mátar i látar, aḡur nuair cónnairc rí Coirínín, ḡearr rí loir na cpoire uirru féin, 7 duairc; "1 n-airm Dé, a Coirínín, cao do tus ann po éú?"

"Fiafuirig rin de páirín O Ceallair aḡur o'a poc ḡabair; tá an t-ao oir, a mátar, nac bfuil mo muineul bairce."

Éuir rí Coirínín arceac in a rriáirḡe aḡur tus aḡair ar an mbairc:

Acé ir airceac an níó tárla do páirín O Ceallair. Nuair rḡar Coirínín leir an bpoc, lean ré páirín amac ar an mbótar móir, táinig ruar leir, éuir a o'a adairc faoi, éair ar a oirum é; aḡur níor fear so otáinig ré a-baile. Cuirilig páirín aḡ an doirar, aḡur cuir an poc marb ar an tairrig. Éuaré páirín 'na córla; óir bí ré leac-marb aḡur bí ré mall 'ran oirce, aḡur

the village found that the mother was gone, they got a buck goat that belonged to lame Paddy Kelly, and they put Coirnin riding on it. Off and away with the buck, bleating as loud as he could, and Coirnin on his back screeching like a person out of his senses, with fear lest he should fall, and the boys of the village after him. The buck faced for Paddy's cottage; and when Paddy saw the buck and his rider coming he thought that it was the old boy that was coming for him. Paddy had not walked a step for seven years before that, but when he saw the buck coming in at the door he went of a single leap out through the window, and called on the neighbors to save him from the devil that was after him.

The boys were laughing and clapping their hands till they set the buck mad, and off again with him, out of the house. When Paddy saw him coming the second time, off and away with him, and the buck with Coirnin on his back after him. There were long horns on the buck, and Coirnin had the "drowning man's grip" on them. Paddy faced for Galway, with the buck following him. The cry rose, and the people of the villages on each side of the road came out, and such shouting there never was before in the County Galway. Paddy never stopped till he came into the City of Galway, and the buck and his rider at his heels. It was a market day, and the streets were filled with people. Paddy began crying and yelling on the people to save him, and they were making a mock of him. He went up one street and down another street, and he was going until the sun was setting in the evening.

Coirnin saw fine apples on a board, and an old woman near them, and there came a great wish on him to have a share of the apples. He loosed his grasp on the buck's horns, and went with a leap on the board of apples. Away for ever with the old woman, and she left the apples behind her, for she was half dead with the fright.

It was not long that Coirnin was eating the apples, when his mother came by, and when she saw Coirnin she cut the sign of the Cross on herself, and she said—"In the name of God, Coirnin, what brought you here?"

"Ask that of Paddy Kelly and his buck goat; there's luck on you, mother, that my neck is not broken."

She put Coirnin into her apron and faced for home.

But it's curious the thing that happened to Paddy Kelly. When Coirnin parted with the buck, the animal followed Paddy out on the high road, came up with him, put his two horns under him, threw Paddy upon his own back, and never stood still

nuaire o' éiríis ré ar maidin, ní raib an poc le págail beo ná marb; agus dubhairt na daoine uile go mbuó poc d'iaoiréaceta do bí ann. Ar éaoi ar bit éus ré coiréacét do páiróin O Ceallais; fuo nac raib aise le reacét mbliadónaib nóime rin.

Cuaird an rgeul trío an tír, go scuairé gac uile fear, bean, 7 páirde i gconradé na Sallim é; agus ip iomda cur-píor do bí air, nóim trádóna an laé rin. Dubhairt cuio sup poc d'iaoiréaceta do bí i bpoc páiróin; 7 go raib ré iannpáirteac leir; dubhairt cuio eile go mbuó fear píde Coirínín; agus go mbuó cóir a dógad:

An oirde rin; d'innir Coirínín h-uile níó i dcaoir na caoi do éus an poc go Sallim é, 7 táinis na buacailiú go teac b'pírio ní g'páidais, agus bí gneann móir aca ag éirteacét le Coirínín ag innrint i dcaoir na marcuigeaceta do bí aise go Sallim ar muin puic páiróin Uí Ceallais; agus gac níó tápla leir ar fear an laé.

An oirde rin; nuair cuaird Coirínín ar a leabuir; táinis b'pón éisin air, agus i n-ait coradta corais ré ag reirpíl: D'fapfuis a mádair dé creao do bí air. Dubhairt reirean nac raib píor aise. "Ní'l oir dé fearóir," ar píre; "rpor do cuio reirpíl; 7 leis dúinn corad." Ac níoir rpor ré go maidin:

Ar maidin níoir fear ré gneim d'íte; agus dubhairt ré le na mádair, "Racao amac; go b'pírio mé an ndunpáir an t-áir maíe dam." "D'éoir go ndunpáir," ar píre:

Leir rin, buail ré a d'á láim faoi; agus cuaird d'áon leim amáin go d'á an doir, agus amac leir. Éus ré g'aird ar na h-aitéan-haib, 7 níoir r'ao go ndéacair ré arteac 'na mearg; Síu ré é péin ioir d'á rgeac agus níoir b'pao go raib ré 'na corad. Bí b'pionglóir aise go raib an poc le n-a éaoib, ag iarrpáir caint do cur air. Dúiríis ré, ac i n-ait an puic bí fear b'péag g'pugac taob leir, 7 dubhairt ré; "A Coirínín; ná bíod eagla oir nóam-pa. Ip capao mé; 7 tá mé ann ro le cómairle do leara do éadairt duit, má glacann tú uaim i: Tá tú do éláiríneac ó pugad éú, 7 do cúir-magair ag buacailiú an baile. Ip mire an poc g'adair do éus go Sallim éú, ac tá mé árpúgte anoir go d'á an puic in a b'piceann tú mé: Ní fearpáinn an t-árpugad d'págail go d'ugpáinn an marcuigeacét rin duit, agus anoir tá cúmáct móir agam: D'fearpáinn do learpugad ar bail, ac d'éarpáir na cómairpanna go raib tú iannpáirteac leir na píde, agus ní fearpá an b'pamail rin baint díob: Tá tú do fúirde anoir go díreac in ran áit ar pugad éú, 7 tá pota óir i b'pogreacét t'pogse doo' éaoib-fíar; ac ní'l tú le baint leir go fóil, mar ní fearpá úráir maíe do d'eunam dé: Teiríis a-baile anoir agus ar maidin amáirac, abair le do mádair go raib b'pionglóir b'péag

till he came home. Paddy came off at the door, and the buck fell dead at the threshold. Paddy went to sleep, for he was half dead and it was late in the night, and when he arose in the morning the buck was not to be got alive or dead; and all the people said that it was an enchanted buck that was in it. Anyway it gave power to walk to Paddy Kelly, a thing he had not had for seven years before that.

The story went through the country till every man, woman, and child in the County of Galway heard it, and many was the version that was on it before the evening of that day. Some said it was an enchanted buck that Paddy had, and that he was in league with it; others said that Coirnin was a fairy man, and that it would be right to burn him.

That night Coirnin told everything about the way the buck took him to Galway, and the boys came to Bridget O'Grady's house, and they had great fun listening to Coirnin telling about the ride that he had to Galway on the back of Paddy Kelly's buck, and everything that happened him throughout the day.

That night when Coirnin went to bed some sorrow came over him, and instead of sleeping he began sighing. His mother asked him what was on him. He said that he did not know.

"There's nothing on you but nonsense," says she. "Stop that sighing and let us sleep." But he did not stop till morning.

In the morning he was not able to eat a morsel, and he said to his mother—

"I'll go out till I see if the air will do me good."

"Maybe it would," says she.

With that he struck his hands under him and went of one leap to the door, and out with him. He faced for the furze, and he did not stop till he came in amongst it. He stretched himself between two bushes, and it was not long till he was asleep. He had a dream that the buck was beside him trying to make him talk. He awoke, but instead of the buck there was a fine wizard man beside him, and he said, "Coirnin, don't be afraid of me; I'm a friend, and I'm here to give you profitable counsel if you will take it from me. You are a cripple since you were born, and a laughing-stock to the boys of the village; I am the buck goat that took you to Galway, but I am changed now to the form in which you see me. I was not able to get the change till I should have given you that ride, and now I have great power. I would have cured you on the spot, but the neighbors would have said that you were in

agad go faib luid ag fáir le coir na h-aibhne do bheirpáid riúbal agur lút duit; abair an puo ceoúna léi trí maidoin anndaig a céile, agur crieoiríó rí go bfuil ré fíor. Nuair macar tú ag tóruigeaó na luidhe geobair tú i ag fáir taob-fíor de'n cloic móir nigeaóáin atá ag bhuac na h-aibhne; tabair leat i agur bhuic i, agur ól an rúg, agur béir tú ionnán fára do rít anagair buaóáil ar bit in ran bparpáirte. Béir ionganar ar na daoinib i tórapa, aó ní maipiríó rin a-bpaó: Béir tú trí bliathna deas an lá rin. Tar 'ran oiróce cum na h-aite reo; béir an pota óir tóga agam-ra, aó ar do beata congbaig 'innntinn agad féin, agur ná h-innir do duine ar bit go bpaóair tú mire: Imeig anoir: Slán leat."

Seall Coirnnín go ndéunpáid ré gac níó dubairt an gnuagac beag leir, 7 táinig ré a-baile, lútgáiréac go leór. Breatnaig an máair naó faib ré com gnuamaó agur bí ré pul má ndeóair ré amaó, agur dubairt rí, "Saoilim, a mic, go ndearpáir an t-aéir maít duit."

"Rinne go deimín," ar reirean, "agur tabair puo le n'ite dam anoir."

An oiróce rin, i n-aic do beir ag reitpít, óoóail ré go breaó, agur ar maidoin dubairt ré le n-a máair, "Bí bpiónglóiró breaó agam aréir, a máair."

"Ná tabair don áir ar bpiónglóiró," ar ran máair; "Ír conpálta tuiteann ríad amaó."

Cait Coirnnín an lá ag rmuáinead ar an gcómpáid do bí aige leir an ngnuagac beag, 7 ar an raibbhear móir do bí le fágaíl aige: Ar maidoin, lá ar na márac, dubairt ré le n-a máair, "Bí an bpiónglóiró breaó rin agam aréir arí."

"Go méaóagíó Dia an maít, 7 go laógaigíó Sé an t-olc," ar ran máair; "Cuair mé go minic dá mbeiréad an bpiónglóiró céaóna ag duine trí oiróce anndaig a céile, go mbeiréad rí fíor."

An tríoímaó maidoin, d'éirig Coirnnín go moó agur dubairt ré le n-a máair, "Bí an bpiónglóiró breaó rin agam aréir arí, agur, ó tárla go tóáinig ré cuagam trí oiróce anndaig a céile; macair mé le feucaint bfuil don fíruinn innit: Connairc mé luid in mo bpiónglóiró do bheirpáid mo riúbal agur mo lút dam."

"An bpaóair tú in ran mbpiónglóiró cá faib an luid ag fáir?" ar ran máair.

"Connaircar go deimín," ar reirean; "tá rí ag fáir taob leir an gclóic móir nigeaóáin atá ar bhuac na h-aibhne."

"Go deimín, ní'l don luid ag fáir anaice leir an gclóic nigeaóáin," ar ran máair; "bí mé 'ran áit rin go minic, agur ní feurpáid rí beir ann a-gan-fíor dam."

league with the fairies, and you would not have been able to take that opinion from them. You are seated now in exactly the same spot you were born in, and there is a pot of gold within a foot of your back, but you are not to touch it yet, because you would not be able to make a good use of it. Go home now, and to-morrow morning tell your mother that you had a fine dream, that there was a herb growing beside the river that would bring walk and activity to you. Tell the same thing to her three mornings after each other, and she will believe that it is true. When you go seeking the herb, you will find it growing down from the big washing stone that is on the edge of the river. Take it with you, and boil it, and drink the juice, and you will be able to run a race against any boy in the parish. There will be wonder on the people at first, but that won't last long. You will be thirteen years old that day. Come in the night to this place. I will have the pot of gold lifted, but for your life keep your intentions to yourself, and don't tell any person at all that you saw me. Go now; farewell."

Coirnin promised that he would do everything the little wizard man told him, and he came home joyous enough. The mother observed that he was not so gloomy as he was before he went out, and she said—

"I think, son, the air did you good."

"It did, indeed," says he, "and give me something to eat now."

That night, instead of being sighing, he slept finely, and in the morning he said to his mother—"I had a fine dream last night, mother."

"Don't give any importance to a dream," says the mother, "it's contrary they fall out."

"Coirnin spent the day thinking on the discourse he had with the little wizard man and of the great riches he was to get. In the morning the next day he said to his mother—"I had that fine dream again last night."

"May God increase the good and may He decrease the bad," says his mother. "I often heard that if a person had the same dream three nights after other, it would be true."

The third morning Coirnin got up early and said to his mother, "I had that fine dream again last night, and since it chanced that it came to me three nights after other I'll go to see if there is any truth in it. I saw an herb in my dream that would give my walk and my activity to me."

“D’éiríonn sup fár rí ann ó foin,” arís Coirínín, “asur macaib mife d’a tóirígeaet.”

Buail ré a d’a láim faoi, asur cuairt d’aon léim amáin go dtí an doiar, asur amac leir. Níor bfaod go raib ré as an seoió nigeacán, asur fuair ré an luib. Tug ré léimeanna mar fiaó a mbeiríeas saóar ’sá leanamaint, as teact a-baile le teann-lútgáir:

“A mátair,” ar reiríean, “b’fíor dam mo bpiónglóir: fuair mé an luib. Cuir fíor dam an pota asur bpiut dam é.”

Cuir an mátair an luib ’ran bpiota, asur timcioll cára uirge leir, asur nuair bí rí bpiutte asur an rúg fuair, d’ól Coirínín é. Ní raib ré móimio in a bolg nuair fear ré fuar ar a coraib asur coraig ré as rí fuar asur anuair: bí iongantair móir ar a mátair. Coraig rí as tabairt míle glóir asur altugad do ’Día; ann rin gáir rí ar na cómarpannaib asur d’innir doib bpiónglóir Coirínín, asur an éaoi a bfuair ré úráio a cor. Bí lútgáir móir oirra uile, mar bí bpiúgíó Ní Sraóais ’na cómarpáin máit asur bí mear aca uile uirri:

An oiríe rin, bpiuinis buacailíó an baile arteaó le lútgáir do deunam le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair: nuair bíodair uile as cómráó cia fíubairíó arteaó aet páiríó O Ceallais: bí ríao uile as caint faoi an seaoi a bfuair Coirínín a fíubal asur lúó a énaim.

“Go deimín ir dam-ra buó cóir d’ó beir buiríeas; ’ré an cratáó do tug mo poc-sabair-re d’ó do pinne an obair, asur tá fíor as h-uile duine go dtug an marcuiríeas do pinne ré, úráio mó cor ar air dam féin. Oó, mo bpión! go bfuair mo poc bpiéas bair!”

“Tug tú h-éiríeas,” ar Coirínín, “’rí an luib do léigearais mé: Rinne mé bpiónglóir trí oiríe anoiríe a céile go leigreócaó an luib mé, asur tís le mo mátair a éroctugad go raib mé mo élaíneas tar éir mo teact’ ó Sallim, sup ól mé rúg na luibe.”

“D’feudraim mo mionna tabairt go bfuil mo mac as innirínt na fíunne glaine,” ar ran mátair:

Ann rin coraig cáe as deunam masair faoi páiríó, sup imcís ré amac.

Cuairt gac uile níó go maíó le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair ’na díais reó. Aon oiríe amáin nuair cuairt an mátair asur na cómarpanna ’na seoioláó, cuairt Coirínín cum na h-aitinne. Bí a éapáio, an sruasac beas, ann rin poimíe; asur bí an pota óir réiríó d’ó:

“Seó duit anoir an pota óir; cuir i dtairíge é i n-ait ar bíó ir toil leat. Tá an oiríeas ann asur deunfar duit fáó do beata.”

“Did you see in **your** dream where the herb was growing?” says the mother.

“I did, indeed,” says he; “it’s growing beside the big washing stone that’s at the edge of the river.”

“Indeed there’s no herb growing near the washing stone,” says his mother. “I was in that place often, and it could not be in it unbeknownst to me.”

“Maybe it grew in it since,” says Coirnin, “and I’ll go to look for it.”

He struck his two hands under him, and went at one leap to the door, and out with him. It was not long till he was at the washing stone, and he found the herb. He gave leaps like a deer that a hound would be following, coming home with excessive joy.

“Mother,” says he, “my dream was true for me. I got the herb. Put down the pot for me, and boil it for me.”

The mother put the herb in the pot and about a quart of water with it, and when it was boiled and the juice cold, Coirnin drank it. It was not a moment inside him when he stood upon his feet and began running up and down. There was great astonishment on his mother. She began giving a thousand glories and praises to God. Then she called the neighbors and told them Coirnin’s dream and how he got the use of his feet. There was great joy on them all, for Bridget O’Grady was a good neighbor, and they all had a regard for her.

That night the boys of the village gathered in to make rejoicing with Coirnin and his mother. When they were all discoursing who should walk in but Paddy Kelly! They were all talking of how Coirnin got his walk, and the activity of his bones.

“Indeed, it’s to myself he has a right to be thankful; it’s the jolting my buck goat gave him that did the work, and everyone knows that the ride he took gave me back the use of my feet again. Och! my grief that my fine buck died!”

“You lie!” says Coirnin; “it’s the herb that cured me. I had a dream three nights after other that the herb would cure me, and my mother can prove it that I was a cripple after coming from Galway till I drank the juice of the herb.”

“I’d take my oath that my son is telling the clean truth,” says his mother. Then each of the people began mocking Paddy, till he went out.

Everything went well with Coirnin and his mother after that. One night, when his mother and the neighbors went.

"Saoilim go bpáirfáid mé é in ran bpoll a paid ré ann," ar ra Coirínín "aéit béairfáid mé joinn dé a-baile liom."

"Ná tabair leat pór é, aéit bíod bhuonglóir eile aghad mar bí aghad céana, agus, 'na d'iaig rin, tuis leat joinn dé do tabairt leat: Ceannais an talamh ro agus cuir teac ar bun in ran mball ar iugad tú, agus ní feicfid tú féin ná don duine i n-don tuis leat, lá boét fad do beata: Slán leat anoir—ní feicfid tú mé níor mó."

Cuir Coirínín an pota ríor in ran bpoll, agus créafós or a cionn, agus táinig ré a-baile:

Ar maidin, duhairt ré le n-a máthair: "Bí bhuonglóir eile agham aréir arís," 7 an tsear maidin, duhairt ré léi, "Tá mo bhuonglóir ríor anoir san amhar, bí rí agham aréir go d'ipeac mar bí rí agham an dá uair eile; rin trí uaire an'diaid a céile, agus tuis liom é reo innreacit duit naé bfeicfid tú lá boét fad do beata; aéit ní tuis liom don iud eile do paid leat d'a éaduib."

An oirde rin, éaduib ré cum an pota óir; 7 tug lán rporáin dé a-baile leir, agus ar maidin tug ré do'n máthair é: "Tá níor mó," adair ré, "in ran áit a dtáinig rin ar; agus seobaid mé duit é nuair b'eidear ré ag tearcál uair, aéit ná cuir don ceirt orin d'a éaduib."

Níor b'fada 'na d'iaig reo; gur ceannais b'páig ní f'pádaig bó bainne 7 cuir ar feurac í: Éaduib rí féin agus Coirínín ar aghad go maic, agus nuair bí ré píce bliadan d'aoir, ceannais ré gab-áit ar móir talamh timéiol na h-aicínne, agus cuir teac b'ead ar bun ar an mball ar iugad é: Seal gearr 'na d'iaig rin pór ré bean. Bí muirigin móir aige, agus nuair fuair re b'ar le rean-aoir, d'fág ré óir agus a'páig aghad a éolinn, agus ní f'acaid don duine do éolinnais in ran tuis rin lá boét arim;

to sleep, Coirnin went to the furze. His friend the little wizard was there before him, and the pot of gold was ready for him. "Here now is the pot of gold for you, stow it away in any place you like; there's as much in it as will do you throughout your life."

"I think I'll leave it in the hole where it was," says Coirnin, "but I'll bring a share of it home with me."

"Don't take it with you yet, but have another dream like the one you had already, and after that you can take a share with you. Buy this ground and set up a house on the spot where you were born, and neither you yourself nor anyone in the same house with you will ever see a day's poverty during your life. Farewell to you now; you shall see me no more."

Coirnin put the pot down in the hole and clay on the top of it, and came home.

In the morning he said to his mother—"I had another dream last night, but I won't tell it to you till I see if I will have it again three nights after other."

"The second morning he said—"I had the dream again last night;" and the third morning he said to her—"My dream is true now without doubt. I had it last night just as I had it the two other times, that's three times after one another, and I can tell you this—that you won't see a poor day during your life, but I cannot tell you anything else about it."

That night he went to the pot of gold, and brought the full of a purse of it home with him, and in the morning he gave it to his mother. "I have more," says he, "in the place where that came from, and I'll get it for you when you'll be wanting it, but ask no question of me about it."

It was not long after this till Bridget O'Grady bought a milch cow and put her on grass. She herself and Coirnin went on well, and when he was twenty years of age he bought a large holding of land round the furze, and set up a fine house on the spot where he was born. A short time after that he married a wife. He had a large family, and when he died of old age he left gold and silver to his children, and not a person who lived in that house saw a poor day ever.

bean an fíor Ruaird;

Tá riad o'á riad
 Sur tu ráilín rocair i mbrois;
 Tá riad o'á riad
 Sur tu béilín tana na bpós.
 Tá riad o'á riad
 A míle grád go dtug tu dam cúl;
 Cio go bfuil fear le pádail
 'S leir an táilliúr bean an fíor Ruaird;

Do tugar naoi mí
 I bpríorún, ceangailte cuaird,
 Doltaid ar mo éalaid
 Agus míle glar ar rúo ruar,
 Tabairfainn-re riob
 Mar tabairfadh eala coir cuain;
 Le ponn do beir pinte
 Síor le bean an fíor Ruaird.

Saol mire a ceud-fearc
 Go mbeir' don tigeir ioir mé 'r tu
 Saol mé 'nna d'éis-rin
 Go mbreugfá mo leanb ar do glúin;
 Mallaét Riš Heime
 Ar an té rin dam díom-ra mo éil;
 Sin, agus uile go léir
 Luét breige cuir ioir mé 'r tu.

Tá crann ann ran ngláirín
 Air a bparann duilleabair a'r blát buide;
 An uair leagaim mo lámh air
 Ir láirí na mbrireann mo éiríde;
 'S é rólár go báir
 A'r é o'pádaíl o flaitéar anuar
 Don póisín amáin,
 A'r é o'pádaíl o Bean an fíor Ruaird;

Aét go dtig lá an traošail
 'Nna peubfai cnuic agus cuain;
 Tiocfaid rmúit ar an ngréin
 'S beir na neullta com' duib leir an ngláir;
 Beir an fairge tirim
 A'r tiocfaid na brónta 'r na truaig'
 'S beir an táilliúr ag ršreardac
 An lá rin faoi Bean an fíor Ruaird;

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

'Tis what they say,
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe,
 'Tis what they say,
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue;
 That the tailor went the way
 That the wife of the Red man knew.
 Nine months did I spend
 In a prison closed tightly and bound;
 Bolts on my smalls*
 And a thousand locks frowning around;
 But o'er the tide
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,
 Could I once set my side
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.
 I thought, O my life,
 That one house between us love would be;
 And I thought I would find
 You once coaxing my child on your knee;
 But now the curse of the High One
 On him let it be,
 And on all of the band of the liars
 Who put silence between you and me.
 There grows a tree in the garden
 With blossoms that tremble and shake,
 I lay my hand on its bark
 And I feel that my heart must break.
 On one wish alone
 My soul through the long months ran,
 One little kiss
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.
 But the day of doom shall come,
 And hills and harbors be rent;
 A mist shall fall on the sun
 From the dark clouds heavily sent;
 The sea shall be dry,
 And earth under mourning and ban;
 Then loud shall he cry
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.

* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

RÍOIRE NA SCLEAS.*

Bí feilméar [no duine-uapal] ann ran t^ucip agus ní raib aige aet don mac amáin. Táinig ré reo [Ríoire na sclear] cuise ardeac triathóna oirde, agus d'iair ré lóirtin do féin agus do'n d^uá'-p'-eug do bí i n-éinfeadct leir.

"Suairac liom mar cá ré aham le t^uágar," ar ran feilméar; "aet tiúbhraiò mé duit é agus do d' d^uá'-p'-eug." Fuit ruipéar péirò d^uóib com maic a'p bí ré aige, agus nuair bí an ruipéar caitte, d'iair an Ríoire ar an d^uá'-p'-eug ro éirige ruar agus píora gairgídeacta do deunam do'n fear ro, as cairbeant na ngníomharca bí aca:

D'éirig an d^uá'-p'-eug agus funneadar gairgídeacta d^uó, agus ní fáca an duine reo ariam píora gairgídeacta mar iad rin; "mairead," aoir an duine-uapal, fear an tige, "níor bfeair liom an oipead ro [de f^uairòbhear] 'ná d^uá mbeidead mo mac ionnán rin [do] deunam."

"Leig liom-ra é," ar Ríoire na sclear, "go ceann lá agus bliadain, agus béir ré com maic le ceactar de na buacailib reo atá aham."

"Leigfead," ar ran duine-uapal, "aet go d^utiúbhraiò tu ar air eugam é i gceann na bliadna."

"O tiúbhraiò," ar Ríoire na sclear, "ar air eugad é."

Fuit b^ureacparc ar maidin, lá ar na márac, d^uóib, nuair bíodar as dul as imteadct, agus leig an duine-uapal an mac leó, agus d'fan ríad amuis lá agus bliadain:

I gceann a' lá agus bliadain táinig ríad arí a-baile cuise; agus a mac féin i n-éinfeadct leó: Bí ré [as] f^uaire oipia, agus bí fáilte rompa aige, agus bí oirde maic aca: Nuair bíodar tapéir a ruipéir, duhairc Ríoire na sclear leir an d^uá'-p'-eug éirige ruar arí agus gairgídeact do deunam do'n duine-uapal do bí tabairt an truípéir d^uóib: Anoir bí a mac féin ann, f^ureirin; agus bí ré i ngar do beic com maic le ceactar aca: "Ní'l ré 'na gairgídeac f^uor com maic le mo cuir-re fear, aet leig liom-ra é," ar Ríoire na sclear, "ar fead lá agus bliadain eile."

"Leigfead," ar reirean, "aet go d^utiúbhraiò tu ar air eugam é i gceann an lá agus bliadain." Duhairc ré go d^utiúbhraiò.

D'imtig ríad leó, an lá ar na márac 'péir bí na maidne, agus d'fanadar amuis lá agus bliadain eile: Agus i gceann an lá agus bliadain conhairc an duine-uapal an comluadar as teadct

* Tá an p^ueuil ro focal ar focal go oipead mar do ruairéar agus mar do r^ugíob^uar ríor é ó beul márcain Ruairí uí Shíollamnáct (poirde í mbeuríla), i gCondae na Gaillimhe.

THE KNIGHT OF THE TRICKS.

Written down word for word by me from the dictation of Martin Rus O Gillarna, or "Forde," near Monivea, Co. Galway (a small farmer, about 50 years old, Irish-speaking only).—DOUGLAS HYDE.

THERE was a farmer [*read* gentleman] in the country, and he had only one son. And this man [the Knight of the Tricks] came in to see him, on the evening of a night, and asked lodgings for himself and the twelve who were along with him.

"I think it miserable how I have it for you," said the gentleman, "but I'll give it to you and to your twelve." Supper was got ready for them, as good as he had it, and when the supper was eaten, the knight asked these twelve to rise up and perform a piece of exercise for this man, showing the deeds [accomplishments] they had.

The twelve rose up and performed feats for him, and this man had never seen any feat like them. "Musha," says the gentleman, the man of the house, "I wouldn't sooner [own] all this much riches, than that my son should be able to do that."

"Leave him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "till the end of a year and a day, and he will be as good as any of these boys that I have."

"I will," says the gentleman, "but [on condition] that you must bring him back to me at the end of the year."

"Oh, I will bring him back to you," said the Knight of the Tricks.

Breakfast was got for them in the morning, of the next day when they were going a-departing, and the gentleman let the son with them, and they remained away a day and a year.

At the end of the day and the year, they came home again to him, and his own son along with them. He was watching for them, and had a welcome for them, and they had a good night. When they were after their supper, the Knight of the Tricks told the twelve to rise up and perform feats for the gentleman who was giving them the supper. Now his own son was there also, and he was near to being as good as any of them.

"He is not yet a champion as good as my men are, but let him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "for another day and a year."

"I will," said he, "but that you will bring him back to me at the end of the day and a year." He said he would bring him.

cuige ariú. Tug ré fáilte agus ruipéar doib, le lútgáine iad do beit ar air ariú agus a mac leó.

Caitheadar an ruipéar, agus nuair bíodar 'réir a ruipéir, dubhairt ré le n-a cúro fear éiríge ruar agus píora gairgídeacta do deunam do'n duine-uairal do bí tabhairt na gnaoimúileact (?) doib. D'éiríge ríad ruar, trí fíor deus, agus ba é a mac an fear do b'fearr de'n méad rin. Ní raib fear ar bit ionnán ceart do baint de act Ríoripe na gcleap féin:

Deir an duine-uairal, "ní'l fear ar bit aca ionnán gairgídeact do deunam le mo mac féin."

"Ní'l, go deimhin," ar Ríoripe na gcleap "don fear ionnán a deunam act mire; agus má leigean tu dam-ra é lá agus bliadain eile, béir ré 'na gairgídeact com maic liom féin."

"Mairead, leigfead," ar ran duine-uairal, "leigfí mé leat é," a deir ré:

Aniúr, níor iarr ré air, an t-am ro; a tabhairt ar air ariú, mar sinne ré na h-amannata eile; agus níor cuir ré ann a gearaib é.

I gceann an lá agus bliadain, bí an duine-uairal ag fanamaint agus ag rúil le n-a mac, act ní táinig an mac ná Ríoripe na gcleap: Bí an t-atair, ann rin, faoi imníde móir nac raib an mac ag teact a-baile cuige, agus dubhairt ré: "ré b'é aic de'n domán a bfuil ré, caitfí mé a fágail amac."

D'imtíge ré ann rin agus bí ré ag imteact gur cait ré trí oirdce agus trí lá ag rúibál: Táinig ann rin arcead i n-aic a raib áruir bpeadg, agus amuis anasair an doirir móir bí trí fíor deus ag bualaó báine ann; agus fear ré ag feucaint ar na trí fearaib deus d'a bualaó, agus bí don fear amáin d'a bualaó le d'a-'r-'eug aca. Táinig ré 'ran aic a raibadair arcead ann a mearg ann rin, agus 'ré a mac féin bí ag bualaó an báine leir an d'a-'r-'eug eile.

Cuir ré fáilte roim an atair ann rin: "O! a atair," a deir ré, "ní'l don fágail agad oim: Ní sinne tura," a deir ré, "do gnaeta (gnó) ceart; nuair bí tu [ag] deunam maraib leirpan níor iarr tu air; mire [do] tabhairt ar air eugad."

"I r fíor rin," a deir an t-atair:

"Aniúr," a deir an mac, "ní bfuigfí tu feucaint oim anoct, act deunfar trí colaim deus dinn agus caitfídear gnaa coirce ar an uplár agus deurfair Ríoripe na gcleap má aicnígeann tu do mac oim rin [= ann a mearg-ran] go bfuigfí tú é. Ní béir mire ag íce don gnaim agus béir na cinn eile ag íce. Béir mire dul anonn 'r anall 'r ag bualaó ppuoca ann ran-gcúir eile

They went away with themselves the next day, after their morning's meal, and they remained away for another day and a year. And at the end of the day and a year the gentleman saw the company coming to him again. He gave them a welcome and a supper, for joy them to be back again and his son with them.

They ate their supper, and when they were after their supper he said to the men to rise up and perform some feats for the gentleman who was showing them this kindness. They rose up, thirteen men, and his son was the best man of all the lot. There was no man at all able to take the right from him [overcome him] but the Knight of the Tricks himself.

Says the gentleman then, "There's not a man of them able to perform feats with my own son."

"There is not indeed one man," says the Knight of the Tricks, "able to do it but me, and if you leave him to me for another day and a year he will be a champion as good as myself."

"Musha, then I will," says the gentleman, "I'll let him with you," says he.

Now this time he did not ask him to take him back, as he had done the other times, and he did not put it in his conditions.

At the end of the day and the year the gentleman was waiting and hoping for his son, but neither the son nor the Knight of the Tricks came. The father was then in great anxiety lest his son was not coming home at all to him, and he said, "whatever place in the world he is in, I must find him out."

He departed then, and he was going until he spent three days and three nights traveling. He then came into a place where there was a fine dwelling, and outside of it, over against the great door, there were thirteen men playing hurley, and he stood looking at the thirteen men playing, and there was a single man hurling against twelve of them. He came in amongst them then, to the place where they were, and it was his own son that was playing against the other twelve.

He welcomed his father then. "Oh, father," says he, "you have no getting of me, you did not do," says he, "your business right: when you were making your bargain with him you did not ask him to bring me back to you."

"That is true," says the father.

"Now," said the son, "you won't get a sight of me to-night, but thirteen pigeons will be made of us, and grains of oats thrown on the floor, and the Knight of the Tricks will say that

de na colamaib: Seodair tu do roshan agus deapair tu leir gur b'é mé cōsra tu: Sin é an comhartha beirim duit, i pioct go n-aicneodair tu mire ameara na scolam eile, agus ma cōsann tu go ceairt, beir mé agra an uair rin."

D'fás an mac é ann rin, agus éinmís ré arteac ann ran teac; agus cuir Ríoríe na gcleair fáilte iomhe. Dubhairt an duine-uapal go dtáinmís ré a's iarrair a mic nuair nac dtug an Ríoríe ar air leir é i gceann na bliadhna: "Níor cuir tu rin ann ran maraó," ar ran Ríoríe; "acé ó éinmís tu com fada rin o'a iarrair, caiteir ré beir agra, má 'r féidir leat a cōsac amac." Rug ré arteac ann rin é go reomra a faib trí colaim deus ann; agus dubhairt ré leir; a roga colaim do cōsac amac, agus dá mbuó h-é a mac féin do cōsra ré go dtuicraó leir a cōngbail: bí na colaim uile a's pioac na ngrána coirce de'n uirlár, acé don ceann amáin do bí gabail éar agus a's bualaó pioaca ann ran gcuir eile aca. Do cōs an duine-uapal an ceann rin. "Tá do mac gnótaighe agra," ar ran Ríoríe:

Cait ríad an oirde rin buil (?) a céile, agus o'imcís an duine-uapal agus a mac an lá ar na márac agus d'fásgaóar Ríoríe na gcleair. Nuair bí ríad a's dul a-baile ann rin, éinmís ríad go baile-móir, agus bí aonac ann, agus nuair bíodair dul arteac ann ran aonac o'iarri an mac ar a ádair rreang do ceannac agus do deunam aóartaí oó: "Deunrair mire rtail oíom féin," doeir ré, "agus díolrair tu mé ar an aonac ro. Tuicrair Ríoríe na gcleair cōsac ar an aonac—tá ré do o' leanamaint anoir—agus ceannócair ré mire uait: Nuair beirdear tu 's am' díol, ná tabair an t-aóartaí uait acé cōngbail cōsac féin é, agus [ir] féidir liom-ra teac ar air cōsac—acé an t-aóartaí do cōngbail."

Rinne an mac rtail oé féin ann rin, agus fuair an t-ádair aóartaí agus cuir ré air é: Carrmang ré ruar ann rin ar an aonac é, agus ir gearr do bí ré 'na fearam ann rin, nuair éinmís Ríoríe na gcleair cuir agus o'iarri ré cia méad do beirdear ar an rtail aise. "Trí ceud púnta" doeir an duine-uapal: "Tiúbrair mire rin duit," doeir Ríoríe na gcleair—tiúbrair ré ruo ar bit oó a's rúil go bfuighear ré an mac ar air, mar bí fíor aise go maic gur b'é do bí ann ran rtail: "Tiúbrair mire duit é ar an airtíod rin," ar ran duine-uapal, "acé ní tiúbrair mé an t-aóartaí." "Buó ceairt an t-aóartaí do tabairt," ar ran Ríoríe:

O'imcís an Ríoríe ann rin agus an rtail leir, agus o'imcís an duine-uapal ar a bealac féin a's dul a-baile. Acé ní faib ré acé amuis ar an aonac 'ran am a dtáinmís an mac ruar leir aríra

if you recognise your son amongst those, you shall get him. I will not be eating my grain, but the others will be eating. I will be going back and forwards and picking at the rest of the pigeons. You shall get your choice, and you will tell him that it is I you will take. That is the sign I give you now, so that you may know me amongst the other pigeons, and if you choose right you will have me then."

The son left him after that, and he came into the house, and the Knight of the Tricks bade him welcome. The gentleman said that he was come looking for his son, since the Knight did not bring him back with him at the end of the year. "You did not put that in the bargain," said the Knight, "but since you are come so far to look for him you must have him if you can choose him out." He brought him in then to the room where the thirteen pigeons were, and told him to choose out his choice pigeon, and if it was his own son he should choose that he might keep him. The other pigeons were picking grains of oats off the floor, all but one, who was going round and picking at the others. The gentleman chose that one. "You have your son gained," said the Knight.

They spent that night together, and the gentleman and his son departed next day and left the Knight of the Tricks. When they were going home then, they came to a town, and there was a fair in it, and when they were going into the fair the son asked the father to buy a rope and make a halter for him. "I'll make a stallion of myself," said he, "and you will sell me at this fair. The Knight of the Tricks will come up to you on the fair—he is following you now—and he will buy me from you. When you will be selling me don't give away the halter, but keep it for yourself, and I can come back to you—only you to keep the halter."

The son made a stallion of himself then, and the father got the halter and put it on him. He drew him up after that on the fair, and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him, and asked him how much would he be wanting for the stallion. "Three hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," said the Knight of Tricks—he would give him anything at all hoping that he might get the son back, for he knew well that it was he that was in the stallion. "I'll give him to you at that money," said the gentleman, "but I won't give the halter." "It were right to give the halter," said the Knight.

The Knight went away then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman departed on his own road going home, but he

“A átail,” a veip ré, “tá mé ar fágail anoiú agad; áct tá donac ann a leiteirí reo d’áit amárac agur macamaoio ar teac ann.”

An lá ar na márac, nuair bíodair ag dul ar teac ann ran donac eile, dúbairt an mac: “Deunpar mé rtail díom féin agur tiucpar Ríðipe na gcleap arís dom’ ceannac: Tiúbpar ré airgíod ar bí ort a iarrpar tu, áct cuir ann ran maragó nac d’tiúbpar tura an t-adartar dó.” Tarraingeadair ruar ar an donac ann rin, agur pinne ré rtail d’é féin agur cuir an t-átail adartar air agur ír gearr do bí ré ann, ’na fearam, nuair táinig Ríðipe na gcleap cuige agur d’fíarruig ré d’é cia méad do beitead ar an rtail aige: “Sé ceud púnta,” ar ran duine-uapal: “Tiúbpar míre rin duit,” a veip ré. “Áct ní tiúbpar mé an t-adartar duit.” “Dúo ceart an t-adartar tabairt ar teac ran maragó,” ar an Ríðipe, áct ní bfuair ré é.

D’iméig Ríðipe na gcleap ann rin agur an rtail leir, agur d’iméig an duine-uapal ar a beatac ag dul a-baile, áct ní faib ré i mbeairna a’ coruim ag dul amac ar an donac am [nuair] a dtáinig an mac arís ruar leir:

“Tá go maí, átail” a veip ré, “tá an uair reo gnótaigce agann, áct ní’l fíor agam creud deunpar an lá-amárac linn: Tá donac ann a leiteirí reo d’áit amárac agur tarraingamaoio ann.”

Cuadair mar rin ar an donac an lá ar n-a márac; agur pinne an mac rtail d’é féin, agur cuir an t-átail adartar air, agur ír gearr do bí ré ’na fearam ar an donac i n-am táinig Ríðipe na gcleap arís cuige: D’fíarruig an Ríðipe cia méad do beitead ré ag iarrpar ar an rtail bpeág rin do bí aige ann ran adartar: “Naol gceud púnta tá míre ag iarrpar air,” ar ran duine-uapal: Níor faoil ré go d’tiúbpar ré rin dó. Áct ní cónghócaí airgíod ar bí an rtail ó’n Ríðipe: “Tiúbpar mé rin duit,” a veip ré: Cuir ré a lám ann a póca agur tug ré an naoi gceud púnta dó; agur rug ré ar an rtail leir an lám eile, agur d’iméig ré leir com luac rin gur dearmad an duine-uapal é do cup ann ran maragó an t-adartar tabairt ar air dó:

O’fan ré ag rúil go bfillfead an mac, áct níor fill ré: Tug ré ruar é ann rin agur dúbairt ré nac faib don maí d’ó trupón (?) [beir ag rúil] go bpáit leir, ná le n-a teact ar air arís go bpáit.

Tug Ríðipe na gcleap ann rin an mac leir, agur bí ré tabairt ’é uile fíor pionnúir agur oíoc-upáide d’ó, agur ní leigfead ré é ar boru le don duine ag íte a beata, áct bí ré ann rin ceangailte; agur an lá leigfead ré na gairgíog eile amac; ní leigfead

was only just out of the fair when the son came up to him again. "Father," says he, "you have got me to-day, but there is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we'll go to it."

The next day when they were going into the other fair, the son said, "I will make a stallion of myself, and the Knight of the Tricks will come again to buy me. He'll give you any money that you may ask for me, but put it in the bargain that you will not give him the halter." They drew up on the fair then, and he made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him; and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came to him and asked him how much he'd be wanting for the stallion. "Six hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," says he; "but I won't give you the halter," said the gentleman. "It were only right to give the halter into the bargain," said the Knight, but he did not get it.

The Knight of the Tricks departed then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman went on his way, going home; but he was not as far as the custom-gap, going out of the fair, when the son came up with him again.

"It is well, father," says he, "we have gained this time, but I don't know what will to-morrow do with us. There is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we will go down to it."

They went to the fair accordingly next day, and the son made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him, and it was short he was standing on the fair when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him again. The Knight asked how much he would be wanting for that fine stallion that he had there by the halter. "Nine hundred pounds I'm asking for him," says the gentleman. He never thought he would give him that. But no money would keep the stallion from the Knight. "I'll give you that," says he. He put his hand in his pocket and gave him the nine hundred pounds, and with the other hand he seized the stallion and went off with him so quick that the gentleman forgot to put it into his bargain that he should give him back the halter.

He waited, hoping the son would return, but he did not. He gave him up then, and said that there was no good for him to be expecting him for ever, or expecting him to ever come back again.

The Knight of the Tricks then took away the son with him, and was giving him all sorts of punishment and bad usage, and would not let him [sit down] at table with anyone to eat

ré eirean leó: 'Bí ré real fada mar rin, agus Ríoripe na gcleap as cur d'íoc-mear air agus as tabairt uile fíorít pionnúir do.

Tuit ré amac sup iméig Ríoripe na gcleap an lá ro ar baile, agus d'fásbair ré eirean ann ran bfuinneóis ir áiríde 'ran teac, 'n áit nac raib ruo ar bit le fásail aige; agus é ceangailte ann rin, ruar i n-áiríde: Agus nuair bí 'é uile duine iméigíte ann rin, agus san ar an t-ríad aet é féin agus an cailín, d'iarf ré deoc uirge i n-ainm Dé, ar an gcalín: Dubairt an cailín go mbeirídeat faicéor uirri dá b'fásat a máigiríar amac í, go mar-bócaó ré í:

"Ní éoiríó duine ar bit go deó é," aoiré ré, "ná bíóí faicéor ar bit oir, ní mire innreócar [= inneórar] do é." Tug rí ruar an deoc uirge éirge ann rin, agus nuair éir ré a éoiríon ann ran uirge, as ól an uirge, rinne ré earcon de féin agus éiríó ré ríor ann ran roiceat: 'Bí ríotán beas uirge taob amuirge de 'n doirur bí [as] ríit go n'beacáir ré arceat ann ran abainn, agus éirí rí amac ann ran ríotán sac a raib d'fuirgeat 'ran roiceat aic: 'Bí reirean as imteact ann rin agus é 'na earcuin ann ran abainn, as carraingte a-baile:

Nuair éirí Ríoripe na gcleap a-baile, éiríó ré ruar go b'eiríreac ré an fear d'fás ré ceangailte, agus ní b'ruar ré é ríomíe ann: D'fíarpuirge ré de 'n cailín ar aicirí rí é as imteact: Dubairt an cailín náir aicirí; aet go ríug rí féin b'raon uirge ruar éirge:

"Agus cá 'r éirí tu an fuirgeat do bí asat?" aoiré ré:

"Éirí mé 'ran ríotán amac é," ar ríre.

"Tá ré iméigíte 'na earcuin ann ran abainn," aoiré ré, "gleur-aicirí ruar," aoiré ré; leir an dá-rí-eus fíaríídeat, "go leanfamaoíó é:"

Rinneat ar dá m'adair deus uirge ríob féin agus leanat ar ann ran abain é; agus nuair bíat ar as teact ruar leir ann ran abainn d'éiríó ré 'na eun ar an abainn ann ran aéir:

Nuair ruar ríad rin amac sup iméig ré ar an abainn, rinneat ar dá feabac deus ríob féin agus d'iméigíeat ar aicirí an éin—uiríó do rinne ré de féin—agus bíat ar as teact ruar leir:

Nuair ruar ré iad as teannat leir, agus nac raib ré ionnán tul uatá, bí faicéor mór aicirí: 'Bí beas as cácat amuirge ar páiríe b'ain: Tuiríng ré 'nuar ar an aéir, ó beirí 'na eun; i n'gar do'n éoiríe, agus rinne ré g'ána éoiríe de féin.

Tuiríng ríad féin 'na ríarí agus rinneat ar dá éaríe-ríancat

his food, but he was there tied, and the day he would let the other champions out he would not let him out with them. He was like this for a long time and the Knight of the Tricks putting dishonor on him, and giving him every kind of punishment.

It fell out that on this day [of which we are going to tell] the Knight of the Tricks went from home, and left him at the window that was highest in the house, where he had nothing at all to get, and him tied there, up on high. And then when everybody was gone away and nobody left on the street (*i.e.*, about the place) but himself and a servant-girl, he asked the girl, in the name of God, for a drink of water. The girl said that if her master were to find it out he would kill her.

"Nobody shall ever hear it," says he: "don't be a bit afraid, it's not I who'll tell him." She brought up the drink of water to him then, and when he put his head into the water, drinking the water, he made an eel of himself, and he went down into the vessel. There was a little streamlet of water beside the door, that was running until it went into the river, and she cast out into the little stream all the remains that she had in the vessel. He kept going, then, and he an eel, in the river, drawing towards home.

When the Knight of the Tricks came home, he went up to see the man he had left bound, and he did not find him there before him. He asked the girl if she felt [perceived] him going, or if she perceived anything that gave him leave to go. The girl said that she perceived nothing, but that she herself brought a drop of water up to him.

"And where did you put the leavings that you had?" says he.

"I threw it out into the little stream," says she.

"He's gone as an eel into the river," says he. "Prepare yourselves," says he to the twelve champions, "till we follow him."

They made twelve water-dogs of themselves, and they followed him in the river, and when they were coming up with him in the river, he rose up as a bird, out of the river into the air.

When they found this out, that he had gone out of the river, they made twelve hawks of themselves, and pursued after the bird—it was a lark he made of himself—and they were coming up to him.

When he found them closing on him, and that he was not able to escape from them, there was great terror on him.

deus díob féin, [agus bí an Ríoripe 'na coileac-francac]: Toraig-eadar as ite an coirce ann rin agus faoil ríad é beir ite aca; aet ní faib: Bí ríad as ite an coirce go faib ríad i ngar do beir pátae:

Nuair mear reiréan go faib a páit ite aca; agus nac faibéar ionnán mórán eile do deunam, d'éiríú ré ruar agus minne ré rionnac dé féin, agus bain ré an cloigíonn de'n dá francac deus agus de'n coileac:

Bí ceao aige dul a-baile d'á átair ann rin nuair bíodar uile marb aige: Agus rin deirpe Ríoripe na gcleap: '.

There was a woman winnowing [oats] out in a bare field. He descended out of the air from being a bird, near to the oats, and he made a grain of oats of himself.

They themselves descended after him, and made twelve turkeys of themselves, and the Knight was the turkey cock. They began eating the oats, and they thought that they had him eaten, but they had not. They were eating the oats until they were near to being satiated.

When he considered that they had enough eaten and that they were not able to do much more, he rose up and made a fox of himself, and took the heads off the twelve turkeys and turkey cock.

He had leave to go home to his father then, when he had them all killed. And that is the end of the Knight of Tricks.

MO BHRÓN AIR AN BFAIRRGE.

Mo bhrón air an bfairrige
 Ir é tá mór;
 Ir é gabail roir mé
 'S mo míle rtor.

O'rágáó 'ran mbaile mé
 Deunam bhrón,
 San don trúil tar páile liom
 Coróce ná go deó.

Mo léun nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo múirín bán
 I g-cúige laigean
 No i g-conradé an Chláir.

Mo bhrón nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo míle gráó
 Air boir loingse
 Trúall go 'Meicá.

Leaburó luadpa
 Bí fúm aréir,
 Agus cáit mé amac é
 Le tear an laé.

Táinig mo gráó-ra
 Le mo taeb
 Sualá air sualain
 Agus beul ar beul.

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.*

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

My grief on the sea,
 How the waves of it roll!
 For they heave between me
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,
 To grief and to care,
 Will the sea ever waken
 Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
 Would he and I were
 In the province of Leinster
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
 Oh, heart-bitter wound!—
 On board of the ship
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
 All last night I lay,
 And I flung it abroad
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
 He came from the South;
 His breast to my bosom.
 His mouth to my mouth.

* *Literally:* My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever and aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorneen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth. ["Love Songs of Connacht."]

AN BUACAILL DO BÍ A BPAO AR A MÁTAR.*

A bpaó ó foim bí lánamhain póрта dar b' ainm pádrais agus nuála ní ciaraicáin: bídeadar bliadain agus ríce póрта san don éilinn do beit aca; agus bí bríon móir orra; mar nac maib don oirde aca le na gcuid rairibhir o' fásbáil aise: bí dá acra talman, bó, agus péire gabar aca, agus bí tuairim aca go maðadar rairibhir.

Don oirde amhain, bí pádrais teacé a-baile o teacé duine muinntirig, agus nuair éainis ré com fáda leir an foilig maol; éainis rean duine liac amac agus dubairt: "Go mbeannaisiré Dia duit." "Go mbeannaisiré Dia 'sur Muire duit," ar pádrais. "Cad atá ag cur bríon ort?" ar ran rean duine. "Níl morán go deimhin," ar pádrais, "ní béró mé a bpaó beó, agus níl mac 'ná ingean le caoinead mo diais nuair geobar mé báp." "B' éirir nac mbeideá mar rin," ar ran rean-duine: "faraor! bídead," ar pádrais, "táim bliadain agus ríce póрта, agus níl don coramlacé fóp." "Slac m'focal-ra go mbéró mac ós ag do mhaoi, trí máite ó'n oirde anocht." Cuair pádrais a-baile; lútgáiréac go leór, agus o'innir an rgeul do nuála. "Ara! ní maib ann ran trean duine acé sogaille, a bí ag deunam magadó ort," ar nuála. "Ir maib an rgeuluir an aimirir," ar pádrais:

Bí go maib agus ní maib go h-olc; reat má (rul) noeacair leir-bliadain tarit, connairc pádrais go maib nuála dul oirde do éabairt do, agus bí bríon móir air: coruig ré ag cur na feilme i n-orougad, agus ag fásbáil zac nío réir le h-aghair an oirde óis: An lá éainis tinnear cloinne ar nuála, bí pádrais ag cur eaminn óis a láeari doirar an tige: Nuair éainis an rgeul cuige go maib mac ós ag nuála, bí an oirde rin lútgáiré ar gur tuit ré marib le tinnear eoirde:

Bí bríon móir air nuála, agus dubairt rí leir an naoirdeanán:

"Ní coirgíré mé tu óm' éic go mbéró tu ionánn an eaminn do bí o' áeari ag cur nuair fuarir ré báp do éarraig ag na fíeá-maib."

Goirde páirín ar an naoirdeanán, agus eug an máeari cíoc do go maib ré reacé mbliadna o'aoir: Ann rin eug rí amac é le feucaint an maib ré ionánn an eaminn do éarraig, acé ní maib: Níor cuir rin don oroc-meirneac ar an máeari, eug rí arceac é;

* O fear dar b'ainm bláca, i n-aise le baile-an-róba, gconuae muiig-eó.

THE BOY WHO WAS LONG ON HIS MOTHER.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

THERE was long ago a married couple of the name of Patrick and Nuala O'Keerahan. They were a year and twenty married, without having any children, and there was great grief on them because they had no heir to leave their share of riches to. They had two acres of land, a cow, and a pair of goats, and they supposed that they were rich.

One night Patrick was coming home from a friend's house, and when he was come as far as the ruined churchyard, there came out a gray old man and said, "God save you."

"God and Mary save you," says Patrick.

"- What's putting grief on you?" says the old man.

"There isn't much indeed putting grief on me," says Patrick, "but I won't be long alive, and I have neither son nor daughter to keen after me when I find death."

"Perhaps you won't be so," says the old man.

"Alas! I will," says Patrick, "I'm a year and twenty married, and there's no sign yet."

"Take my word that your wife will have a young son three-quarters of a year from this very night."

Patrick went home, joyous enough, and told the story to Nuala.

"Arrah, there was nothing in the old man but a dotard who was making a mock of you," says Nuala.

"Well, 'time is a good story-teller,'" said Patrick.

It was well, and it was not ill. Before half a year went by Patrick saw that Nuala was going to give him an heir, and there was great pride on him. He began putting the farm in order and leaving everything ready for the young heir. The day that sickness came on Nuala, Patrick was planting a young tree before the door of the house. When the news came to him that Nuala had a young son, there was that much joy on him that he fell dead with heart-disease.

There was great grief on Nuala, and she said to the infant, "I will not wean you from my breast until you will be able to pull up out of the roots the tree that your father was planting when he died."

The infant was called Paudyeen, or Little Pat, and the mother nursed him at her breast until he was seven years old. Then she brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not. That put no discouragement on the mother; she brought him in, and nursed him for seven years

asur tús cíod fead't mbliathna eile d'ó, asur ní faib don buacail ann ran t'ir ionánn dea'dt ruar leir i n-obair:

Faoi ceann deirid na ceit're bliathna deus tús a má'tair amad é, le feudaint an faib ré ionánn an crann do t'arraigis, a'dt ní faib, mar bí an crann i n-icir ma't, asur as p'ar go móir: Níor cuir rin don d'ro'd-mirnead ar an má'tair:

Tús pí cíod fead't mbliathna eile d'ó, asur faoi ceann deirid an ama rin, bí ré coim móir asur coim láirir le fa'de:

Tús an má'tair amad é asur du'dairt: "Mur (muna) b'pail tu ionánn an crann rin do t'arraigis anoir, ní tiúb'p'ad mé don b'raon eile cíce d'uit." Cuir páirín rmu'gairle ar a lám'uib, asur fuair g'reim ar bun an crainn: An ceud-iarr'p'ad do tús ré, é'p'ait ré an talam fead't b'p'eirre ar g'ad taoib d'é, asur leir an d'ara iarr'p'ad t'ós ré an crann ar na f'ream'uib, asur tim'cioll f'ice tonna de é'reap'ois leir: "G'p'ad mo é'p'oid'e tu," ar ran má'tair, "ir f'iu cíce bliathna asur f'ice tu." "A má'tair," ar páirín, "d'oib'p'is tu go cruaid le bia'd asur deo'd do t'adairt d'am-ra ó mu'g'ad mé, asur tá ré i n-am d'am anoir mu'd é'gin do d'eunam d'uit-re, ann do f'eann-laetib: Ir é re'd an ceud-crann do t'arraigis mé asur deun'p'ad mé ma'ide láim'e d'am f'eín d'é." Ann rin fuair ré rá'b asur tuas, asur g'eap'ir an crann, as p'as'b'ail tim'cioll f'ice t'p'ois de 'n bun, asur bí enap air, coim móir le t'ur de na t'ur'uib cruinne do b'idead i n-é'p'inn an t-am rin. Bí or cionn tonna mead'acain ann ran ma'ide láim'e nuair bí ré g'leup'ta as páirín.

Ar ma'oin, lá ar na má'p'ad, fuair páirín g'reim ar a ma'ide, d'p'as a deanna'dt as a má'tair, asur d'im'ic'is as t'óruig'ead't reir-b'ire. Bí ré as r'ub'al go d'táin'is ré go caip'leán n'is laig'eann: D'f'iarr'p'uis an n'is d'é cad do bí ré 'iarr'p'ad: "As iarr'p'ad oib're, má ré do t'oil," ar páirín: "B'pail don ceir'd as'ad?" ar ran n'is. "Ní'l," ar páirín, "a'dt t'is liom obair ar bit d'a n'deap'p'ad't f'eap'ir am'am d'eunam." "Deun'p'ad mé mar'g'ad leat," ar ran n'is, "má t'is leat h-uile n'í'd a o'p'od'car m'ire d'uit a d'eunam ar fead't ré mí, beup'p'ad't mé do mead'acain f'eín d'ór d'uit, asur m'ing'eann mar m'nad'oi-p'ó'p'ta, a'dt muna d'tis leat g'ad n'í'd do d'eunam, caill'p'ad tu do ceann." "Táim p'ar'ta leir an mar'g'ad rin," ar páirín: "Téir'd ar'teac 'ran r'g'io'bd'í, asur bí as bualad coir'ce do na ba (buaib) go mbéir'd do ceud-p'p'ionn f'eir'd."

Cuair'd páirín ar'teac, asur fuair an r'uir'te, a'dt ní faib an r'uir'tín a'dt mar t'p'ar'tén'ín i lám' p'á'd'p'ais, asur du'dairt ré leir f'eín," ir f'eap'ir mo ma'ide-lám' 'n'á an g'leup rin." T'or'uis ré as bualad leir an ma'ide-lám' asur níor b'p'ad go faib an méad

more, and there was not a lad in the country who was able to keep up with him in his work.

At the end of fourteen years his mother brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not, for the tree was in good soil, and growing greatly. That put no discouragement on the mother.

She nursed him for seven more years, and at the end of that time he was as large and as strong as a giant.

His mother brought him out then and said, "Unless you are able to pull up that tree now, I will never nurse you again."

Paudyeen spat on his hands, and got a hold of the bottom of the tree, and the first effort he made he shook the ground for seven perches on each side of it, and at the second effort he lifted the tree from the roots, and about twenty ton of clay along with it.

"The love of my heart you are," said the mother, "you're worth nursing for one and twenty years."

"Mother," says Paudyeen, "you worked hard to give me food and drink since I was born, and it is time now for me to do something for you in your old days. This is the first tree I ever pulled up, and I'll make myself a hand-stick of it. Then he got a saw and axe, and cut the tree, leaving about twenty feet of the bottom, and there was a knob on it as big as a round tower of the round towers that used to be in Erin at that time. There was above a ton weight in the hand-stick when Paudyeen had it dressed.

On the morning of the next day, Paudyeen caught a hold of his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and went away in search of service. He was traveling till he came to the castle of the King of Leinster. The king asked him what he was looking for. "Looking for work, if you please," says Paudyeen.

"Have you e'er a trade?" says the king.

"No," says Paudyeen, "but I can do any work in life that ever man did."

"I'll make a bargain with you," says the king; "if you can do everything that I'll order you to do during six months, I'll give you your own weight in gold, and my daughter as your married wife; but if you are not able to do each thing you shall lose your head."

"I'm satisfied with that bargain," says Paudyeen.

"Go into the barn, and be threshing oats for the cows till your breakfast is ready."

Paudyeen went in and got the flail, and the *flaileen* was

do bí ann ran r'gioból buailte aise: Ann rin éuaib ré amac ann ran ngaróda agus coruis as bualaó na r'áca coirce agus cruithneáda, sur éuir ré cíteanna s'ráin ar feaó na tíre: Táin' an n'is amac agus dubairt, "Coir' do lámh, a'beirum, no r'giorraib' tu mé: Téir' agus beir' cúpla buiceud uirge cum na rearb'fóganra ar an loc úo r'ior, agus béir' an leite ruar go leóir nuair éucpar tu ar air." O'feuc páiróin éart, agus connairc ré dá báirille móir folam, le coir balla: Ruair ré s'neim orra, ceann aca ann gac lámh, éuaib cum an loca, agus éus iad líonta go cúl uoirar an éairleáin: Bí ionganra ar an n'is nuair connairc ré páirais as teacé, agus dubairt ré leir: "Téir' arteaé, tá an leite réir' duit." Éuaib páiróin arteaé, agus éuaib an n'is cum Oail' gluc do bí aise, agus o'innir ré dó an maraó do pinne ré le páiróin, agus o'fuaruis ré d'é, creud do buó éoir dó tabairt le deunam do páiróin: "Abair leir dul r'ior agus an loc do caoimad, agus é do beir' deunta aise, real má o'téir' an s'ruan faoi, an traenóna ro."

Sáir an n'is ar páiróin agus dubairt leir: "Caom an loc rin r'ior agus bíó ré deunta asao real má o'téir' an s'ruan faoi an traenóna ro." "Mair' go léor," ar páiróin, "acé cia an áit a éuirpar mé an t-uirge?" "Cuir ann ran n'gleann móir acá i n'gar do'n loc é," ar ran n'is: Ní raib' uoir an gleann agus an loc acé r'gonra, agus bídeá na daoine as deunam bóair-coiré d'é. Ruair páiróin buiceud, picóir agus láiré, agus éuaib cum an loca. Bí bun an gleanna co'iom le bun an loca. Éuaib páiróin arteaé 'ran n'gleann agus pinne poll arteaé go bun an loca. Ann rin éuir ré a beir' ar an bpoll, éairaing anál fao; agus níor fás ré b'raon uirge, iars, ná báo, ann ran loc, náir éairaing ré amac leir an anál rin, agus náir éuir ré arteaé 'ra' n'gleann. Ann rin dún ré ruar an poll:

Nuair o'feuc an n'is r'ior, connairc ré an loc com tírm le boir do láime, agus níor b'fao go o'táimis páiróin éuiré agus dubairt: "Tá an obair rin éiróchnuighe, cao deunpar mé duit anoir?" "Ní'l don ruo eile le deunam asao andú, acé béir' neart asao le deunam amárac." An o'óce rin, éuir an n'is r'ior ar ar n'Oail' gluc, agus o'innir dó an éaoi ar caom páiróin an loc, agus nac raib' r'ior aise creud do béir'fao ré dó le deunam: "Tá r'ior asam-ra an n'io nac mbéir' ré ionánn a deunam, ar mairóin amárac, tabair r'gribinn dó cum do éairb'rácar i n'gailim, abair leir dá f'icir' tonna cruithneáda do tabairt éusao, agus a beir' ar air ann r'ó faoi éeann ceirhe uaire ar f'icir'. Tabair an trean-láir agus a cáir' dó, agus t'is leat beir' cinnte nac o'tiucpar' ré ar air." Ar mairóin, lá ar na márac, sáir an n'is

only like a *traneen* in Paudyeen's hand, and he said to himself, "My hand-stick is better than that contrivance." He began threshing with the hand-stick, and it was not long till he had all that was in the barn threshed. Then he went out into the garden and began threshing the stacks of oats and wheat, so that he sent showers of grain throughout the country.

The king came out and said, "Hold your hand, or you'll destroy me. Go and bring a couple of buckets of water to the servants out of that loch down there, and the stirabout will be sufficiently cool when you come back."

Paudyeen looked round, and he saw two great empty barrels beside the wall. He caught hold of them, one in each hand, went to the lake, and brought them filled to the back of the castle door. There was wonder on the king when he saw Paudyeen arriving, and he said to him, "Go in, the stirabout's ready for you."

Paudyeen went in, but the king went to a Dall Glic, or cunning blind man that he had, and told him the bargain that he made with Paudyeen, and asked him what he ought to give Paudyeen to do.

"Tell him to go down and teem [bail out] that lake, and him to have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

The king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Teem that lake down there, and let you have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

"Very well," says Paudyeen, "but where shall I put the water."

"Put it into the great glen that is near the lake," says the king.

There was nothing but a scunce [ditch-bank] between the glen and the lake, and the people used to make a foot-road of it.

Paudyeen got a bucket, a pickaxe, and a loy [narrow spade], and he went to the lake. The bottom of the glen was even with the bottom of the lake. Paudyeen went into the glen and made a hole in the bottom of the lake. Then he put his mouth to the hole, drew a long breath, and never left boat, fish, or drop of water in the lake that he did not draw out through his body, and cast into the glen. Then he closed up the hole.

When the king looked down he saw the lake as dry as the palm of your hand, and it was not long till Paudyeen came to him and said, "That work is finished, what shall I do now?"

"You have nothing else to do to-day, but you shall have plenty to do to-morrow."

páirín, agus tug an rghibinn dó, agus dubhairt leir, “fás an láir agus an éairt agus téir go Sallim; Tabair an rghibinn ro dom’ dearbhrádaí, agus abair leir dá fícríonna tonna cruinneachta do tabhairt duit, agus bí ar air ann ro faoi ceann ceitíre uaire ar fícrí.”

Fuair páirín an láir agus an éairt, agus éairt ar an mbótar; ní raib an láir ionánn níor mó ná ceitíre míle ran uair do fícrí: Ceangail páirín an láir ar an gcairt, cuir ar a gualain é, agus ar go bpráit leir, tar cnocaiú agus gleanncaib, go ndéachair ré go Sallim. Tug ré an lictir do dearbhrádaí an rí, fuair an cruinneacht agus cuir ar an gcairt é. Nuair cuir ré an láir faoi an gcairt, rinneadh dá leir d’a dhuim: Cuir páirín an cruinneacht ann ran rghibí: Nuair éairt muinntir an éairleáin na gceoláir, éairt páirín cum an éair, agus níor fás ré rlabra ar an loingear náir tug ré leir: Ann rin ríomair ré faoi an rghibí, ceangail na rlabraí timríoll air, agus ar go bpráit leir, agus an rghibí agus gac a raib ann ar a dhuim: Éairt ré tar cnocaiú agus gleanncaib, agus níor rtor gur fás ré an rghibí i láir éairleáin an rí: Bí lachain, ceapca, agus gíreacht ann ran rghibí: Ar maidin go moí, d’feic an rí amach ar a feomra agus creud d’feiceadh ré áit rghibí a dearbhrádaí.

“M’ anam ó’n diabol,” ar ran rí “ré rin an fear ir iongancaíge ran domán.” Táinig ré anuair agus fuair páirín le na maíde ann a láir, na fearaí le coir an rghibí:

“An tuc tu an cruinneacht éagam?” ar ran rí:

“Tugad,” ar páirín, “áit tá an trean-láir marb.” Ann rin d’innir ré do’n rí gac níó d’a ndéanair ré ó d’imríge ré go dtáinig ré ar air:

Ní raib níor as an rí creud do deunrad ré, agus d’imríge ré cum an Dall gíle, agus dubhairt leir, “mur (muna) n-innrígeann tu dom níó nac mbéir an fear rin ionnán a deunair, bainirí mé an ceann díot.”

Smuain an Dall gíle tamall agus dubhairt, “abair leir go bfuil do dearbhrádaí i n-iríonn, agus go mbuó maí leat amair do beir asad air, agus abair leir é do tabairt éagam; go mbéir amair asad air; nuair a geobar ríad in n-iríonn é, ní leiríó ríad do teacht ar air.”

Gáir an rí páirín agus dubhairt leir, “tá dearbhrádaí dom i n-iríonn agus tabair éagam é, go mbéir amair éagam air.” “Cia an éair aitheócair mé do dearbhrádaí ó na daoíní eile atá ran air rin?” ar páirín:

That night the king sent for the Dall Glic, and told him the way that Paudyeen teemed out the lake, and [said] that he did not know what to give him to do.

"I know the thing that he won't be able to do. To-morrow morning give him a writing to your brother in Galway, and tell him to bring you forty tons of wheat, and to be back here in twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and the cart, and you may be sure he won't come back."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen and gave him the writing and said to him, "Get the mare and the cart, and go to Galway. Give the writing to my brother, and tell him to give you twenty tons of wheat, and be back here in twenty-four hours."

Paudyeen got the mare and the cart, and went on the road. The mare was not able to travel more than four miles in the hour. Paudyeen tied the mare to the cart, put it on his shoulder, and off and away with him over hills and hollows, till he came to Galway. He gave the letter to the king's brother, got the wheat, and put it on the cart. When he put the mare under the cart, there were two halves made of its back [the load was so heavy]. Then Paudyeen put the wheat back into the barn. When the people of the castle went to sleep, Paudyeen went to the harbor, and he never left a chain on the shipping that he did not take with him. Then he dug under the barn [slipped the chains under] and tied them round it, and off and away with him, and the barn with all that was in it on his back. He went over hills and glens, and never stopped till he left the barn in front of the king's castle. There were ducks, hens, and geese in the barn. Early in the morning the king looked out of his room, and what should he see but his brother's barn.

"My soul from the devil," said the king, "but that's the most wonderful man in the world." He came down and found Paudyeen with his stick in his hand standing beside the barn.

"Did you bring me the wheat?" says the king.

"I brought it," says Paudyeen, "but the old mare is dead." Then he told the king everything he had done from the time he went away till he came back.

The king did not know what he should do, and he went to the Dall Glic, and said to him, "Unless you tell me a thing which that man will not be able to do, I will strike the head off you."

The Dall Glic thought for a while and said, "Tell him that your brother is in hell, and that you would like to have a sight of him; and to bring him to you, until you have a

“Tá fiacail fada i gceart-lár a carbairt uachtaraigh,” ar ran nís:

Cuir páirín rmuhaile ar a máire, buail an bótar, agus níor bfuad go dtáinig ré go geata ipinn. Buail ré buille ar an ngeata do cuir arcead amearg na noiall é, agus fiúbail ré féin arcead 'na diais. Nuair éinnairc beiribúb é ag teact, táinig faicéir air, agus o'riarraig ré óe creud do bí a' ceartál uair:

“Dearbhrádaí nís laigean atá a' ceartál uaim,” ar páirín:

“Píoc amac é,” ar beiribúb:

O'feuc páirín earc, aet fuair ré níor mó ná dá fíeio fear a raib fiacail fada i gceart-lár a carbairt uachtaraigh aca.

“Ar faicéir nac mbeirdear an fear ceart agam,” ar páirín; “tiomáirar mé an tiomlán aca liom, agus tís leir an nís a dearbhrádaí píocad arca.”

Tiomáin ré dá fíeio aca amac poime, agus níor rtor go dtáinig ré i látaí cairleáin an nís. Ann rin gáir ré ar an nís agus duhairt leir, “píoc amac do dearbhrádaí ar na fíir (feairib) reó.”

Nuair o'feuc an nís agus éinnairc ré na diaibail le h-adaircaib oirra, bí faicéir air, rigneo ré ar páirín agus duhairt, “tabair ar air iad.”

Torraig páirín 'gá mbualad le na máire, gur cuir ré ar air go h-irpionn iad:

Cuair an nís cum an Dail glic, agus o'innir do an nír do pinne páirín, agus duhairt leir, “ní tís leat innrint dam don nír nac bfuil ré ionáin a deunam, agus cailirí tu do ceann ar máirín amárac.”

“Tabair iarraró eile dam,” ar ran Dail glic, “agus ní beir an Connaetac a bfuad beó: Ar máirín amárac, abair leir, an tobair atá i látaí an cairleáin do taot-mad; bíor fíir píeró agad, agus nuair a geobar tu píor ann ran tobair é, abair leir na fíir (feairib), an éloc mullinn atá le coir an balla do caiteam píor 'na mullac, agus marbócair pin é.”

Ar máirín, lá ar na márac, gair an nís páirín agus duhairt leir: “céir agus taotm an tobair pin tá i látaí an cairleáin, agus nuair a beirdear ré deunta agad, beirraró mé hata nuad duit, ir fuarac an cáibín é pin atá ort.”

Bí na fíir píeró ag an nís le páirín boet do marbad, dá beirdear ríad é.

Cuair páirín go bfuac an tobair, luir píor air a beul faoir

look at him. But when they get him in hell, they won't let him come back."

The king called Paudyeen and said to him, "I have a brother in hell, and bring him to me until I have a look at him."

"How shall I know your brother from the other people that are in that place?" said Paudyeen.

"He had a long tooth in the very middle of his upper gum," says the king.

Paudyeen spat on his stick, struck the road, and it was not long till he came to the gate of hell. He struck a blow upon the gate which drove it in amongst the devils, and he himself walked in after it. When Belzibub saw him coming there came a fear on him, and he asked him what he was wanting.

"A brother of the King of Leinster is what I am wanting," says he.

"Well, pick him out," says Belzibub.

Paudyeen looked round him, but he found more than forty men who had a long tooth in the very middle of their upper gums.

"For fear I shouldn't have the right man," said Paudyeen, "I'll drive the whole lot of them with me, and the king can pick his brother out from among them."

He drove forty of them out before him, and never stopped till he came to the king's castle. Then he called the king and said to him, "Pick out your brother from these men."

When the king looked and saw the devils with horns on them, there was fear on him. He screamed to Paudyeen, and said, "Bring them back."

Paudyeen began beating them with his stick, till he sent them back to hell.

The king went to the Dall Glic and told him the thing Paudyeen did, and said to him, "You cannot tell me anything that he is not able to do, and you shall lose your head to-morrow morning."

"Give me another trial," says the Dall Glic, "and the Connachtman won't be long alive. Tell him to-morrow morning to teem the well that is before the castle. Let you have men ready, and when you get him down in the well, tell the men to throw down the millstone that is beside the wall on top of him, and that will kill him."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Go and teem that well in front of the castle, and as soon as you have that done I'll give you a new hat; that's a miserable old caubeen that's on you."

asur tóruis as tairraing an uirge arteac ann a beul; asur dá r'áircaó amac uairí arís go raib an tobair ionnann asur tihm aige; bí poinn beas i mbun an tobair nac raib caoiméa, asur, cuair pátorais ríor le na tihmuigadó. Táinig na ríir leir an gclóic móir mhuilinn asur cáiteadóir ríor ar mullac páirín é: bí an poll do bí i lár na clóice go oíreac éom móir le ceann páirín, asur raol ré sur b' é an hata nuad do cáit an ríis ríor éirge, asur glaoó ré ruar: "táim buirdeac díot, a máisirtir, ar ron an hata nuad." Ann rin táinig ré ruar leir an gclóic mhuilinn ar a ceann: bí bríó móir aige ar an hata nuad: bí iongantair ar an ríis asur ar h-uile duine eile, nuair éonnairc ríad páirín leir an gclóic mhuilinn ar a ceann:

Bí ríor as an ríis nac raib don maic dó don níó eile do tabairt do páirín le deunam, asur duhairt ré leir, "ir tu an fearb-fóganra ir fearir do bí asam ariam; ní'l don níó eile asam duic le deunam, asur tar liom-ra, go tóugair mé do éuamartal duic: ní'l m' ingean rean go leóir le pórad, acé nuair a beirdear rí bliadóin asur ríde d'aoir, cis leat i do beir asad."

"Ní'l d'ingean a' teartál uaim," ar páirín:

Tug an ríis é cum an éirte, an áit a raib go leóir óir, asur duhairt leir: "bain díot do hata nuad, asur téir arteac 'ra' r'ála."

"Go deimín; ní bainiré mé mo hata díom, bríonn tura oim é," ar páirín, "beirdeac ré éom maic duic mo bríirte do bainc díom."

Ní raib an oíreac óir asur a meadócaó hata páirín, acé r'ocruis an ríis leir as tabairt dó dá mála óir. Cuir páirín ceann aca raol sac arcall, ruair gheim air a máirde, an hata nuad ar a ceann, asur ar go brát leir, tar cnocair asur gleanncaib, go tóáinig ré a-baile.

Nuair éonnairc daoine an baile páirín as teacé leir an gclóic mhuilinn ar a ceann, bí iongantair móir oirra; acé nuair éonnairc an mátaíri an dá mála óir, buó beas náir éiric rí marb le lútgáir: tóruis páirín, asur cuir ré teacé breas ar bun dó féin, asur d'á mátaíri. Rinne ré ceitire leir (leatanna) de 'n hata nuad, asur pinne clóca cúinne díob do 'n teacé. Congbuis ré a mátaíri mar mnaoi uarail go b'ruair rí bár le rean-aoir; asur cáit ré féin beata maic i ngráó Dé asur na g-cómairra:

The king had the men ready to kill poor Paudyeen if they were able.

Paudyeen came to the brink of the well, and lay down with his mouth under, and began drawing the water into his mouth and spouting it out behind him until he had the well all as one as dry. There was a little quantity of water on the bottom of the well that was not teemed, and Paudyeen went down to dry it. The men came then with the great millstone, and threw it down on the top of Paudyeen. The hole that was in the middle of the stone was just as big as Paudyeen's head, and he thought it was the new hat the king had thrown down to him, and called up and said, "I'm thankful to you, master, for the new hat." Then he came up with the millstone on his head. He had great pride out of the new hat. There was wonder on the king and on every one else when they saw the millstone on his head.

The king knew that it was no use for him to give Paudyeen anything else to do, so he said to him, "You're the best servant that ever I had. I've nothing else for you to do, but come with me till I give you your wages. My daughter is not old enough to marry, but when she is one and twenty years of age you can have her."

"I do not want your daughter," said Paudyeen.

The king brought him then to the treasury, where there was plenty of gold, and said, "Take off your new hat and get into the scales."

"Indeed I won't take off my new hat; you gave it to me," said Paudyeen; "you might as well take off my breeches."

There was not as much gold as would weigh Paudyeen's hat, but the king settled with him by giving him two bags of gold. Paudyeen put one of them under each oter [arm-pit], got hold of his stick—his new hat on his head—and off and away with him over hills and hollows till he came home.

When the people of the village saw Paudyeen coming with the millstone on his head, there was great wonder on them; but when the mother saw the two bags of gold, it was little but she fell dead with joy.

Paudyeen began working, and set up a fine house for himself and his mother. He made four parts of the new hat, and made corner-stones of them for the house. He kept his mother like a lady, until she died of old age; and he spent a good life himself, in the love of God and of the neighbors.

MALA NÉIFIN:

Dá mbéirínn-re ari málá néifin
 'S mo céud-ghrád le mo tadoib;
 I r lágac coirdeblamaoir i n-éinfeadú
 Mar an t-éinín ari an g-craoib;
 'Sé do b'éilín binn bmaépac
 Do meudais ari mo pian;
 Agus coislad ciúin ní feudaim;
 So n-éuspac, faraoir!

Dá mbéirínn-re ari na cuantaid
 Mar buó dual dam, geobainn rporc;
 Mo cáirde uile faoi buaidphead
 Agus ghuaim oirpa gac ló;
 Fíoir-rghaí na nsguagac
 Fuair buaid a' r ciú anhr gac gleó,
 'S gur b'é mo éiríde-rcis tá 'nna gual dub.
 Agus bean mo éruaisge ní'l beó.

Nac doibinn do na h-éinínib
 A éirígear so h-áir;
 'S a coisluigear i n-éinfeadú
 Ari don éraoibín amáin;
 Ní mar rin dam féin
 A' r do m' céud míle ghrád;
 I r faoa ó na céile oirpáinn
 Éirígear gac lá;

Cao é do b'paeatnuagad ari na rpeáptaid
 Traí tís tear ari an lá,
 Na ari an lán-mara ag éiríge
 Le n-eudán an éiríde áirí?
 Mar rúo bíor an té úo
 A beir an-toil do 'n ghrád
 Mar éránn ari málá rleíbe
 Do éirígead a bláí.

THE BROW OF NEFIN.

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

[“ Love Songs of Connacht.”]

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,
 We should nestle together as safe in
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.
 From your lips such a music is shaken,
 When you speak it awakens my pain,
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean
 I should sport on its infinite room,
 I should plow through the billows' commotion
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.
 For the flower of all maidens of magic
 Is beside me where'er I may be,
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,
 Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,
 They rise up on high in the air,
 And then sleep upon one bough together
 Without sorrow or trouble or care;
 But so it is not in this world
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,
 For, away, far apart from each other,
 Each day rises barren and bare.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens
 When the heat overmasters the day,
 Or what when the steam of the tide
 Rises up in the face of the bay?
 Even so is the man who has given
 An inordinate love-gift away,
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

AN LACHA DHEARG.

Sgríobh mé an sgeul so, focal ar fhocal, o bheul sean-mhná de mhuinntir Bhriain ag Cill-Aodáin, anaice le Coillte-mach i gcondaé Mhuigh-Eó.

An Cṡaoibhín.

Bhí righ i n-Eirinn, fad ó shoin, agus bhí dá 'r 'éag mac aige. Agus ghabh sé amach lá ag siúbhal anaice le loch, agus chonnaire sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe. Bhí sí [ag] bualadh an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi, agus ag congbháil aoin cheann déag léithe féin.

Agus tháinig an righ a-bhaile chuig a bhean féin, agus dubhairt sé léithe go bhfacaidh sé iongnadh mór andhiú, go bhfacaidh sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe, agus go raibh sí ag díbirt an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi. Agus dubhairt an bhean leis, “ní de thír ná de thalamh thú, nach bhfuil fhios agad gur gheall sí ceann do'n *Deachmhaidh* agus go raibh sí chomh cineálta agus go dtug sí amach an dá cheann déag.”

“Ní de thír ná de thalamh thú,” ar seisean, “tá dhá cheann déag de mhacaibh agam-sa, agus caithfidh ceann dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“Ní h-ionnann na daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile,” [ar sise].

Ghabh sé síos ann sin chuig an Sean-Dall Glic, agus dubhairt an Sean-Dall Glic nach ionnann daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile. Dubhairt an righ go gcaithfidh ceann aca dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, “agus cad é an ceann,” ar seisean, “bhéarfas mé chuig an *Deachmhaidh*?”

“Tá do dhá-déag cloinne ag dul chum sgoile, agus abair leó lámh thabhairt i láimh a-chéile, dul chum sgoile, agus an chéad fhear aca bhéidheas 'san mbaile agad go dtiúbhraidh tú dinéar maith dhó, agus cuir an fear deiridh chum bealaigh ann sin.”

Rinne sé sin. An t-oidhre do bhí ar deireadh, agus níor fhéad sé an t-oidhre chur chum bealaigh.

Chuir sé amach ag tiomáint ann sin iad, seisean ar gach taoibh agus an taobh do bhí ag gnóthughadh, bhí sé ag tarraing fear [fir] uaithi, agus d'á thabhairt do'n taoibh do bhí ag cailleadh. Faoi dheireadh bhain aon fhear amháin an liathróid de'n aon fhear déag. Dubhairt an t-athair leis, ann sin, “a mhic,” ar seisean, “caithfidh tú dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“Ní rachaidh mise chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, a athair,” ar seisean

THE RED DUCK.

[Written down in Irish by Douglas Hyde at the dictation of an old woman in County Mayo, and translated from the French of G. Dottin by Charles Welsh.]

ONCE upon a time in Ireland, and a long time ago at that, there was a king who had twelve sons. He went one day to walk by the borders of a lake, and there he saw a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven of them she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

The King went home and told his wife that he had seen a very wonderful thing that day; that he had seen a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

His wife said, "You're neither of people or land. Do you know that she has promised one of her brood to the Deachmhaidh, and that the duck is of such a fine breed that she has hatched out twelve."

"You're neither of people or land," he replied. "I have twelve sons, and one of them must certainly go to the Deachmhaidh."

His wife answered him, "People and birds of the hillside are not the same thing."

Then he went to find the old blind diviner, and the old blind diviner told him that the people and the birds of the hillside were not the same.

The King told the old blind diviner that one out of his children must go to the Deachmhaidh. "And what I want to know," said he, "is which one shall I send to the Deachmhaidh."

"Your children are now going to school. Tell them to walk hand-in-hand as they go to school, and that you will give to him who shall be first in the house again a good dinner; and it will be the last one that you will be sending away."

He did so, but it was his son and heir who was the last one, and he couldn't think of sending his son and heir away. He then sent them to play a hurling match—six on one side and six on the other—and from the side which won he took one away and gave it to the side which lost. At last, a single one swept away the ball from the eleven others. Then he said to that one, "My son, it is you that will be going to the Deachmhaidh."

“tabhair dham costas, agus rachaidh mé ag féachain m’ fhortúin.”

D’imthigh sé ar maidin, agus bhí sé ag siúbhal go dtáinig an oidhche, agus casadh asteach i dteach beag é nach raibh ann acht sean-fhear, agus chuir sé failte roimh Réalandar mac righ Eireann. “Ní’l mall ort” [ar seisean leis an mac righ] “do sháidhbhreas do dheunamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id’ fowl-éiridh, [seilgire]. Ta inghean righ an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig sí le seacht mbliadhnaibh roimhe; agus béidh da cheann déag de mhnáibh-coimhdeacht léithe. Teirigh i bhfolach ann san tseisg go gcaithfidh siad a dá cheann déag de cochaill díobh; Leagfaidh sise a cochall féin leith-thaobh, mar tá [an oíreadh sín] d’ onóir innti, agus nuair gheobhas tusa amuigh ann san tsnámh iad, éirigh agus beir ar an gcochall; Fillfidh sise, asteach ar ais, agus déarfaidh sí, “a mhic righ Eireann tabhair dham mo chochall.” Agus déarfaidh tusa nach dtiubhraidh [tú]. Agus déarfaidh sise leat, “muna dtugann tú ded’ dheóin go dtiubhraidh tú ded’ ailmhdheóin é.” Abair léithe nach dtiubhraidh tú ded’ dheóin, na de d’ ailmhdheóin dí é [muna ngeallann sí do phósadh]. Déarfaidh sí, ann sín, nach bhfuil sin le fághail agad mur [=muna] n-aithnigheann tú í arís. Geóbhaidh siad amach uait ann san tsnámh arís, agus déanfaidh siad trí easconna déag díobh féin. Béidh sise ’na ruballín [ear, baillín] suarach ar uachtar; ní thig léithe bheith ar deireadh-mar tá onóir innti, agus béidh sí ag caint leat. Aithneóchaidh tú air sin í, agus abair go dtógfaidh tú í féin i gcómhnuidhe, an ceann a bhéidheas ag caint leat. Déarfaidh sise ann sín, “Caillte an sgeul, an fear thug a athair do’n Deachmhaidh aréir, geallamhain pósta ag inghín Righ an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air’!”

[Dubhairt an mac righ leis an sean-fhear go ndéanfadh sé gach rud mar dubhairt sé leis. Chuaidh sé amach ar maidin chuig an loch agus thárla h-uile shórt go díreach mar dubhairt an sean-fhear.

Nuair bhí an bhean gnóthaighthe aige] d’imthigh an dá-r’eug cailín a-bhaile. Tharraing sise amach sláitín draoidheachta, agus bhuail sí ar dhá bhuachallán buidhe í, agus rinne sí dá chapall marcúigheachta dhíobh:

Bhí siad ag siúbhal ann sín; go dtáinig an oidhche; agus bhí sí ag teach *oncaill* dí, ar dtuitim na h-oidhche: Agus dubhairt sí le mac righ Eireann eochair rúma na séad d’ iarraidh ar an *oncal*, agus go bhfuighfeadh sé í féin astigh ann san rúma roimhe. [Ní raibh fhios ag an oncal, go raibh sise ann, chor ar bith, agus shaoil sé gur ag iarraidh a inghíne féin tháinig mac righ Eireann chuige.]

"I will not be going to the Deachmhaidh," said he. "Give me some money and I will go and make my fortune." He started off the next morning, and walked until it was night, and came to a little house where there was nobody but an old man, who welcomed Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland.

"It will be no delay of you," said he, to the son of the King, "to make your fortune to-morrow morning, if you are any good as a hunter of birds. The daughter of the King of the Eastern World is coming to the little lake you see down there to-morrow morning. She will have twelve women attendants with her. Hide yourself in the rushes until they throw down their twelve hoods and cloaks. The daughter of the King will throw her hood and cloak in a separate place from the rest; and when you see them go in to swim, jump up and take her hood and cloak. The Princess will come to the edge of the lake, and she will say, "Son of the King of Ireland, give me my hood and cloak." And you will tell her then that you will not; and she will say to you, "If you don't give it to me with a good will, you will give it to me with a bad will." Tell her that you will neither give it to her with a good will or a bad will, unless she will promise to marry you. She will then say, that you shall not have her, unless you can recognise her again.

Then she and her attendants will swim away, and they will be changed into thirteen eels. She will be the smallest and the meanest one, but she will lead, because she is a person of honor, and could not follow her train, and she will speak to you. You will recognize her again by this, and you will say that you will marry the eel who has spoken to you. Then she will say, "Oh, unhappy story, he whose father sent him to the Deachmhaidh last night, has to-day received a promise of marriage from the daughter of the King of the Eastern World."

The King's son told the wise old man that he would do all that he told him to do. The next morning he went to the lake, and everything happened as the wise old man had said.

When he had gained the daughter of the King of the Eastern World, the twelve attendants started for home. The Princess drew a magic wand and struck two tufts of yellow ragwort with it, and they were at once turned into two saddle-horses. They travelled on until night was coming, and when night came, they found themselves at the home of an uncle of hers. She told the son of the King of Ireland to ask her uncle for the key of the treasure chamber, and that he would find her in that chamber. The uncle did not know that

Fuair sé an eochaíir ó'n oncal, agus chuaídh sé asteach, agus fuair sé mar bean bhreágh astigh ann san rúma í. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir. D'iarr sí air, a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd. Rinne sé sin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann go maidin. Nuair tharraing sí amach an biorán ar maidin, dhúisigh sé, agus dubhairt sí leis go raibh fathach mór le marbhadh aige ar son inghine a h-oncail.

Ghabh sé amach chum na coille [ag iarraidh an fhathaigh], “Fud, fad, féasog!” ar san fathach, “mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhréagaigh bhradaigh.”

“Nár ba soirmid (?) bidh ná dígh ort, a fhathaigh bhróich!”

“Cad é [is] fearr leat-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga no gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spága mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar.”

Rug an dias gaisgidheach ar a chéile, agus dá dtéidhfíde ag amharc ar ghaisge ar bith ná ar chruadh-chómhrac, is orra rachá d'amharc. Dhéanfadh siad cruadhán de 'n bhogán agus bogán den chruadhán, agus tharróingadh siad toibreacha fíor-uisge tre lár na gcloch glas. [Bhí siad ag troid mar sin] gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaoínte ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do'n fhathach do chuir go dtí na glúna é, agus an dara fásghadh go dtí an básta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go meall a bhrághaid go doimhin.

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!”

“Is fíor sin; seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna bhéarfais mé dhult, acht spórail m'anam dam.”

“Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!” “Bhéarfaldh mé cloidh-eamh solais a bhfuil faobhar an ghearrtha agus faobhar an bhearrtha [air agus] treas faobhar, teine 'na chúl, agus ceol ann a mhaide.”

“Cia [chaoi] bhféachaidh mé mianach do chloidhimh?”

“Sin thall sean-smótán maíde [ata ann sin] le bliadhain agus seacht géad bliadhan.”

“Ni fheicim aon smota 'san gcoill is mó chuir gráin orm 'na do shean-cheann féin.” Bhuail sé i gcómhgar a chinn a bhinn agus a mhuinéill é. Bhaín sé an ceann dé, gan meisge gan mearbhal. Chaith sé naoi n-íomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaídh é:

she was there at all, but he thought it was in search of his own daughter the son of the King of Ireland had come.

He got the key from the uncle; he went in and found her in the chamber in the form of a beautiful woman. They talked together until supper time. She asked him to rest his head on her bosom; he did so, and she trust the pin of sleep into his head, until morning.

When she took out the pin he woke up, and she told him that he had a giant to kill because of her uncle's daughter.

He went out into the woods to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the smell of a lying Irish rascal."

"May you be without the food and without the drink, you dirty giant."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, and where your heavy, ill-built hoofs shall be going to the bottom."

The two warriors then attacked each other, and if you would go to see the brave and the fierce fighting, it is there that you would go to see it. They made a hard place of a soft place and a soft place of a hard place, and they made wells of fresh water run over the gray flagstones. And so they went on fighting until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that he had no one who would keene over him if he died, nor who would lay him out or wake him.

Thereupon he gave the giant a terrible grip, and buried him into the ground up to his knees, and then another which buried him up to his waist, and then another which buried him deep up as far as the lump of the throat. "Now for a green turf over your head, giant."

"It is true. The treasures of the sons of the kings and lords I will give them to you, but spare my life."

"The treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you the sword of life, which has an edge to cut and an edge to raze, and a third edge of fire in the back, and music in the handle."

"How shall I try the temper of your sword?"

"There is an old block of wood which has been there for seven hundred years."

"I see no block in the wood which is more frightful than your head." He smote it at the point where the head joins the

“Is fíor sin,” ar san ceann, “da dtéidhinn suas ar an gcolainn arís, a raibh i n-Eirinn ní bhainfeadh siad anuas mé!”

“Is dona an ghaissgidheacht do rinne tú nuair bhí tu shuas!”

Tháinig sé abhaile [agus ceann an fhathaigh ann a láimh] agus dubhairt an t-oncal go raibh trían d’á inghin gnóthaighthe aige.

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh,” ar sé;

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin go dtí a chailín mná féin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann arís go d’ éirigh an la. Bhí dólás mór air nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé ar maidin dubhairt si leis] “ta fathach eile le marbhadh agad, sin d’ obair andiú ar son inghine m’ oncail arís.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille, agus tháinig an fear mór roimhe: “Fud, fad, féasóg! mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhradaigh bhréagaigh ar fud m’ fhóidín dúthaigh!”

“Ní Eireannach bradach ná bréagach mé, acht fear le ceart agus le cóir do bhaint asad-sa.”

“Cia fearr leat, caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga na gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, ’n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spágá mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar.”

Bhí siad ag troid ann sin gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do’n fhathach go dtí na glúna, agus an dara fásghadh go di an basta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go dtí meall a bhrághaid ’san talamh:

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!”

“Is fíor sin, is tu an gaisgidheach is fearr d’á bhfacaidh mé riamh no d’á bhfeicfidh mé choidhche. Agus bhéarfaidh mé seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna dhuit, acht spóráil m’anam.”

“Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!”

“Bhéarfaidh mé each caol donn duit, bhéarfas naoi n-uaire ar an ngaoith roimpi, sul mbeiridh [sul do bheir] an ghaoth ’na diaigh aon uair amháin uirri.”

Thóg sé an cloidheamh agus chaith sé an ceann dé, agus chuir sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é le neart na buille sin.

“Ochón go deó?” ar san ceann, “dá bhfághainn dul suas ar an gcolainn arís, agus a bhfuil i n-Eirinn ní bhéarfadh siad anuas mé.”



DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

neck. He cut off his head without error or mishap; he threw it nine ridges and nine furrows away from him.

"It is true," said the head, "if I could only join my body again, all that is in Ireland could never cut it off."

"It is a wretched business the feat you did perform when you were there." He went to the house with the head of the giant in his hand, and the uncle told him he had gained the third part of his daughter.

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went into the house and sat by the young girl, who again put the pin of sleep into his head until the dawn of day. He had great sorrow because he was not allowed to speak to her until the morning. When he woke up in the morning, she said to him, "You have another giant to kill; that is your task again for the daughter of my uncle."

He went to the wood to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the blood of a lying Irish rascal."

"I am neither lying nor a rascally Irishman, but a man who will make you do right and justice."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, where your heavy ill-built hoofs shall be going down."

They fought until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that there was no man to weep for his loss or to lay him out when he was dead. Thereupon he caught the giant in a grip, and forced him up to his knees into the earth; a second sent him in up to his waist, and a third up to the lump of his throat.

"A green turf over your head, giant!"

"It is true that you are the best fighter than I ever saw, or ever shall see, and I will give you the treasures of the sons of kings and lords, but spare my life."

"Give me the treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you my light-brown horse, which will beat the wind in swiftness nine times before the wind can beat him once."

He lifted the sword, cut off the giant's head, and by the force of the blow sent it nine ridges and nine furrows away.

"Alas, what luck," said the head; "if only I got on my body again, all that there is in Ireland could never take me down again."

“Budh bheag an ghaissgidheacht do rinne tú, nuair bhí tú shuas uirri cheana!”

Tháinig sé a-bhaile ann sin; agus tháinig an t-oncal amach roimhe arís: “Ta dá dtrian de m’ inghin gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin ann san rúma, agus fuair sé a chailín mná féin roimhe, agus ní raibh bean ’san domhan budh bhreágh-dha ’ná i. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir, agus dubhairt sí leis tar éis an t-suipéir a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd, agus nuair rinne sé sin chuir sí biorán suain ann go maidín. Bhí sé trioblóideach nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé dubhairt sí leis.] “Tá fathach eile le marbhadh agad ar son inghine m’ oncail arís andiú, agus tá faitechios orm go bhféighfidh tú cruaidh é seo. Acht seó coileáinín beag madaidh dhuit, agus leig amach faoi n-a chosaibh é, agus b’ éidir go dtiubhraidh sé congnamh beag duit. Agus amharc ar an meadhon-laé de’n lá, ar do ghualainn dheis, agus geobhaidh tú mise mo cholum geal, agus bhéarfaidh mé congnamh dhuit.”

Chualdh sé chum na coille agus tháinig an fathach mór chuige. “Ní mharbhócaidh tú mise le do choinín gránna mar mharbh tú mo bheirt dhearbhráthar, a raibh fear aca cúig bliadhna agus fear aca seacht mbliadhna go leith.”

“Fuair mé garbh go leór iad sin féin,” ar sa mac rígh Eireann:

Ghabh siad de na sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile; chuirfeadh siad cith teineadh d’á gcoicíonn arm agus éadaigh: Nuair tháinig an meadhon-laé, d’amharc sé ar a ghualainn dheis agus chonnaic sé an colum geal: Nuair chonnaic an fathach mór an colum, rinne sé seabhac dé féin; acht rinne síse trí meirrlúin dí féin, de’n cholleán, agus de mhac rígh Eireann; agus throid siad leis an seabhac ann san aer, agus thuirling siad ar an talamh arís: Dubhairt an fathach mór ann sin; “Is tú an fear gan chéill, cad é ’n sórt act-ál atá agad, thú féin agus an dá ruidín gránna sin? Ní’l aon fhear le fághail le mise do mharbhadh acht Réalandar mac rígh Eireann.”

“Mise an fear sin.”

“Má’s tú é,” ar san fathach, “tarrnócaidh [tarrongaidh] tú an cloidheamh so.” Sháith sé a chloidheamh asteach ’san gearraig, agus dubhairt, “tarraing an cloidheamh so má ’s tú Réalandar.”

"It was a pretty small good you did when you were up there before."

He went to the house then, and the uncle came out to meet him, and said, "You have gained two-thirds of my daughter."

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went indoors then, and in the room he found his young girl before him, and there was no woman in the whole world who was more beautiful than she. They talked until supper-time, and after supper she told him to lay his head upon her breast, and when he had done so, she put the pin of sleep into his head until morning. He was vexed because he was not allowed to speak to her until morning.

When he was awake again, she said to him, "You have yet another giant to kill for the daughter of my uncle to-day, but I fear that it will be hard for you; but here is a little dog for you, let him follow at your heels, and it is possible that he may be of some use to you; and in the middle of the day look over your right shoulder; you will find me there in the form of a white dove, and I will bring you help."

He went to the wood, and the great giant came to him. "You will not kill me with your horrible little dog, as you have killed my two other brothers, one of whom was five years old and the other seven and a half."

"I found them, nevertheless, fierce enough," said the son of the King of Ireland. Then each of them plunged their gray steel knives at each other's sides, and they would send a rain of fire out of their skins, their arms and their clothes.

When the middle of the day came, he looked upon his right shoulder, and he saw the white dove. When the giant saw the dove he changed himself into a falcon; but she made three hawks, one of herself, one of the little dog, and one of the son of the King of Ireland, and they fought with the falcon in the air, until they came down to earth again.

"You are a fool," the great giant said then. "What joke are you playing me, you and those two wretched little things? The man that could kill me is not to be found, except Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland."

"I am that man!"

"If you are," said the giant, "you will pull out this sword."

He plunged his sword into a rock, and said, "Pull out the sword if you are Réalander."

Tharraing sé an cloidheamh, agus bhuaíl sé an fathach mór leis, agus chaith sé an ceann dé. Bhí sé féin loite. Bhí gearradh mór faoi bhonn a chích' deas [deise]. Tharraing sí amach buideull beag íocshláinte, agus chneasaigh sí é. Chuaidh sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal roimhe.

“Tá m'inghean gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa atá mise a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann a rúma féin, agus fuair sé a bhean astigh ann roimhe.

CAOINEAD NA TRÍ MUIRE.

[From Douglas Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

RACAMAOID CUM AN TRÍLEIBE
 SO MOĆ AR MAOIDIN AMÁRAĆ;
 (OĆÓN ΔΣΥΡ ΟĆ ÓΝ Ó.)
 “Δ ΠΕΛΘΑΙΡ ΝΑ Ν-ΑΒΡΤΑΙ
 ΑΝ ΒΡΑΚΑΙΘ ΤΙ ΜΟ ΣΡΑΪΘ ΣΕΑΙ ?”
 (OĆÓN ΔΣΥΡ ΟĆ ÓΝ Ó.)

“ΜΑΙΡΕΑΘ ! Δ ΜΗΔΙΣΘΕΑΝ,
 CÓNNAIPE MÉ AR BALL É;
 (OĆÓN ΔΣΥΡ ΟĆ ÓΝ Ó.)
 ΔΣΥΡ ΒΙ ΡΕ ΣΑΒΕΤΑ ΣΟ ΡΗΜΑΙΘ
 Ι ΛΑΡ Δ ΝΑΜΑΘ,
 (OĆÓN ΔΣΥΡ ΟĆ ÓΝ Ó.)

“ΒΙ ΛΥΘΑΡ 'ΝΑ ΔΙΣΕ
 ΔΣΥΡ ΡΥΣ ΡΕ ΣΡΕΙΜ ΛΑΙΜ' ΑΙΡ,”
 (OĆÓN ΔΣΥΡ ΟĆ ÓΝ Ó.)
 “ΜΑΙΡΕΑΘ Δ ΛΥΘΑΙΡ ΒΡΑΘΑΙΣ
 ΡΡΕΥΘ ΟΟ ΡΙΝΝΕ ΜΟ ΣΡΑΪΘ ΟΡΤ ?”
 (OĆÓN ΔΣΥΡ ΟĆ ÓΝ Ó.)

Literally: We shall go to the mountains early in the morning to-morrow, ochone and ochone, O! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone and ochone, O!

Musha, O Mother, I did see him just now, ochone and ochone, O! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone and ochone, O!

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc. “Musha, O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone,” etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc.

He pulled out the sword and smote the great giant, and cut off his head. He was wounded himself; he had a great cut above his right breast; she drew out a little bottle of balsam and cured him.

He went into the house then and the uncle said to him, "You have gained my daughter this evening."

"I am not at all grateful to you for it, you churl."

He went into his room and there found his wife before him.

THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

A Traditional Folk Ballad.

Taken down from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, Co. Mayo.
[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

Let us go to the mountain
All early on the morrow,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
"Hast thou seen my bright darling,
O Peter, good apostle?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)*

"Aye! truly, O Mother,
Have I seen him lately,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
Caught by his foemen,
They had bound him straitly."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Judas, as in friendship
Shook hands, to disarm him."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
O Judas! vile Judas!
My love did never harm him,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

* This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original. "Agus," = "and," is pronounced "oggus." In another version of this piece, which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fá* ran most curiously, *ôch ôch agus ôch ùcl áin*, after the first two lines, and *ôch ôch, agus, ôch òn ò* after the next two. Thus:—

leasad anuar i n-ucc a máear é
(ôc, ôc, agus ôc úc áin)
Sabadar a leic. a óa mhuiré agus caoinisíóe.
(ôc ôc, agus ôc òn ó.)

“ Ní dearnairé ré ariam
 Dada ar leanb ná páirté,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 Ašur níor éuir ré fearis
 Ariam ar a máttair,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

Nuair fuair na deamain amac
 Šo mbuó i féin a máttair,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 Šóšadair ruar
 Ar a nguailmib šo h-áiré i;
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Ašur buaileadair ríor
 Ar élocáib na rráiré i
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 Cuairé rí i laige
 Ašur bi a glúna geárrta
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

“ Buailiré mé féin
 Ašur ná bain le mo máttair.”
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 “ Buailrimiré tu féin:
 A’r marbócamaoiré do máttair,”
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Štróiceadair an bhráig leó
 An lá rin ó n-a láttair;
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 Aét do lean an máighean
 Iad ann ran bfeárac
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

“ Cía an bean í rin
 ‘Nár ndiaig ann ran bfeárac ? ”
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 “ Šo veimín má tá bean ar bit ann
 ‘Si mo máttair,”
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.

No child has he injured,
Not the babe in the cradle,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
Nor angered his mother
Since his birth in the stable.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered
That she was his mother,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
They raised her on their shoulders,
The one with the other ;
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely
On the stones all forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
And she lay and she fainted
With her knees cut and torn.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“ For myself, ye may beat me,
But, oh, touch not my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“ Yourself—we shall beat you,
But we'll slaughter your mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,
And they left her tears flowing,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
But the Virgin pursued them,
Through the wilderness going.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“ Oh, who is yon woman ?
Through the waste comes another.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“ If there comes any woman
It is surely my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

1) When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

" Δ εὖν, ρεῦε, ράσταμ οἶτ
 Cúram mo máthair,
 (Oé ón aḡur oc ón ó.)
 Congḡadḡ uaim í
 So ḡcḡíocḡócáir mé an páir reḡ,"
 (Oéón aḡur oc ón ó !)

Nuair éualair an máḡḡoan
 An ceileadhraḡ cḡáirḡe;
 (Oéón aḡur oc ón ó !)
 Tḡs rí léim tar an ḡḡáirḡa
 aḡur léim* so cḡann na páire
 (Oéón aḡur oc ón ó !)

Cia h-é an fear breáḡ rin
 Ar cḡann na páire
 (Oéón aḡur oc ón ó !)
 An é naḡ n-aicḡḡeann tu
 'Do mác a máthair ?
 (Oéón aḡur oc ón ó !)

An é rin mo leand
 Δ o'iomḡar mé tḡí máḡe;
 (Oéón aḡur oc ón ó !)
 No an é rin an leand
 'Do n-oileadh i n-uḡt ḡḡáire ?
 (Oéón aḡur oc ón ó !)

* * * * *

Cáiteadh ar anuar é
 'Na rḡólaib ḡḡáirḡa
 (Oéón aḡur oc ón ó !)
 " Sin éḡaib anoir é
 aḡur caoinḡirḡ buir ráit ar,"
 (Oéón, aḡur oc ón ó !)

ḡlaḡ ar na tuisle
 So ḡcaoinḡimḡ ar ḡḡáirḡ ḡeal
 (Oéón, aḡur oc ón ó !)
 Tá do cḡirḡ mḡá-caoinḡe
 le breit rḡr a máthair
 (Oéón, aḡur oc ón ó !)

Is that my child that I carried for three-quarters of a year, ochone, etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary, ochone, etc.

1) O Owen (i.e., John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

2) When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochone, etc.

farewell

"O John, care her, keep her,
Who comes in this fashion,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
But oh, hold her from me
Till I finish this passion."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

When the Virgin had heard him
And his sorrowful saying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
She sprang past his keepers
To the tree of his slaying.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"What fine man hangs there
In the dust and the smother?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
"And do you not know him?
He is your son, O Mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Oh, is that the child whom
I bore in this bosom,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
Or is that the child who
Was Mary's fresh blossom?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

They cast him down from them,
A mass of limbs bleeding.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
"There now he is for you,
Now go and be keening."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Go call the three Marys
Till we keene him forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
O mother, thy keepers
Are yet to be born,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

3) Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognise your son. O mother, ochone, etc.

5) They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene you enough over him, ochone, etc.

6) Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keepers are yet to be born, ochone, etc.

7) Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Unti! thou be a . . . (?) woman in the bright city of the graces, ochone. and ochone, etc.

Béir tu liom-ra
 So fóil i ngáirdein pánnchair;
 (Océon asur oc ón ó !)
 So faib tu do bean iomrád (?)
 I gcáchair gíl na ngrára
 (Océon asur oc ón ó !)

TOBAR MUIRE:

A b'ead ó fóin do bí tobar beannaigíte i mBaile an tobair,* i gconradé mhuig Eó. Bí mainirtir ann ran áit a b'fuil an tobar anoir, asur ir ar lorg altóira na mainirtre do b'uir an tobar amac. Bí an mainirtir ar éaoib énuic, acé nuair éainis Ciomail asur a éuir r'griordóir éum na tíre reó, leasadar an mainirtir, asur níor fásgadar cloc or cionn cloicé de'n altóir náir éait-eadar ríor:

Buadain ó'n lá do leasadar an altóir, 'ré rin lá féil Mhuire 'ran earrac; 'reab b'uir an tobar amac ar lorg na h-altóira, asur ir iongantac an ruo le ráb nac faib b'raon uirge ann ran r'pué do bí as bun an énuic ó'n lá do b'uir an tobar amac:

Bí b'ráchair boét as dul na r'lige an lá ceudna, asur éuair ré ar a bealac le páirir do ráb ar lorg na h-altóira beannaigíte, asur bí iongantac mór air nuair éonnaicé re tobar b'ead ann a h-áit: Éuair ré ar a glúnaib asur éorais ré as ráb a páirre nuair éualair ré sué as ráb, "cuir díot do b'róga, tá tu ar éalam beannaigíte, tá tu ar b'ruac Tobar Mhuire, asur tá léigear na mílte caoc ann: Béir duine léigeara le uirge an tobair rin anagair gac uile duine o'éirt airuonn i láchair na h-altóira do bí ann ran áit ann a b'fuil an tobar anoir, má b'ionn r'ad tumta trí h-uair ann, i n-ainm an átar an míle asur an Spioraid Naoim."

Nuair bí a páirreaca ráirte as an mb'ráchair o'feuc ré ruar

* This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, "celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Uí Chonchubhair," or "O'Conor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhilidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, i.e., "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Evilly"]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My.

Thyself shall come with me
 Into Paradise garden.
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)
 To a fair place in heaven
 At the side of thy darling.
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)

MARY'S WELL.

A Religious Folk Tale.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

[Taken down from Próinsias O'Conchubhair.]

LONG ago there was a blessed well in Ballintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),* in the County Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill, but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this county, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's Well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard Mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and

friend, Colonel Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.

asur connaire colum móir gléiseal ar éiríonn túbhair i ngar dó; buí h-í an colum do bí as cainte: bí an bhráthair gleurta i neudaisib-bhéise, mar bí luac ar a céann, comh móir asur do bí ar céann maor-a-alla.

Ar éadai ar bí d'fhuasair pé an rgeul do daoine an baile bís; asur níor bfuada go ndéadai pé trío an tír. Buí boct an áit í, asur ní raib áct boctáin as na daoine, asur iad líonta le deatac: ar an áthar rin bí cuio maic de daoine caoča ann; le clappolar, lá ar na mára, bí or cionn dá fíciú daoine ann; as tobar Mhuiré, asur ní raib fear ná bean aca nac dtáinig ar air le maorice maic:

Cuio clú tobar Mhuiré trío an tír, asur níor bfuada go raib oileiréada ó sac uile condaé as teac go Tobar Mhuiré, asur ní déadai don neac aca ar air san beic léigeara; asur faoi céann tamail do bídeat daoine ar tíorai eile féin, as teac go dtí Tobar Mhuiré:

Bí fear mi-éirídeac 'na comhnuide i ngar do baile-an-tobar; Duine uapal do bí ann, asur níor éirí pé i léigear an tobar beannaisge: Dubairt re nac raib ann áct pírtreóga, asur le magad do deunam ar na daoine tús pé apall dail do bí aige cum an tobar asur cum a céann faoi an uirge: Fuair an t-apall maorice; áct tugad an magadóir a-baile comh dail le bun do bhoige:

Faoi céann bliadna tuic pé amac go raib pasair as obair mar gárdadóir as an duine-uapal do bí dail: Bí an pasair gleurta mar fear-oibre, asur ní raib fíor as duine ar bí go mbuó pasair do bí ann: Don lá amáin bí an duine uapal breidíde asur o'iarí pé ar a fearbógaanta é do tabairt amac 'ran ngáirda: Nuair táinig pé cum na h-áite a raib an pasair as obair, fuíó pé fíor: "Nac móir an trias é," ar reirean, "nac dtis liom mo gáirda breas d'feiceál!"

Glac an gárdadóir trias d'ó asur dubairt, "Tá fíor asam cá bfuil fear do léigreóad tu, áct tá luac ar a céann mar geall ar a éirídeam."

"Beirim-re m'focal nac ndéunfaió mife pírtreadóiréac arí asur íocfaió mé go maic é ar ron a tríoblíde," ar ran duine uapal:

"Áct b'éirí nár maic leat dul trío an tríge-plánaighe atá aige," ar ran gárdadóir:

"Ír cuma liom cia an tríge atá aige má tugann pé mo maorice dam," ar ran duine uapal:

Anoir, bí d'rocc-clú ar an duine-uapal, mar bmaic pé a lán de

saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were about forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode-of-curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he

řazartaið noime rin; Bingham an t-ainm do bi air: Ar eadai ar bit ġlac an řazart meirneac ařur dubairt, “Bioð do cõirte řeirõ ar maidin amãrac, ařur tiomãinřirõ mire tu řo řeti ait do leigir, ni řis le cõirteoir nã le don duine eile beir i lãćair acć mire, ařur nã h-innir o’don duine ar bit cã břuil tu ař ul, no řior cao e do ġnaiće (řnõ).”

Ar maidin, lã ar na mãrac, bi cõirte Bingham řeirõ, ařur cuairõ ře řein arceac, leir an nřarõadoirõ o’d tiomãint: “řan, ćura; ann řan mbaile an t-am řo,” ar ře leir an ř-cõirteoir, “ařur tiomãinřirõ an řãřarõadoir me.” Bi an cõirteoir ’na bĩceamnac; ařur bi euo air, ařur ġlac ře řun řo mberdeac ře ař řaire na cõirte, le řãřail amac cia an ait řaið řiao le ul: Bi a ġleur beannaiřće ař an řazart, ćaob-artiř de’n euoac eile: Nuair ćãngadair řo Tobar Mhuire dubairt an řazart leir, “Ir řazart mire, ćã me ul le do řaðare o’řãřail duir řan ait ar ćaili tu e.” Ann rin ćum ře ćri uaire ann řan tobar e, i n-ainm an Aćar an Mhic ařur an Spioraido Moom, ařur ćãniř a řaðare cuirge com maĩ ařur bi ře ařiam:

“Beurřarõ me ceuo řunt duir,” ar řa Bingham; “com luac ařur řacřar me a-baile.”

Bi an cõirteoir ař řaire; ařur com luac ařur connairc ře an řazart ann a ġleur beannaiřće, cuairõ ře řo luć an uliře ařur břair ře an řazart: Do řaðarõ ařur do epocac e řan břeĩceam řan břeĩceamnar: O’řeuorřarõ an řear do bi ćar eir a řaðairc o’řãřail ar air, an řazart do řaðarõ, acć nĩor labair ře řocal ar a řon:

Timćiolli mĩora ’na õiaiř řeõ, ćãniř řazart eile řo Bingham ařur e ġleurća mar řãřarõadoir, ařur o’iarr ře obair ar Bingham ařur řuair uairõ i: Acć ni řaið ře a břarõ ann a řeĩrřir řo oćãřla ořoc-řuo do Bingham: Cuairõ ře amac don lã amãin ař řiũbal ćřĩo na řãĩřceannaĩb, ařur do cararõ cailin maĩreac, inřean řĩř boĩć, air, ařur řinne ře marľuřar uĩřĩ, ařur o’řãř leac-mãĩř i: Bi ćřĩũř dearřĩrãćar ař an řcailĩ, ařur ćuřadair mĩonna řo marřõćarõ řiao e com luac ařur řeobairõĩř řřeĩm air. Ni řaið a břarõ le řanařaint aca: řaðadair e řan ait ćeuona ar marľaiř ře an cailĩ, ařur epocadair e ar ćřann, ařur o’řãřadair ann rin e ’na epocarõ:

Ar maidin, an lã ar na mãrac, bi millĩĩĩĩrõ de mĩolćõřaið epuinĩĩĩće, mar ćnoc mõř, ćimćiolli an ćřainn, ařur nĩor řeuo duine ar bit ul anaĩce leir, mar řeall ar an mbolac břean do bi timćiolli na h-aitc, ařur duine ar bit do řacarõ anaĩce leir, do õailřarõ na mĩolćõřa e:

betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and, anyone who would go near it, the midges would blind him.

‘Tairis bean agus mac Bingham ceo púnt o’aoon duine do bheirfadh an corp amach. Rinne cuid mairt daoine iarrfadh air rin do deunamh, aet níor feudadar. Fuair ríad púdar le cratach ar na míoltógaib, agus seuga ciann le na mbualadh, aet níor feudadar a rgaradh, ná dul comh fada leir an gcraann. Bí an bpreuntar an éiríge níor meara, agus bí eagla ar na cómairannab go dtuairfadh na míoltóga agus an corp breun pláig oirra:

Bí an dára ragarit ‘na gáiríadóir as Bingham ‘ran am ro, aet ní raib fíor as luét an tige sur ragarit do bí ann, óir da mbeirí-each fíor as luét an tige no as na rpiríeasóirib, do gheobadh ríad agus do éiríeadh ríad é: Cuair na Catoilcig go bean Bingham agus duaradar léi go raib eólar aca ar duine do díbríeas na míoltóga: “Tabair eugam é,” ar ríre, “agus má’ fíoir leir na míoltóga do díbríe ní h-é an duair rin gheobair re aet a reacht n-oiríeas:

“Aet,” ar ríad-ran, “d’ mbeirí’ fíor as luét-an-tige agus d’ ngeabhadóir é, do éiríeasóir é, mar éiríe ríad an fear do fuair ríadair a fúl ar air do.” “Aet,” ar ríre, “nac bfeudfadh ré na míoltóga do díbríe gan fíor as luét-an-tige?”

“Ní’l fíor agann,” ar ríad-ran, “go nglacfamaoio cómairle leir.”

An oiríe rin glacadair cómairle leir an ragarit, agus o’innir ríad do cad duairit bean Bingham.

“Ní’l agam aet beata ríogalta le cáilleamaint,” ar ran ragarit, “agus bheirí mé i ar fon na ndaoine boet, óir beirí pláig ann ran tír muna gcuirí mé díbríe ar na míoltógaib. Ar mairín amárac, beirí iarrfadh agam i n-ainm Dé iad do díbríe, agus cá mairín agam agus doéar i n’Dia go rábálfadh ré mé ó mo cuid námao. Téirí cuig an bean-uairil anoir, agus abair léi go mbeirí mé i ngar do’n crann le h-éiríge na gréine ar mairín amárac, agus abair léi fíor do beirí réirí aici leir an gcóir do cur ‘ran uair.”

Cuair ríad cum na mná-uairle, agus o’innir ríad dí an méad duairit an ragarit.

“Má éirígeann leir,” ar ríre, “beirí an duair réirí agam do; agus oiríeas mé móir-fíreair fear do beirí i láair.”

Cait an ragarit an oiríe rin i n-urraigíeib, agus leat-uairíomh éiríge na gréine cuairí ré cum na h-áite a raib a gíeur beann-aigíe i bpolac: Cuirí ré rin air, agus le cpoirí ann a leat-láimh agus le uirge coirreagíe ann ran láimh eile, cuairí ré cum na h-áite a raib na míoltóga. Tóraigí ré ann rin as léigíe ar a leabair agus as cratach uirge coirreagíe ar na míoltógaib, i n-

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden; he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and

ainm an Astar an Mic Astar an Spioraid Naoimh: D'éirigh an enoc míoltós, agus d'éitill ríad ruar 'ran aéir, agus rinneadar an rpeir comh doirca leir an oirde. Ní raib fíor as na daoine eia an áit a ndéadar, áit faoi ceann leat-uairé ní raib ceann díob le feiceáil (feicint):

Bí lúcháiré mór ar na daoine, áit níor b'ada go b'acadar an rpeir doir as teac, agus glao ríad ar an rgaric rí leir comh tapa a' r bí ann: Tug an rgaric do na boinn agus lean an rpeir doir é, agus r'ian ann gac láim aise. Nuair nár feuo ré teac ruar leir, áit ré an r'ian 'na díais: Nuair bí an r'ian as dul ear gualain an rgaric, cuir ré a lám éle ruar, agus gab ré an r'ian, agus áit ré an r'ian ar air gan féadaint taob fíar de: Buail rí an fear, agus cuair rí rí a éirde, gur tuit ré marb, agus d'imigh an rgaric raor:

Fuar na fíar corp Bingham, agus cuiradar ann ran uais é, áit nuair cuadar corp an rpeir doir do cur, fuairadar na mílte de lúcháiré móra timchioll air, agus ní raib gheim feola ar a cnámáib na raib ite aca: Ní corrdóad ríad de'n corp agus níor feuo na daoine iad do ruasad, agus b'éigín díob na cnámáib d'fágbáil or cionn talman:

Cuir an rgaric a gleur beannaighe i b'olac, agus do bí as obair 'ran ngaróda nuair cuir bean Bingham fíor air, agus d'iar air an duair do glacad ar ion na míoltós do díbir, agus í do tabairt do'n fear do díbir iad má bí eólar aise air:

"Tá eólar asam air, agus duair ré liom an duair do tabairt cuige anocht, mar tá rún aise an tír d'fágbáil rí má gcomfáir lúct an uisge é."

"Seo duit í," ar ríre, agus féadar rí r'orán óir do.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, d'imigh an rgaric go coir na fairrige; fuair ré long do bí as dul cum na f'aince, cuair ré ar boró, agus comh luac agus d'fás ré an cuair ré air a eudais rgaric, agus tug buirdear do 'Dia faoi n-a tabairt raor: Ní'l fíor asainn cao tárla do 'na díais rí:

Tar éir rí do bídear daoine d'alla agus cao as tigeac go Tobar Mhuiré, agus níor fíll don duine aca ariam ar air gan a beir léigearca: Áit ní raib ruo mar ar bí ariam ann ran tír reo, nár mílleat le duine éigín, agus mílleat an tobar; mar rí:

scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts* (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. The rats would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to hunt them away, so that they had to leave the bones overground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbor he put his priest's clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

* This is the absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. "Bonn" means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."

Bí cailín i mBáile-an-tobair, agus bí sí ar tí beic póirta, nuair éainis fean-bean éadó éuici agus iarraidh déirce i n-onóir do Dá agus do Mhuir:

“Ní’l don ruo agus le tabairt do fean-éadóirín caillice, tá mé bodairghe aca,” ar ran cailín.

“Ná maib páinne an póirta oir a-éiríche go mbéir tu com éadó a’r tá mire,” ar ran trean-bean.

Ar maidin, lá ar na máraic; bí rúile an cailín óis nimneac; agus ar maidin ’na díais rin bí sí beas-naic dail, agus dubairt na cómarpanna go mbuó éirí ví dul go Tobar Mhuir:

Ar maidin go moé, d’éirig sí, agus éuair sí cum an tobair, áit éiríche d’feicfead sí ann áit an trean-bean d’iarir an déirce uirir ’na ruidhe agus bhuac an tobair, agus éuair a cinn or éionn an tobair beannaisghe:

“Léir-réiríor oir, a cailleac éiríanna, an agus éuair Tobar Mhuir a’r tu?” ar ran cailín; “iméig leat no bhirirí mé do muineul.”

“Ní’l don onóir ná mear agus ar Dá ná ar Mhuir, d’éirig tu déirce do éuairt i n-onóir doib, ar an ádair rin ní éuairt tu tu éirí ’ran tobair.”

Fuair an cailín éirí ar an éuair, agus éuairt i do éuairt-ait ó’n tobair, áit léir an éuairt-ait do bí éuairt do éuair an éuairt áiteac ’ran tobair agus éuairt áit:

O’n lá rin go éirí an lá ro ní maib don léiríear ann ran tobair:

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There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honor of God and Mary.

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the wedding ring may never go on you until you are as blind as I am," said the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you, you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's Well you are?" said the girl; "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honor nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honor of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.

muire agus naomh ioseph:

naé naomta do bí naomh iórep
 fhuair póir ré Muire mátaí?
 naé é do fhuair an tabairtar
 'Do b' fearr 'ná an raogal áide [Ádam]?

Thiúltaíḡ ré do'n óir buíde
 Agus do'n éiríom do bí aḡ Dáibí,
 Agus b' fearr leir beir aḡ treóruḡad
 Agus aḡ múnad an eólaí do mhuire mátaí;

Lá amáin d'á raib an cúpla
 Aḡ riúbal ann ran nḡáiróin;
 Meaḡ na reiríníó cúbarḡa;
 Bláḡ úbla, aḡur áiríníde;

Do cuir Muire dúil ionnta
 Agus énuḡ rí leó, i láḡaí;
 O bólad breáḡ na n-úbail
 Bhí go cúbarḡa deaí ó'n áiríu-ríḡ;

Ann rin do labair an mhaíḡdean
 De'n cóiríad bí fann,
 "Báin dam na reóir rin
 Tá aḡ fáir ar an ḡcrann;

* Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

† *Literally*: Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married Mary Mother; is it not that he got the gift that was better than Adam's world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had, and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother. One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [*i.e.*, God]. Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble, "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them, for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their

MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

From Michael Rogers and Martin O'Calally,* in Erris Co. Mayo.—
DOUGLAS HYDE.

Holy was good St. Joseph
When marrying Mary Mother,
Surely his lot was happy,
Happy beyond all other.†

Refusing red gold laid down,
And the crown by David worn,
With Mary to be abiding
And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day that the twain were talking,
And walking through gardens early,
Where cherries were redly growing,
And blossoms were growing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,
For faint and tired she panted,
At the scent on the breezes' wing
Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph the Virgin,
All weary and faint and low,
“O pull me yon smiling cherries
That fair on the tree do grow,

presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, “Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch, until I go to Jerusalem doing penance for my sin.” Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed. “I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins.”

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, “O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world?”

“I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and a spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day.”

“Bain dam mo fáil aca
 Oir tá me las fann,*
 A’r tús oibreacha m’ na ngráir
 As fáir faoi mo bhoim.”

Ann rin do labair Naomh Ioseph
 “De’n cómhád bí teann,
 “Ni bainfid mé duit na reóda
 A’r ní h-áil liom do éilann:

“Slaod ar acair ó do leinb
 Ir air ir cóir duit beir teann”
 Ann rin do corruig fóra
 So beannaisgte faoi na bhoim:

Ann rin do labair fóra
 So naomha faoi na bhoim
 “Írtig go h-írioll
 Ann a fiaðnuire a éirinn:”

D’úmlaig an crann ríor dí
 Ann a b’iaðnuire san máil;
 Agus fuair sí mian a croide-rtig
 Slain-oíreach ó’n sgrann:

Ann rin do labair Naomh Ioseph
 Agus éir é féin ar an talam;
 “Sadh a-baile a Mháire
 Agus luid ar do leabuid:
 So dtéir mé go h-Iaruralem
 As deunam aithrige ann mo peacaid:”

Ann rin do labair an Mhaigdean
 “De’n cómhád bí beannuisgte,
 “Ni pacaid mé a-baile
 A’r ní luidfid mé ar mo leabuid;
 Aét tá maiteamhar le fáil as
 Ó m’ na ngráir ann do peacaid.”

* * * * *

* “Ann a s-caill” duairt Mac nic Ruairí, aét duairt an Callaoileac
 “las fann.” Tá me ann a s-caill = “ceartuisgeann uaim iat.”

"For feeble I am and weary,
And my steps are but faint and slow,
And the works of the King of the graces
I feel within me grow."

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,
And stoutly indeed spake he,
"I shall not pluck thee one cherry.
Who art unfaithful to me.

"Let him come fetch you the cherries,
Who is dearer than I to thee."
Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,
Thus spake to the stately tree,

"Bend low in her gracious presence,
Stoop down to herself, O tree,
That my mother herself may pluck thee,
And take thy burden from thee."

Then the great tree lowered her branches
At hearing the high command,
And she plucked the fruit that it offered,
Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,
He cast himself on the ground,
"Go home and forgive me, Mary,
To Jerusalem I am bound ;
I must go to the holy city,
And confess my sin profound."*

Then out spake the gentle Mary,
She spake with a gentle voice,
"I shall not go home, O Joseph,
But I bid thee at heart rejoice,
For the King of Heaven shall pardon
The sin that was not of choice."

* * * * *

* These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish Language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.

Tuá m'í ó'n lá rin
 Rugaó an leanó beannuighe,
 Thainis na tuu m'ighe
 As deunam aóraighe do'n leanó.

Tuá m'í ó'n oirde rin
 Rugaó an leanó beannuighe,
 Ann a rtabla fuar feannta
 Eirir bulán agus aral.

Ann rin do labair an mairghean
 So ciún agus so céillíde,
 “A m'ic m'ig na scaraó
 Cía 'n nór mbéir tu ar an traogal?”

“Béir mé Diairdaoin
 Agus mé díolta as mo námaro,
 Agus béir me Dia hDoine
 Mo éirídar poll as na táirrinib.

Béir mo ceann i mbárr ríce
 'S fuil mo éiríde i lár na ríaríde;
 'S an trleig nime dul t'ne mo éiríde
 Le rídealaó an lá rin.

Three months from that self-same morning,
The blessed child was born,
Three kings did journey to worship
That babe from the land of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,
He was born there in a manger,
With asses, and kine and bullocks,
In the strange, cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,
Softly she spake and wisely,
"Dear Son of the King of Heaven,
Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,
Betrayed and sold to the foeman,
And pierced like a sieve on Friday,
With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,
And my head on a spike be planted,
And a spear through my side shall go,
Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,
And a storm over earth come sweeping,
The lights shall be quenched in the heavens
And the sun and the moon be weeping.
While angels shall stand around me,
With music and joy and gladness,
As I open the road to Heaven,
That was lost by the first man's madness."

* * * * *

Christ built that road into heaven,
In spite of the Death and Devil,
Let us when we leave the world
Be ready by it to travel.

naom̃ peaðar:

Chualað þjóðinnar Ó Conchubair, í m'bl'át-luain, an rgeul ro ó fean-
m̃naoi ðar b' ainm b̃m̃g̃io ni chaðarais̃ ó b̃haile-ðá-ðbain í gconðáé
shligis̃, aḡur fuair m̃ire uarð-pean é.

Ann ran am a þaib̃ Naom̃ Peaðar aḡur ár Slánuigsteoir̃ aḡ
riubal na típe, ír iom̃ða ionḡantap̃ ro ðairbeð̃n a Mháigirtir̃ ðó;
aḡur ðá mbuð̃ ðuine eile ro b̃i ann, ð'feicfeað̃ leat̃ an oir̃io, ír
ðóis̃ ḡo mbeirðeað̃ a ðóðcar̃ ár a Mháigirtir̃ níor̃ láirðe 'ná b̃i
ðóðcar̃ þheaðair̃.

Aon lá am̃áin ro b̃iðar̃ aḡ teact̃ ar̃teact̃ ḡo baile-mór̃ aḡur
ro b̃i fear̃-ceðil̃ leat̃ ár meirḡe 'na f̃uirðe ár ðaib̃ an ðóðair̃
aḡur é aḡ iarriar̃ ðéirce: Thug̃ ár Slánuigsteoir̃ píora aigr̃io
ðó ár ngabail̃ ðart̃ roð: Þní ionḡantap̃ ár þheaðar̃ faoi rin, óir̃
ðubair̃t̃ ré leir̃ féin "Ír iom̃ða ðuine boct̃ ro b̃i í n-eaḡbuir̃ m̃óir̃;
ð'eit̃is̃ mo m̃áigirtir̃, act̃ anoir̃ t̃ug̃ ré ðéirce ro'n fear̃-ceðil̃ reð
at̃á ár meirḡe: Act̃ b' éir̃oir̃," ár ré leir̃ féin; "ð'éir̃oir̃ ḡo þfuil̃
ðúil̃ aig̃e ran ḡceðil̃."

Ro b̃i þior̃ aḡ ár Slánuigsteoir̃ c̃féa ro b̃i í n-inntinn
þheaðair̃, act̃ níor̃ lab̃air̃ þé focaḡ roð ðaib̃:

An lá ár n-a m̃árac̃ ro b̃iðar̃ aḡ riubal̃ aḡir̃, aḡur ro capað̃
b̃r̃ðair̃ boct̃ or̃ra, aḡur é c̃riom̃ leir̃ an aoir̃, aḡur beaḡ-nað
noct̃ta: ð'iar̃ir̃ ré ðéirce ár ár Slánuigsteoir̃, act̃ ni t̃ug̃ Seir̃ean
aoñ áir̃io aḡir̃, aḡur níor̃ f̃reag̃air̃ Sé a im̃p̃r̃ðe:

"Siñ ñið eile nað̃ þfuil̃ ceair̃t," ár ra Naom̃ Peaðar̃ ann a
inntinñ féin; b̃i eaḡla aḡir̃ lab̃air̃t̃ leir̃ an Mháigirtir̃ roð ðaib̃,
act̃ b̃i ré aḡ cail̃leam̃aint̃ a ðhóðcar̃ ḡað uile lá:

An t̃raðñðna ceuðna b̃iðar̃ aḡ teact̃ ḡo baile eile nuair̃
capað̃ fear̃ ðall̃ or̃ra, aḡur é aḡ iarriar̃ ðéirce: Chuir̃ ár
Slánuigsteoir̃ caint̃ aḡir̃ aḡur ðubair̃t̃ "c̃reuo t̃á uair̃?"

"Luac̃ lóir̃t̃iñ or̃ðce, luac̃ fuir̃o le n'ite, aḡur an oir̃eaõ aḡur
b̃eirðeap̃ aḡ teap̃t̃al̃ uaim̃ am̃árac̃; má t̃is̃ leat̃-ra a ðabair̃t̃ ðam̃,
ḡeobair̃ tu c̃úit̃uḡað̃ m̃óir̃, aḡur c̃úit̃uḡað̃ nað̃ þfuil̃ le f̃áḡail̃
ár an t̃raoḡal̃ b̃r̃ðnað̃ ro."

"Ír̃ maib̃ í ro caint̃," ár ran T̃iḡeap̃r̃na, "act̃ ní'l̃ tu act̃ aḡ
iarriar̃ mo m̃eall̃að̃, ní'l̃ eaḡbuir̃ luac̃-lóir̃t̃iñ ná fuir̃o le n'ite
or̃t̃, t̃á óir̃ aḡur aigr̃io ann ro þóca, aḡur buð̃ éðir̃ ðuit̃ ro
b̃uirðeac̃ar̃ ro ðabair̃t̃ ro ðhia faoi ro ðiol̃ ḡo lá ro b̃eir̃ aḡao."

Ni þaib̃ þior̃ aḡ an ðall̃ ḡur̃ b' é ár Slánuigsteoir̃ ro b̃i aḡ caint̃
leir̃, aḡur ðubair̃t̃ ré leir̃: "Ni feanm̃óira act̃ ðéirce at̃á mé
'iarriar̃, ír̃ cinnte mé roð mbeirðeað̃ þior̃ aḡao ḡo þaib̃ óir̃ ná

SAINT PETER.

A Folk Story.

An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the Co. Sligo, told this story to O'Connor in Athlone, from whom I got it.—
DOUGLAS HYDE [in *Religious Songs of Connacht*.]

AT the time that Saint Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "Many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but He did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again and a poor friar (*sic*) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said, "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow; if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me? you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat; you have gold and silver in your pocket; and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons,

airgidio aSam go mbainfeá díom é; ‘tusa’ leat* anoir, ní tear-
tuigeanann do cáint uaim.”

“Go deimhin ir di-céillíde an fear tu,” ar fan Tigearna, “ní
béid ór ná airgidio aSam i bfao,” agus leir rin d’fás ré an dail:

Bhí Peadar aS éirteacht leir an gcómháid, agus bí dúil aise a
innreacht do’n dail suir mbuó é ar Slánuigteóir do bí aS caint
leir, aS ní bfuair ré don fáill. Acs do bí fear eile aS éirteacht
nuair duháirt ar Slánuigteóir go raib ór agus airgidio aS an
dail. Buó rghioradóir millteach do bí ann, aS do bí fíor aise
nár innir ar Slánuigteóir don bpeus ariam: Chom luac agus bí
Seiréan agus Naomh Peadar iméighe, táinig an rghioradóir cum
an dail agus duháirt leir, “Tabair d’am do cúro óir agus
airgidio, no cuirfead rghian tré do éiríde.”

“Ní’l ór ná airgidio aSam” ar fan dail, “d’a mbeirdead, ní
beirínn aS iarraid b’éirce.”

Acs leir rin do fuair an rghioradóir gheim air; do cúir faoi
é, agus do bain dé an méad do bí aise. Do fáir agus do rghreao
an dail com h-áir agus d’fear ré, agus éualaid ar Slánuig-
teóir agus Peadar é.

“Tá eugóir d’a deunam ar an dail,” ar Peadar:

“Fás go feallach, agus imteóid ré an caoi ceudna, san
caint ar lá an bheiteamhair,” ar ar Slánuigteóir.

“Tuigim tu, ní’l don fuó i bpolac uair a mháigirtir,” ar Peadar.

An lá ’na diais rin do bideadair aS riúbal coir fáraig, agus
táinig leóman cíocrac amac. “Anoir a Pheadair,” ar ar
Slánuigteóir, “ir minic duháirt tu go scailfeá do beata ar
mo fion, anoir teirig agus tabair tu féin do’n leóman agus
imteóidair mire faoi.”

Do rmuáin Peadar aise féin agus duháirt, “b’fearr liom báir
ar bit eile d’fágail ’n leigint do leóman m’ite; cámaoir cor-
luac agus tíg linn iú uair, agus má feicim é aS teacht ruar
linn fanfaid mé ar deiréad, agus tíg leat-ra imteacht faoi.”

“Díod mar rin,” ar ar Slánuigteóir:

Do leig an leóman rghreao, agus ar go bpat leir ’na ndiais,
agus níor bfaa go raib ré aS bheir oirra, agus i bpozar díob.

“Fan riár a Pheadair,” ar an Slánuigteóir, aS leig Peadar
air féin nac gcualaid ré focal, agus d’iméig ré amac poim a
mháigirtir. D’iompaig an Tigearna ar a cúl agus duháirt ré
leir an leóman, “Teirig ar air go dti an fárac,” agus rinne
é amlaid.

* “tusa leat” = “iméig leat,” “amac leat,” no fuó de’n tróir rin. B’éirir
suir “cúige leat” buó cóir do beir ann, 7 cúig an deamhan!”

but alms, I am looking for. I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me, you would take it from me. Get off now; I don't want your talk.

"Indeed, you are a senseless man," said the Lord; "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

Saint Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked robber who was in it; but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and Saint Peter were gone, this robber came to the blind man, and said to him, "Give me your gold and silver, or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man; "if I had I wouldn't be looking for alms." But with that the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour, "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you; there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for Me; go now and give yourself to the lion, and I shall escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I will remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them, and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour; but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "Go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

"Ó'feuc Peadaar taobh-fiair d'é, agus nuair connaic pé an leóman ag dul ar air do fear pé go dtáinig ar Slánuigíteoiri ruair leir: "A péadaar," ar Sé, "ó'fás tu mé i mbaozal, agus —ruo buò méara 'nà rin,—ó'innir tu bheuga."

"Rinne mé rin," ar Peadaar, "mar bí fíor agam go bfuil cúmhacht agad or cionn gac nío, ní h-é amáin ar leóman an fáir-aig."

"Coirg do beul, agus ná bí ag innreacht bheug, ní faib fíor agad agus dá bfeicfeá mé i mbaozal amárac do éiríseá mé airí, cá fíor agam ar rmuaintib do éiríse."

"Níor rmuain mé ariam go nbeairnaíó tu don nío nac faib ceart," ar-ra Peadaar:

"Sin bheug eile," ar ar Slánuigíteoiri: "Nac cuimín leat an lá do tug mé déic do'n fear-ceóil do bí leat ar meirge, bí iongantair orit agus dubairt tu leat féin sup iomda duine boct do bí i n-earbúir mórí ó'eitig mé, agus go dtug mé déic do fear do bí ar meirge mar bí dúil agam i gceóil. An lá 'na diais rin ó'eitig mé an fear-bháir, agus dubairt tu nac faib an nío rin ceart: An traidhóna ceudna ir cuimín leat creud tárla i dtaoib an daill: Mineócaró mé anoir duit cad fáct rinnear mar rin: Rinne an fear-ceóil níor mó de máit 'nà rinne fice bháir ó'á fóit ó ruagó iad: Shábáil pé anam cailín ó pian-taib ipinn: Bhí earbúir boinn airgíó uirri agus bí rí ag dul peacaó marbhad do deunam le na fágal, áct coirimir an fear-ceóil i, tug pé an bonn dí; cío go faib earbúir díge air féin an t-am ceudna: Maidir leir an mbháir, ní faib don earbúir air-rean; cío go bfuair pé ainm bháir buò ball de'n diabal é; agus rin é an fáct nac dtug mé don áirí air: Maidir leir an daill, do bí a Dha ann a póca, óir ir fíor an fear-focal, "an áit a bfuil do círe beir do éiríse léi."

Seal gearr 'na diais rin dubairt Peadaar; "A Mháistir, cá eólar agad ar na rmuaintib ir uaigníse i gceirde an duine, agus ó'n ndimio reó amac géillim duit annr gac nío."

Timcioll reachtmaine 'na diais-rin do bíodar ag riubal tre énoaib agus rleibtib, agus cáilleadar an beala: Le tuitim na h-oirde táinig teinnreac agus coirneac agus fearrétain érom: Bhí an oirde com dorca rin náir feudadar corán caorac ó'feiceál: Thuit Peadaar anaíar capraige agus loit pé a cor com dona rin náir feud pé coirceim do riubal:

Chonnaic ar Slánuigíteoiri folur beag faoi bun cnuic, agus dubairt Sé le Peadaar, "fan mar cá tu agus fácaró mire ag córuigeact congnaim le ó'iomcar."

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and, what was worse than that, you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see Me in danger to-morrow you would forsake Me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour; "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to yourself that many's the poor man in great want whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pain of hell. She wanted a piece of money and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her, and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar, he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, "Where your store is, your heart will be with it.'"

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were traveling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and He said to Peter, "Remain where you are, and I will go to seek help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that He gave a whistle,

“Ní'l aon cónsnam le fágaíl ann ran áit fíadáin reo,” ar Peadaar, “Ašur ná leis ann ro mé i mbaogal liom féin.”

“Bíod mar rin,” ar ár Slánuigšteoir, ašur leir rin do leis ré feao, ašur éainis ceatpar fear, ašur cia bí 'na éairtín orra aét an fear do ršmior an dall real noime rin: D'áitniš ré ár Slánuigšteoir ašur Peadaar, ašur dubairt ré le n-a éuro fear Peadaar d'iomcár so cúramac so oti an áit-cómnuiro do bí aca amearš na šnoc: “Chuir an beirt reo,” ar ré, “ór ašur ašuršio do ann mo bealac-ra real gearr ó šoin.”

D'iomcáir fiaó Peadaar so oti reomra faoi éalam; bí teine bpeáš ann, ašur cúipeadar an fear loitte i nšar ví, ašur éušadar deoc dó. Thuit ré ann a córlaó ašur do pinne ár Slánuigšteoir lorš na cpoire le n-a méar, or cionn na loite, ašur nuair d'uiriš ré d'feuo ré riúbal com maic ašur d'feuo ré nam: Bhí ionšantar air, nuair d'uiriš ré, ašur d'fiarpuig ré cpeuo do bain dó. D'inmír ár Slánuigšteoir dó šac níó mar éarla.

“Šaoil mé,” ar ra Peadaar, “so raib mé marš ašur so raib mé ruar aš dorur flaitir, aét níor feuo mé dul arteaé mar bí an dorur duirote, ašur ni raib duipteoir le fágaíl.”

“Ašrlinš do bí ašao” ar ár Slánuigšteoir, “aét ir fíor i; tá an flaitear duirote ašur ní'l ré le beic foršailte so bpaš' mire báp ar ron peacaro an éine daonna, do cuir fearš ar m'atáir. Ni báp coitc-ionnta aét báp náipeac šeobar mé, aét éipeócaró mé arir so šlórmar ašur foršeólaró mé an flaitear do bí duirote, ašur beiró tura do duipteoir!”

“Óra, a Mháširtir,” ar ra Peadaar, “ni féioir so bpuigtea báp náipeac, nac leisfeá dām-ra báp fágaíl ar do šon-ra, tá mé féiró ašur toilteannac.”

“Šaoileann tu rin,” ar ár Slánuigšteoir:

Thainis an t-am a raib ár Slánuigšteoir le báp fágaíl: An tpaetnóna noime rin bí ré féin ašur an dá abrtal deus aš reire; nuair dubairt ré, “tá fear ašuib aš dul mo bpaé.” Bhí tpioblóio mór orra ašur dubairt šac aon aca “an mire é?” Aét dubairt Seirean, “an té éumar le n-a láim ann ran méir liom; ir é rin an fear bpaitear mé.”

Dubairt Peadaar ann rin, “dā mberdear an došman iomlán i d'ašaró,” ar reirean, “ni beiró mire i d'ašaró,” aét dubairt ár Slánuigšteoir leir, “pul má šoirpeann an Coileac anoét ceirpíó (peunfaió) tu mé tpi h-uáire.”

“Do šeobainn báp pul má ceirpinn tu,” ar ra Peadaar, “so veimín ni ceirpeao tu.”

and there came four men; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that! He recognised our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills; "these two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing, and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven; but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut, and is not to be opened until I die for the sin of the human race, who put anger on My Father. It is not a common, but a shameful, death I shall get; but I shall rise again gloriously, and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death; would you not allow me to die for you; I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray me." There was great trouble on them, and each of them said, "Am I he?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter then said, "If the whole world were against you, I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was

Nuair tugadh breiteamhnar báir ar áir Slánuiḡteoir, bí a cúro námhao d'á bualaod agus as caithod rnuḡairle air. Bhí Peardair amuiḡ ann ran ḡcúirt, nuair táinig cailín-aimrīre cúise agus dubairt leir “bí tuḡa le hÍora.” “Ní'l fíor aḡam,” ar rā Peardair, “cao é tá tu ḡáod.”

Nuair bí ré as dul amac an ḡeata, ann rin, dubairt cailín éile, “rin fear do bí le hÍora,” aḡt tug reirean a mionna naḡ ḡaiḡ eólar ar bit aise air. Ann rin dubairt cúro de na daoiniḡ do bí as éirteaḡt, “ní'l amhar ar bit naḡ ḡaiḡ tu leir, aitchmíro ar do éaint é.” Thuḡ ré na mionnaiḡ móra ann rin, náir leir é, agus ar ball do ḡlaod an coilead, agus cúimniḡ ré ann rin ar na foclair dubairt áir Slánuiḡteoir, agus do fíl ré na deóira aitchḡe, agus fuair re maiteamhnar ó'n té do ceil ré. Tá eocraḡa flaitir aise anoir, agus má fíleann rinne na deóira aitchḡe faoi n-áir loḡtaib mar do fíl reirean iad, ḡeobamaoio maiteamhnar mar fuair reirean é, agus cuirpíḡ ré ceuo míle fáilte rómáinn; nuair naḡar rinne ḡo doḡur flaitir:

outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's the man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths then that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of heaven.

MAR TÁINIS AN T-SAINT ANNSAN EAGLAIS.*

Uí dhí Slánuigheóir agus Naomh Peadar as rparíveóiríocht tréadnóna, agus do carad rean-íearí orra: Uí dhí an duine boct rin go dona, ní raib ari dót ceirteada agus rean-óda rtríócte, agus san fíú na mbíodh faoi n-a córaib: O'iarri ré déiric ari dhí oTigearna agus ari Naomh Peadar: Uí dhí truaig as Peadar do an donán boct agus fáoil ré go rtríúbrad an Tigearna ruo éigín do: dót níorí éurí an Tigearna don truím ann, dót o'imtígh re táirir san rreagairt tábairt do: Uí dhí iongantar ari pheadar faoi rin; dhí fáoil ré go rtríúbrad an Tigearna do gac ainóeir-eóirí a raib ocrar ari, dót bí raicéioir ari don níú do ráb.

An lá ari na márac bí an Tigearna agus Peadar as rparíveóiríocht arií ari an mbótarí ceutona, agus cia o'íeicreab ríad as teact 'na scoinne ann ran gceart-dit ann a raib an rean-íearí boct an lá roime rin dót robdáiríde agus cloiríeam nocta aige ann a láim: Tháinig ré éuca agus o'iarri ré ariíio oirra: Thuí an Tigearna an t-aííio do gac fíocail do ráb, agus o'imtígh an robdáiríde: Uí dhí iongantar dúbalta ari pheadar ann rin, dhí fáoil ré go raib an íomarcuio meirnígh as dhí oTigearna ariíio do tábairt do gacuirí dhí raicéioir: Nuairí bí an Tigearna agus Peadar ímtíghce tamall beag ari an mbótarí níorí feuo Peadar san ceirt do éurí ari: “Nac móirí an rígeul a Thigearna” ari ré “nac ríuigh tu ríadom do'n donán boct o'iarri déiric oirí anóe; dót go ríuigh tu ariíio do'n bíteamínac gacuiríde do táinig éugao le cloiríeam ann a láim: nac raib ríinn-ne 'n dhí mbéirí agus ní raibí ann dót íearí amáin; tá cloiríeam agam-ra” deirí ré; “agus b' íearrí an íearí míre 'nā eiríean!” “A pheadair” ari ran Tigearna “ní íeiceann túra dót an raob amuigh, dót éiríim-

*Íuarí mé an rígeul ro, o íearí-oibíe do bí as Revington De Róirte, Oíuim an t-reagail, dót éualar go mínic é. ní h-íad ro na ceart-fíocailí ann a dhíuaríearí é.

HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, though I do not give his exact words. I heard one nearly identical, only told in English, in the Co. Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities, common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of “St. Peter and the Horse-shoe”—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story will occur to the student.—DOUGLAS HYDE.
[*Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

As once our Saviour and St. Peter
Were walking over the hills together,
In a lonesome place that was by the sea,
Beside the border of Galilee,
Just as the sun to set began
Whom should they meet but a poor old man!
His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,
He seemed most wretched and forlorn,
Penury stared in his haggard eye,
And he asked an alms as they passed him by.

Peter had only a copper or two,
So he looked to see what the Lord would do.
The man was trembling—it seemed to him—
With hunger and cold in every limb.
But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,
He turned away and He nothing gave.
And Peter was vexed awhile at that
And wondered what our Lord was at,
Because he had thought Him much too good
To ever refuse a man for food.
But though he wondered he nothing said,
Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.

It happened that the following day
They both returned that very way,
And whom should they meet where the man had been,
But a highway robber, gaunt and lean!
And in his belt a naked sword—
For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.
“He’s an ass,” thought Peter, “to meet us thus;
He won’t get anything from us.”
But Peter was seized with such surprise,
He scarcely could believe his eyes
When he saw the Master, without a word,
Give to the man who had the sword.

After the man was gone again
His wonder Peter could not restrain,
But turning to our Saviour, said:
“Master, the man who asked for bread,

re an taob-arth: ní feiceann túra áct corpp na nDoine nuair feicim-re an ciorde: Áct béir fíor agho go fóil” ar Sé “creud fáil do rinne mé rin.”

Thuit ré amac don lá amáin 'na díais rin go nDeaíar Ár Thigearna agus Peadar amúga ar na rleibitib: Bhí teinnthead agus toirnead agus fearrétain mór ann, agus bí ríad báirde, agus an bótar cailite ada: Cia o'feicead ríad éuca ann rin áct an pobáilide ceudna a rúg an Tigearna aighio do an lá rin, Nuair tÁinís ré éuca bí truaig aige dóib, agus rúg ré leir iad go rí uais do bí aige faoi bun cairrige, amearg na rleibthead, agus bain ré an t-eudac ríuic díob agus cuir éudais tihme oirra, agus tús nearc le n'ite agus le n'ól dóib agus leabuir le luidé air, agus gac uile fórt o'feud ré deunam dóib do rinne ré é: An lá ar na márad nuair bí an rtoirm éarc, tús ré amac iad agus níor fás ré iad gur cuir ré ar an mbótar éarc iad, agus tús lón dóib le h-aghaid an airtir: “Mo cónrúar!” ar Peadar leir féin ann rin, “bí an éarc ag Tigearna, ír maic an fear an gáidide; ír iomda fear cónr,” ar reirean, “nac nDeairaid an oiread rin dam-ra!”

Ní raib ríad a b'ad iméighe ar an mbótar ann rin go bfuair ríad fear marb agus é rínte ar éndam a dhroma ar lár an bótar, agus o'aitnig Peadar é gur ab é an fear-fear ceudna do díultais an Tigearna an déire do: “B'ole do rinneamar” ar Peadar leir féin, “aighio do díultugad do'n duine boct rin, agus feuc é marb anoir le donar agus anró.” “A pheadar” ar ran Tigearna “téir éall cuig an b'ear rin agus feuc créad tá aige ann a póca.” Cuair Peadar anonn cuige agus torais ré ag láimriugad a fear-cóca agus creud do fuair ré ann áct a lán aighio gael, agus timéioll cúpla pícti bonn óir. “A Thigearna,” ar ra Peadar, “bhí an éarc agho-ra, agus cia bé ruo deunfar tu no déarf ar tu air, ní radair mé i o' aghaid.” “Deunrair rin a pheadar,” ar ran Tigearna: “Glac an t-aighio rin anoir agus caic arthead é ann ran bpoil

The poor old man of yesterday,
Why did you turn from him away?
But to this robber, this shameless thief,
Give, when he asked you for relief.
I thought it most strange for *you* to do;
We needn't have feared him, we were two.
I have a sword here, as you see,
And could have used it as well as he;
And I am taller by a span,
For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see
Things but as they seem to be.
Look within and see behind,
Know the heart and read the mind,
'Tis not long before you know
Why it was I acted so."

After this it chanced one day
Our Lord and Peter went astray,
Wandering on a mountain wide,
Nothing but waste on every side.
Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,
Peter followed, the Lord went first.
Then began a heavy rain,
Lightning gleamed and flashed again,
Another deluge poured from heaven,
The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.
Then, when fainting, frozen, spent,
A man came towards them through the bent,
And Peter trembled with cold and fright,
When he knew again the robber wight.
But the robber brought them to his cave,
And what he had he freely gave.
He gave them wine, he gave them bread,
He strewed them rushes for a bed,
He lent them both a clean attire
And dried their clothes before the fire,
And when they rose the following day
He gave them victuals for the way,
And never left them till he showed
The road he thought the straightest road.

"The Master was right," thought Peter then,
"The robber is better than better men,
There's many an honest man," thought he,
"Who never did as much for me."

They had not left the robber's ground
'Above an hour, when lo, they found
A man upon the mountain track
Lying dead upon his back.
And Peter soon, with much surprise,
The beggarman did recognize.

móna t̃all, nī b̃ionn ann ran aṛṣiōṭ ṣo minic aēt mallaēt m̃óṛi Chriunnīs p̃eadaṛ an τ-aṛṣiōṭ le céile, aṣur éuaṛó p̃é ṣo ṛṭ? an poll-móna leir; aēt nuair b̃i p̃é ōul ṛ'á c̃aiteam̃ aṛteaē; “oēōn,” aṛ p̃é leir p̃éin, “nac̃ áir̃b̃éul an tṛuaṣ an τ-aṛṣiōṭ bṛeāṣ ro ṛo c̃ur am̃áṣa, aṣur íṛ minic b̃ionn oēṛaṛ aṣur taṛṭ aṣur p̃uaēt aṛ an m̃áig̃iṛṭiṛ, óiṛ nī t̃uṣann p̃é aon aṛe ṛó p̃éin; aēt cong̃b̃ócaṛó m̃iṛe c̃uṛo ṛe 'n aṛṣiōṭ ro aṛ ron a leaṛa p̃éin; a ṣan p̃iōṛ ṛó; aṣur b̃'p̃eaṛṛṛṛe é.” leir rin ṛo c̃aite p̃é an τ-aṛṣiōṭ ṣeal uile, aṛteaē ann ran b̃poll, i muēt ṣo ṣcluinṛeaṛó an T̃iṣeaṛna an toṛan, aṣur ṣo paolṛeaṛó p̃é ṣo paṛó p̃é uile c̃aite aṛteaē: Nuair t̃áinīs p̃é aṛ aṛann rin ṛ'p̃iaṛṛuiṣ an T̃iṣeaṛna, ṛé “A p̃heaṛaiṛ,” aṛ p̃é, “aṛ c̃aite tu an τ-aṛṣiōṭ rin uile aṛteaē.” “Chait̃eaṛ” aṛ p̃eadaṛ, “aēt am̃áin p̃iōṛa óiṛ nō ṛó, ṛo cong̃baṛṣ mé le biaṛó aṣur ṛeoē ṛo c̃eannaē ṛuit-ṛe.”

“O! a p̃heaṛaiṛ,” aṛ ran T̃iṣeaṛna, “c̃r̃eāṛ p̃áē nac̃ ñṛeaṛ-naṛó tu maṛi ṛub̃aiṛṭ m̃iṛe leat: p̃eaṛi ranntaē t̃u, aṣur b̃éir̃ó an tṛaint rin oṛṭ ṣo b̃r̃áē.”

Sin é an p̃áē paol a b̃ṛuil an Eaglaíṛ ranntaē ó foim̃.



"Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right
To refuse him alms the other night.
He's dead from the cold and want of food,
And we're partly guilty of his blood."

"Peter," said our Lord, "go now
Feel his pockets and let us know
What he has within his coat."
Then Peter turned them inside out,
And found within the lining plenty
Of silver coins, and gold ones twenty.

"My Lord," said Peter, "now I know
Why it was you acted so.

Whatever you say or do with men,
I never will think you wrong again."

"Peter," said our Saviour, "take
And throw those coins in yonder lake,
That none may fish them up again,
For money is often the curse of men."

Peter gathered the coins together,
And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.

But he thought in his mind: "It's a real sin

To be flinging this lovely money in.

We're often hungry, we're often cold,
And money is money—I'll keep the gold
To spend on the Master; He needs the pelf,
For He's very neglectful of Himself."

Then down with a splash does Peter throw
The *silver* coins to the lake below,
And hopes our Lord from the splash would think
He had thrown the whole from off the brink.

And then before our Lord he stood
And looked as innocent as he could.

Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;
Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"

"Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,
But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,
Since I thought we might find them very good
For bed, or for drink, or a bite of food.

Because our own are nearly out,
And they are inconvenient to do without.

But, if you wish it, of course I'll go
And fling the rest of the lot below."

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,

"You should have obeyed me at my word,
For a greedy man you are, I see;
And a greedy man you will ever be;
A covetous man you are of gain,
And a covetous man you will remain."

And that's the reason, as I've been told,
The clergy are since so fond of gold.

FIGAIR NA CROISE NAOIMTA.

O námao mo éireoinn, námao mo tír,
 Námao mo éioinne 'r mo céile;
 A tigeanna deun mo comairce
 Le figair na Croise naomta;

Le báir na Croise éannais tu
 Slíocht [mí-] fortúnae éba;
 Ó roin anuar ir beannaisíte
 An comairce ro áir-naomta;

Do pleur an éarrais, do duib an srian;
 Do éroit an doimán go h-éactae,
 Nuair d'áirdeisead ruar an Slánaisíteoir
 Air éruim na Croise naomta.

Fánaor! dá bítin rin, an té
 Nac mbéir a éiríde d'á neitad,
 A'r deoir aicruge as ríleas uair,
 Or cómair na Croise naomta!

Ir gearr é réim an duine laig.
 Sior le rán an t-raogail-re,
 Ni taomann (?) an Spiorad malluigte
 Luét figair na Croise naomta;

Sgannródar gac don faoi sheim an báir
 D'á táctad ruar, as eugad,
 —Ir doct béir lá an anara
 San ríad na Croise naomta;

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

[I came across this religious poem in Irish among the MSS. of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish Leader, at Cahermoyle. It was attributed to a Father O'Meehan.—DOUGLAS HYDE, in "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,
 From the foes who would us dissever,
 O Lord, preserve me in life, in death,
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the Cross was the race restored,
 For vain was our endeavor;
 Henceforward blessèd, O blessèd Lord,
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade
 The darkening world did quiver,
 When on the tree our Saviour made
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,
 Down like an ebbing river,
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,
 When the soul and the body sever,
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

bea a otri mbó.
nn

So péir, bea na otri mbó!
Ar do bólaet na bí teann:
Do connairc meiri san so,
Bea ir ba dá mó a beann:

Ní mairéann rairbhear do gndé,
Do neac ná tabair tair so móir;
Cúgat an t-éas ar gac taob;
So péir, a bea na otri mbó

Siuoc éogain mór 'ra mairéann;
A n-imteacé do gni clú dóib;
A reolta sup léigeadar rior;
So péir, a bea na otri mbó!

Clann gairge tigeanna an clair,
A n-imteacé-ran, ba lá leoin,
San rúil re n-a oteacé so bnaé
So péir, a bea na otri mbó!

Dóinnall ó Dún baol na long;
Ua Súilleabáin ná'r t'im glór;
Féac sup tuic 'ran Spáin re clairéam;
So péir, a bea na otri mbó!

Ua Ruairc ir Magliúir, do bí
Lá i n-Éirinn 'na lán beoil;
Féac réin sup imtis an oir:—
So péir, a bea na otri mbó!

Síol gCearbail do bí teann;
le mbeiréi gac geall i ngleó;
Ní mairéann don díob, mo díe!
So péir, a bea na otri mbó!

Ó don boin amáin do bheir
Ar mhnaoi eile, ir í a dó;
Do pinnir-re iomorca a péir:
So péir, a bea na otri mbó!

An Ceangal:

Bíod ar m'falluinn; a ainoir ir uairneac gndir;
Do bíor san dearmad rearmad buan 'ra tnat:
Trío an pacmur do glacair reo' buaid ar oir;
Dá bpaiginn-re reab a ceatair do buailpinn tú.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH, BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O Woman of Three Cows, *agra!* don't let your tongue thus rattle!
 Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
 I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
 And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
 Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,
 See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, unchanted;
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
 Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story:
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory.
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs—
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrols, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbour's poor; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
 Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;
 But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

AVRAN.

Now, there you go; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
 And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
 If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
 I'd thwack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

First published by O'Curry in the "Irish Penny Journal" (Gunn & Cameron's)
 No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note, and Mangan's famous metrical
 version (pp. 68, 69).

AN RANN SAEÜEALAC:

Aḡ ro rann leat-pāḡánta eile do éualar ó ðuine o Connacé
 Óuin-na-ngall; buð mí-ḡuaimneac rḡáio na h-Éipeann, mar ip
 corḡúil; nuair ḡinneacó é—

Nár ḡarḡaró mipe ðuine ar bit
 A'ḡ nár ḡarḡaró don ðuine mé,
 Acḡ má tá don ðuine ar ti mo ḡarḡaró
 So mbuð mipe ḡarḡar é!

Aḡ ro rann eile ar an ḡcléir, do bí aca i ḡCúige Muman, aḡur
 do beir O Óalacḡ óúinn—

Seacáin feaḡmanar cille,
 le buirḡin na cléipe ná ðeun coingiró,
 No ip baogal do o'cuio uile
 imḡeacḡ mar ḡuileabair ar bárr tuile!

Aḡ ro rann ar an meirḡe, do éualaró mé ó m' éarairó Tomár
 Óarclacḡ: ip beaḡnac i n "Deirḡe é"—

Ni meirḡe ip mipe liom;
 Acḡ leirḡ a feicirint orm;
 ḡan oig na meirḡe ip mipe an ḡreann;
 Acḡ ni ḡnácac meirḡe ḡan mi-ḡreann.

Aḡ ro rann do éualar ó'n ḡfeair ceuḡna, ar mḡnai boirḡ; acḡ
 ré aca i ḡCúige Muman mar an ḡceuḡna—

ḡarḡaró teine ḡaoi loc
 No caiteam cloḡ le cuan;
 Cómairle do tábairḡ do mḡnai boirḡ
 ip buille o'orm* ar iarann ḡuair;

Aḡ ro rann mi-láḡac eile ar na mḡaib, do éualar i ḡConnacé-
 táib—

ḡri nio ip oirilḡ a mḡnacó
 Dean, muc, aḡur mḡile!

* Aliter, "oirin," mar, éualar é ó feair eile.

IRISH RANNS.

[From "Songs of Connacht," by DOUGLAS HYDE.]

Here is a half-Pagan rann which I heard from a man in Donegal. The state of Ireland seems to have been unsettled at the time it was made—

I hope and pray that none may kill me,
Nor I kill any, with woundings grim,
But if ever any should think to kill me
I pray thee, God, let me kill him.*

Here is another rann about the clerics which O'Daly gives us—

Avoid all stewardship of church or Kill,
It is ill to be much in the clerics' way,
Lest you live to see that which with pains you save,
Like foam on the wave float far away.†

Here is a rann on drunkenness which I got from my friend Thomas Barclay. It is almost in *Deibhidh* metre—

I mind not being drunk, but then
Much mind to be seen drunken.
Drink only perfects all our play,
Yet breeds it discord away.‡

Here is another rann on the fierce or wayward woman, which I heard from the same; it is also current in Munster—

Like a fire kindled beneath a lake,
Like a stone to break an advancing sea,
Like a blow that is struck upon iron cold,
'To the wayward woman thy counsels be.§

Here is another discourteous rann on women that I heard in Connacht—

If you hope to teach, you must be a fool,
A woman, a porker, or a mule.||

* *Literally*: That I may kill no man at all, and that no man may kill me! But if there is anyone bent on killing me, that it may be I who shall kill him!

† *Literally*: Avoid the stewardship of a Kill (or church). With the band of the clerics do not make agreement, or there is a danger of all your portion departing like leaves on the top of the tide.

‡ *Literally*: It is not intoxication I think the worse of, but [am] loath it to be seen on me. Without the drink of intoxication fun is the worse, but intoxication is not usual without dis-fun [*i.e.*, something the opposite of fun].

§ *Literally*: The kindling of a fire beneath a lake or the throwing of stones against the harbor, to give advice to a wayward (or fierce) woman, it is a blow of a fist upon cold iron.

|| *Literally*: Three things difficult to teach [are] a woman, a pig, and a mule!

As ro rann ar an bfeair boib; do cualar i scondae
Rorcomain—

Cómaire do tabairt do duine boib
Ní bfuil ann aet nio san céill;
So sclaoirtear é 'na loet
'S so nigtear é 'na aim-leap féin:

As so cómaire do tug ragar i scondae Mhuig Eó do cailín
do bí sí gaili-beurac gleurca; do cualair mé ó'n bfeair
ceurona—

A cailín deap ná meap gur mór i do ciall;
'S so bfuil "nótion" asao nári cleaet do pór ariam;
Bólaet-bleaet do b'aite leó ar ríab,
'S ní cota breac ar pleac (?) do tóna fiar:

As ro focal briogmar ar condae Mhuig Eó—

"Saoilim," "ir doig liom," a'r "dar liom féin,"
Sin trí fiaonuire atá as an mbreis:

Asur duhairt fear ó'n scondae ceurona so cruinn ciallmair le
duine a raib an-caint asur toga an béarla aise; aet do pinne
dporc-uirgebeata—

Ní béarla gnió braid
Aet a ruatao so maie!

As ro rann maie ar an tríor-trois rin atá ar bun roir an
toil asur an tuigrint, air ar labair an Rómánac, nuair duhairt
ré, video meliora probo-que—deteriora sequor—

Nac boet an toirg a'r an cor ann a bfuilim i bpéin!
Mo tuigrint óm' toil, a'r mo toil as bfuilim óm' céill;
Ní tuigtear dom' toil gac loet dom' tuigrint ir léir,
No má tuigtear, ní toil léi, aet toil a tuigrona féin:

* *Literally*: To give advice to a wayward [or fierce] man, there is nothing in it but an act devoid of sense, until he be overthrown in his fault, and until he is washed [*i.e.*, laid out dead] in his own misfortune.

† *Literally*: My pretty girl, do not think that great is your sense, and sure you have a notion that your people [*literally*, "seed"] never practised, milk-kine on a mountain they liked better, and not a speckled coat behind.

Here is a rann on the fierce or wayward man, which I heard in the County Roscommon—

To a wayward man thine advice to bring
Is a foolish thing, and a loss of time,
His fault must find him, he must be crost,
Till death be the cost of his frantic crime.*

Here is an advice which a priest in the County Mayo gave to a girl who was too foreign-mannered and dressy; I heard it from the same—

My girl, I *fear* your sense is not *great* at all,
Your fathers, my *dear*, would *rate* such sense as small,
They loved good *cheer* and not *state*, and a well-filled stall,
Not garments *queer* to *inflate* like the purse-proud Gall.†

Here is a forcible saying from the County Mayo—

“No doubt sure,” “Myself believes,” “Thinks I,”
Three witnesses these of the common lie!‡

A man from the same county said pithily to someone who had fine talk and choice English, but who made bad whiskey—

It's to mix-without-fault,
And not English, makes malt!§

Here is a good rann on that constant combat which is ever on foot between the will and the reason, of which the Latin spoke when he said, “I see the better things and approve of them, but I follow the worse”—

How sad is my case, I am surely in *plight* most ill,
My will with my reason, my reason *fights* with my will,
My reason sees faults that my will remains *blind* to still,
Or should my will see them, my reason *strikes* to my will.||

† *Literally*: “I think,” “I’m near-sure,” and “it seems to me,” those are three witnesses that the lie has.

§ *Literally*: It is not English makes malt, but to mix it well.

|| *Literally*: Is it not poor, the way and the condition in which I am in pain, my understanding [moving away] from my will, and my will moving away from my understanding. Each fault which is plain to my understanding is not understood by my will, or if it is understood she wills it not, but [wills] the will of her own understanding.

“Að þu þann eile; ír þeann-þocat coitcúonnn “ní tuißeann an
pátað an þeann” —

Níor áiríð an pátað páim an t-ocrað páim,
S ní táiníð páim tráðað þan lán-múir obann 'na 'óiaíð,
Ní bíonn páirt að mnaib le srogaíre líat,
'S ní tuið an 'bár þpár 'o 'uine ar bíð áriam.

Að þu þann eile ar céill aður ar mí-céill —

Cíall aður mí-cíall
'Óiað nað ngabann le céile!
Ír 'óiaíð le þeann þan céill
Þur 'bé þeim úðvar na céille!

Að þu þann eile ar an 'uine a þfuil a áire aður a innitinn
ar þán uaið —

Þann toraíð an t-iúðar,
Ní bíonn coitcúe þan bárr glar,
Íonnann á'r þan a beit 'ran mbaile
Þeac ann á'r a áire ar!

Tá morán þann ann; að innrit 'þeirið neitæð an tragaíre:
Þeiriðm þo þfuil an 'uiri ír mó aca coitcúonnn 'o'n oileán ar
það: Ní tuiðrað anoir áct ceann aca mar þompla, 'o þeiri mar
atá þé i sconðæ Mhuig-Éó —

'Deireað loinge, bátað,
'Deireað áite, lofðað,
'Deireað cuírm, cáineað,
'Deireað pláinte, orna:

Atá mar an sceuðna a lán 'o þannitaið að toruðað leir an
þpocat “Maírs” að 'uineam truaíge þaoi neitib eugramla. Að

* *Literally*: The mild satisfied one never felt [for] the hungry one, and there never came an ebb without a full tide close behind it. No woman has any part with a gray-haired dotard (?), and death has never given respite to anyone.

† *Literally*: Sense and un-sense, two who do not go together. The man without sense is certain that he himself is the author of sense.

Here is another rann: "The satiated does not understand the lean" is a common proverb—

The satisfied man for the hungry one never feels,
There never comes ebb without full tide close at its heels,
To the gray-haired dotard no woman her heart reveals,
From death when he comes no praying a respite steals.*

Here is another rann on sense and folly—

Though the senseless and sensible
Never foregather,
Yet the senseless one thinks
He is Sense's own father.†

Here is another rann on the man whose attention and mind are astray—

A constant tree is the yew to me,
It is green to see, and grows never gray,
'T were as good for a man through the world to roam
As to live at home with his mind away.‡

There exist many ranns telling the end of the things of the world. I believe the most of these are common to the entire island. I shall only give one of them here as a specimen, in the form it has in the County Mayo—

The end of a ship is drowning,
The end of a kiln is burning,
The end of a feast is frowning,
The end of man's health—is mourning.§

There are also a great number of ranns beginning with the word "alas," or "woe," lamenting over various things. Here

† A tree of fruit is the yewtree, it is never without a green top. It is the same thing for a man not to be at home as for him to be there with his attention away. [The idea seems to be that wherever a man is planted, he should remain there with his mind fresh and green like the yew and not grow withered by wishing to be where he cannot be.]

§ *Literally*: The end of a ship—drowning; the end of a kiln—burning; the end of a feast—reviling; the end of health—a sigh.

ro cūpla rompla díob ro, ar an scondáe Rorcomáin, mar do
cualar iad—

1r mairḡ do ḡnó bḡannra san ríol,
, 1r mairḡ bíor i dtír san beit tḡeun, (a)
1r mairḡ do ḡnó cómháó san ríacé,
 Aḡur dá mairḡ nac ḡcuirḡann ríacé ar a beul;

Aḡur aḡír—

1r mairḡ a mbíonn a cápaó pann,
 1r mairḡ a mbíonn a clann san ríacé,
1r mairḡ a bíḡear i mboḡán boḡé,
 A' r dá mairḡ a bíḡear san oíe ná maíḡ.

1r íomḡa pann ann; mar an ḡ-cuḡona; ḡoraíḡear le “1r fuac
líom.”

1r fuac líom cáirleán ar mḡóin,
 1r fuac líom rḡḡmair beit báíḡce,
1r fuac líom bean buinneac (?) ar bḡóin;
 'ḡur 1r fuac líom ríacá ar fagaḡḡ;

Aḡír—

1r fuac líom cú tḡuaḡ
 Aḡ reat (rít) ar fuo tḡíḡe,
1r fuac líom duine-uaraí
 Aḡ fḡearḡal dá mḡaoi!

Tá pann cómhúil leir reó i dtíobí fḡinn Mhic Chumháil—

Ceíḡe nḡo dá dtuḡ fḡíonn fuac—
 Cú tḡuaḡ, a' r eac maíḡ,
Tḡíḡearna tíḡe san beit ḡíḡe,
 Aḡur bean fḡir nac mbéarḡaó clann;

Buó ḡnáḡac leir na uaoimib beitíḡeac éíḡin do mairḡaó aḡur
o'íḡe oíḡce fḡéile Mháḡḡain; Tháḡḡa, an oíḡce reó, nac pailḡ
le mairḡaó aḡ mḡaoi an tḡíḡe acḡ muc bḡeac, aḡur níor maíḡ léi
rín do deunam. Acḡ buó mian leir an mac béile maíḡ do beit

(a) Aliter, tḡéíḡeac.

Literally: Alas for who makes land fallow without seed [to put in it],
alas for him who is in a land without being strong, alas for who makes
conversation without elegance, and twice alas for him who places no
control over his mouth.

are a couple of examples of them just as I heard them in the County Roscommon—

Alas for who plow without seed to sow,
For the weak who go through a foreign land,
For the man who speaks badly yet does not know,
—Twice woe for the mouth under no command.*

And again—

Alas for the man who is weak in friends,
For the man whose sons do not make him glad,
For the man of the hut through which winds can blow,
—Twice woe for who neither is good nor bad†

There is also many a rann beginning with the words "I hate." Such as—

I hate a castle on bog-land built,
And a harvest spilt through the constant wet,
I hate a woman who spoils the quern,
And I hate a priest to be long in debt.‡

Again—

I hate poor hounds about a house
That drag their mangy life,
I hate to see a gentleman
Attending on his wife?§

There is a rann somewhat like this about Finn Mac Cool—

Four things did Finn dislike indeed,
A slow-foot steed, a hound run wild,
An unwise lord who breeds but strife,
And a good man's wife who bears no child.||

It used to be the custom of the people to kill and eat some beast on St. Martin's Night. It happened on this night that the woman of the house had nothing she could kill except a speckled pig, and she did not like to do this. But her son

† *Literally*: Alas for him whose friend is feeble, and alas for him whose children are without prosperity, alas for him who is in a poor bothy or hut, and twice alas for him who is without either bad or good. . [Perhaps this last clause is a reminiscence of the Apocalyptic *οφελον ψυχης 'ης η δεσποσ.*]

‡ *Literally*: I hate a castle on a bog, I hate a harvest to be drowned, I hate a * * * (P) woman at a quern, and I hate debt on a priest.

§ *Literally*: I hate a miserable hound running throughout a house, I hate a gentleman attending [*i.e.*, for want of servants] on his wife.

|| *Literally*: Four things to which Finn gave hatred, a miserable hound, a slow steed, a country's lord not to be prudent, and a man's wife who would not bear children.

aige ašur éuaib ré i bfoiaé ar éil an tige, 'd'atpaité ré a šut;
ašur dubaité ré dé šlón šnána uatbápac an rann ro—

Mire Mártan deapš Dia;

Ašur ar šac realb buainim feóil;

Mar nári marb tura an muc breac

Marbpaib mire do mac Cormac óš:

Do ršannpaitéad an máctair, óir faoil rí šur b'é Naom Mártan
féim do bí aš labaité; ašur marb rí an muc:

Aš ro ršeul do ršriób mé ríor o beul mheáil mhe Ruairíuš
“an file ar cónaé Mhuig-Éó,” mar leanar:

“Bí beirt pšarit aš ppairdeópacé; don lá amáin; ašur conn-
aité riad [aš] tigeacé 'na n-ašair leat-amadán naé raib don éiall
aige, acé bí ré an šearr-moballac [šéir-fneapšacé], ašur appa
ceann de na pšarit leir an breap eile, ‘cuirfiré mé ceirt ar
Dharmuio anoir nuair éucpaib ré i ngar dúinn.’ ‘Ir fearr
duit a leigean éar’ ar ran fear eile: Nuair éainis Dharmuio
i n-intiš (?) [= i ngar] dóib, appa ceann do na pšarit leir, ‘Iar-
amadoid oir [= fiarpuišimio díot] caó é an uair béirdear a éaint
aš an bpšéacán dub’? ‘Deapš Dharmuio ruar ann ran ašair
ar an pšarit, ašur ‘innpeócaib mé rin duit,’ ar reiréan

Nuair cómnócar an t-iuplac [t-iolar] ar an ngleann;

Nuair šlanpar an ceó de na cnuic;

Nuair iméócar* an traint de na pšarit

Béir a éaint aš an bpšéacán dub:

‘Noir,’ ar ran pšarit eile, ‘nári breapš duit éirteacé le
Dharmuio!’”

Aš ro rann eile do ruair mé ó'n mbárlaigeac—

Šeallpaib an fear breugac

Šac [a] breudap a ériode,

Šaoirfiré an fear rannac

Šac a šealltar šo bpuig.†

Aš ro ceann eile ó cónaé Mhuig Éó—

An té léigear a leabap

A'r naé šcuiréann é i meabap;

Nuair éailleann ré a leabap

Bionn ré 'na baileabap (?)

* “Acé šo n-iméiš,” dubaité Mac ui Ruairíuš, acé ni léiri dam rin.

† = Šo bpuigfiré ré šac nio šealltar.

wished to have a good meal, and he went and hid at the back of the house, changed his voice, and spoke this rann in hideous, awful tones—

I am God's Martin, hear my word,
Out of every herd one head is mine,
I must slay your Cormac 'Og this day
Since you will not slay the spotted swine.*

The mother was frightened, for she thought it was St. Martin himself who was speaking, and she killed the pig.

Here is a story which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rory [Rogers], the "poet from the County Mayo," as follows—

"There were two priests out walking one day, and they saw coming towards them a half fool who had no sense, but he was very short-tailed [*i.e.*, quick-at-answer], and says one of the priests to the other, 'I'll ask Diarmuid a question when he comes near us.' 'It's best for you to let him pass,' says the other one. When Dairmuid came near them one of the priests says to him, 'We're asking you when shall the black crow have speech.' Diarmuid looked up in the priest's face, and 'I'll tell you that,' says he:

'When the eagle shall nest in the hollow glen,
When mountain and fen shall from mists be free,
When the priests shall no longer for gold be seeking,
The crow shall be speaking as plain as we.'

"'Now!' says the other priest, 'wasn't it better for you to listen to [*i.e.*, let be] Diarmuid'!"

Here is another rann from which I got from the same—

The lying man has promised
Whatever thing he could,
The greedy man believes him,
And thinks his promise good.†

Here is another, also from the County Mayo—

The man who only took
His learning from his book,
If that from him be took
He knows not where to look.‡

* I am Martin red-God (?) and out of every herd, do I take meat; as you have not killed the speckled pig, I shall kill your son Cormac Oge. (This use of the word *reab* (which now means any possession) for "herd" is ancient and curious, but Father O'Growney tells me it is still used in Donegal in this sense.)

† *Literally*: The lying man will promise all that his heart is able [to invent], the covetous man will think that he will get all that is promised.

‡ *Literally*: He who reads his book, and does not put it into his memory, when he loses his book he becomes a simpleton (?).

seáḡan an tÍomais;
 blúirín as stair na h-Éireann!
 conán maol.

Caib. 1:

bile na coille.

I r íomda fear ḡairḡeamail do h-oilead i n-Ulad ó Coin-
 Culainn anuar go dtí Seáḡan an tÍomais: i b'pao inr na cian-
 taid do ruḡad ann niall naoi nḡiallaḡ, ní cúmáctac do bí i
 tTeamair. I r minic do mótuig na Rómánaig i m'breatain a
 corḡairt ríú: i ḡceann t'á t'ururaid t'ug ré leir mar cime
 buacail óḡ t'ár b'ainm 'na díad ríú páoruis: Do b'é an
 cime úo an Tailḡin ḡur innir na t'raoite roim rae a t'eact. Tá
 a clú, ḡ a ceannar go h-aibíó f'ór imearḡ ḡaeḡeal, aḡt dála
 néill naoi nḡiallaig i r beaḡ náḡ b'fuit a ainm t'eapmáota. Ar
 a f'on roin ba móir le ráḡ an ní úo lá, ḡ ar a leapraḡa t' f'ár
 an aicme ba cúmaraiḡe ḡ ba calma t'á raib i n'Éirinn le n-a linn
 féin, 'ná b'féirir ar t'ruim an t'omáin: Cuapdaig r'tair na
 ḡríoc eile, féac imearḡ aicmib abur ḡ t'ail ḡ ní b'fuiḡfir fir
 t'aon cinead amáin do b'áilne t'peac, do ba calma i nḡleó, do
 ba ḡléir-inntineac i ḡcómairle 'ná na ráir-fir do ríolraib ar
 fead na ḡcéaota bliadan ar an b'péim uarail rin Muintir Néill.

Fá mar do liúḡa nn an ḡaoḡ móir timceall c'rainn d'aine i
 n'aonar ar láir macaire, ḡan baint le n-a neart aḡt amáin na
 t'uilleóḡa do rḡíobaḡ t'e ḡ ro-ceann t'á ḡéaḡaib do b'píreac
 le h-áir t'apraḡt, do ba mar rin do na Saranaig ar fead c'eit're
 céaḡ bliadan t'á mbarḡad féin i ḡcoinnib na ḡcupaide úo do
 táinḡ ó niall naoi-nḡiallaḡ; ḡ i r é mo t'uarim ná buaib'fíde
 coit'ce o'ra ríú muna mbéaḡ ḡur eirḡeadair i n-aḡair a céile.

Ní raib fear ar an ḡcinead ba mó cail 'ná an Seáḡan ro do
 luaḡmuid. Éireannac 'na ballaib do b'eaḡ é, cóim maic 'na
 loḡtaib ḡ 'na t'péitib fearamla. Ní raib fé cóim ḡlic i ḡcóm-
 airle 'ná cóim ḡéar-cúireac i ḡceirt le h-aor ó Néill
 t'foḡluimíó cleapáideacḡ maḡla i t'oiḡ Elíre, bainp'ioḡain
 Sarana. Ní raib bun-eólar coḡair aige cóim clir'oe le h-eoḡan
 Ruad, aḡt níor fáruig aon duine aca ro é i nḡairḡe, i nḡíom,
 'ná i nḡráḡ t'á t'ir. Tá aon r'mál amáin ar a ainm. T'foillirḡ

SHANE THE PROUD.

A FRAGMENT OF IRISH HISTORY.

BY P. J. O'SHEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TREE OF THE WOOD.

THERE was many a valiant man reared in Ulster, from Cuchulainn to Shane the Proud. Far back in the old times Niall of the Nine Hostages was born there, a powerful king in Tara. The Romans in Britain often experienced the havoc wrought by him. In one of his expeditions he took with him as a prisoner of war a young boy whose name afterwards was Patrick. That slave was the saintly child whose coming the Druids foretold. His fame and his power are fresh and strong still among Gaels. But as to Niall of the Nine Hostages his name is almost forgotten. But nevertheless that king was very great once, and from his loins sprang the most powerful and the most valiant race that existed in all Ireland in their own time, or perhaps in the whole world. Search the history of other countries, seek among the tribes here and elsewhere, and you will not find men of any one race who were handsomer in appearance or more valiant in battle or more intellectual in counsel than the brave men who, during hundreds of years, sprang from that noble root of the O'Neills.

As the wind howls round about an oak-tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain without reducing its strength, but only snatching leaves from it and breaking an odd one of its branches by a great effort, so it was with the English for four hundred years, flinging themselves against those champions descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages: and it is my opinion that the latter would never have been conquered but for the fact that they rose up against each other.

There was no man of the family more renowned than this Shane of whom we speak. He was an Irishman all over, as well in his faults as in his manly qualities. He was not so clever in counsel nor so subtle in disquisition as Hugh O'Neill, who learned state-craft in the house of Elizabeth, Queen of England. He was not so skilful in the science of warfare as Owen Roe, but neither of these surpassed him in valor, in

na Sapanais go poiléir an ríml roin dúinn go h-ácarac, mar ba beas oíra Seághan Ó Néill: D'fuaadais ré bean Calbais Uí Dómnail; deirbhíur do tigeapna na nOileán coir Albain, 7 ir doic le n-a lán úsodar sup éaluis ríre leir le n-a toil féin. Ir ruarac nác raib ré cóm h-oic leir na Sapanais féin ar an gcuma rain, áct amáin go n-atomócad peirean a dhóc-éleactad mar níor ba pimineac é, áct fear píninneac ná ceilfead a cáim:

Catb. 2:

Eire le n-a linn:

Ní fearad lmr fáil lá ruaimnir riam ó sab reóita na Normánac i gcuan ar "Tráig an Bainb" le Diarmair na nGall inr an mbliadain 1169. Táinig na Normánaig go Sapaná ó'n bFrainc céad bliadan roim an am roin; fá rtiúrúgad Liam Buadcais, 7 do rzaipeadar na Sapanais i n-aon bhuigín amáin: Bí na Sapanais fá coir gan móil 7 Normánac 'na rúg 7 'na buanna oíra fearoa: Níor ba dala roin d'Éirinn: Ó'n pí rin an dapa Hanrí go dci an t-octmad Hanrí bí rúgte Sapaná 'na "otigeapnaib" ar Éirinn: Ní raib ré i mipeac aon pí aca Rí Éireann do glaoad ar féin sup ceap an t-octmad Hanrí sup coir do féin beir 'na pí dárírib ar Éireannaig:

Ar an adbar roin cuir ré zairm rgoile amac go raib ré maectanac ar taoipeadaib móra Éireann cruinnúgad ar aon látar go mbponnfaró ré ciobail 7 talam oíra:

Do b'é nór na otaopeac roin go dci rúo beir 'na gcinn ar an dceib 7 ploinnead a dceibe féin do dógbail: Bí Ó Buiain mar ceann ar Muinir Buiain, Ó Néill mar ceann ar Mhuinir Néill, 7 mar rin doib: Cuirfid an t-octmad Hanrí deir-ead leir an nór roin fearoa, 7 d'a péir rin cuireann ré rósra as ríall ar áro-taoipeadaib Éireann nác bfuil uair áct ríotcáin do déanao leó, 7 go ndéanfaró ré tigeapnaí móra díob, 7 go mbponnfaró ré talam na treibe oíra áct géillead dó. Do maectnuig na taoirg: Do péir nór na h-Éireann an uair rin níorb' leir an otaopeac talam na treibe, áct leó féin 7 leirean i dceanna cáile: Bí peirean mar ceann oíra mar d'árouig-eadar féin é ar cóingeall go otabarfaró ré ceart doib: Ar an adbar roin bíodar raor 7 ní leómpad an taoipeac a gcuro

action, nor in love of his country. 'There is just one stain upon his name. The English have shown us that stain clearly and gladly, for they detested Shane O'Neill. He carried off Calvach O'Donnell's wife, sister to the Lord of the Isles on the coast of Scotland; and many authors think that she eloped with him of her own will. He was very nearly as bad as the English themselves in that way, except that *he* would admit his evil conduct, for he was no hypocrite, but a truthful man, who would not conceal his fault.

CHAPTER II.

IRELAND IN HIS TIME.

Inisfail never saw a day's peace after the sails of the Normans were lowered in the harbor at Traig-an-Vaniv,* with Foreign Dermot, in the year 1169. The Normans came to England from France a hundred years before that time, under the command of William the Conqueror, and they routed the Saxons in one single battle. The Saxons were overcome at once, and a Norman was King and task-master over them thenceforward. It was not thus with Ireland. From that King, Henry II., to Henry VII., the Kings of England were "lords" of Ireland. Not one of them had the courage to call himself King of Ireland until Henry VIII. thought that he ought to be really King over the Irish.

He therefore issued a proclamation that all the great chiefs of Ireland must assemble in one place so that he might present them with titles and lands.

Until then, it was the custom of those chiefs to be heads of the clans and to take the family name of their own clan. O'Brien was head of the O'Brien family, O'Neill of the O'Neill family, and so with all of them. Henry VIII. will put an end to this custom for the future, and accordingly he sends a notice to the high chiefs of Ireland that he wants nothing but to make peace with them, and that he will make great lords of them, and that he will bestow upon them the lands of their clan, provided they submit themselves to him. The chieftains reflected. According to Irish customs at that time the land of the clan did not belong to the chief, but to themselves and to him jointly. He was their head, because they themselves appointed him on condition that he would give them their rights. For that reason they were free, and the chief would not dare to

* Somewhere on the coast of Wexford. The name is not now recognizable.

taimhan do baint díob mar bí an oipeas ciit aca féin cum na taimhan roin 7 bí aigecean:

Ácť féac an olige reo do ceap an t-octmáť Hanrí 7 a minir-
teir glie Wolsey. Deať an taoireac fearťa mar máigirir ar
gac treib 1 n-ionať beit mar do bí ré go tťi ro 'na uacťarán
orta. Níor taitnig an gnó 1 n-aon cor leir an ttreib, ácť do
péirťig ré go dian máit leir na taoireacáib, 7 do rmuainiť gac
ceann aca ar a řon féin go maib ré 7 a tťáinig roimir tñáite,
tuirreac le cómrac 1 n-aťarť na Saranać; 7 gur mictio corť do
cúr leir an imprear:

Uá cionn roin léigmiť gur tťuall taoirig móra na h-Éireann
anonn go lúntuin cum Hanrí inť an mbliatáin 1541, 7 'na mearť
Conn Ó Néill; 7 go maib an pí go rial, páilteac, uirraimeac leó;
7 go nveáirnať ré iarlai 7 tigeapnai díob do péir a gceim 'ra
traogal.

Ua túbairteac an turur é mar do deagail ré gac treib 1 n-
Éirinn ó'n nór do bí aca leir na ciantaib—ré rin flait do
deanať díob féin ar an ttreib gan rpleatťar do piť Saranać;
Caitťio riadť fearťa úmalúgacť do'n iarlai nuať ro do cum an
pí díob, 7 muna mbeirť riadť úmal do cuirreap raiťoúirí Saranać
cum cabruigťe leir an iarlai nuať 1 gcomair rmact do cúr ar an
ttreib nótan. Ní řuláir do'n iarlai nuať leir aipe tábairť do
féin nó ártóťarť Saranać iarlai eile 'na ionať a beirť úmal 7
muirteapťa do'n riagaltar:

Caib. 3:

SRUAIM 1 DTÍR EÓGAIN:

Níor b'iongnatť go maib riormarraig 1 tťir Eógain ar teact
ar n-air do'n iarlai nuať, 7 coťarnac 7 cnotacť ceann 7 láim-
peáil claitťeam go basarťac abur 7 tall: "1r é an Conn ro an
ceatť Ó Néill do cřom a glún cum piť iarlacta," ar riartan; 7
tuťarar řúil ar Seálgan, aoránać Cuinn: "Tá aťar piť ann,"
aťubraťar le cēile; "řan go bťararť ré: Féac an řruais řaťať;
fáinneac, řionn roin air, 7 an tť řúil larmara řlara roin aigeť;
Tá ré ať borpacť go tuť. Tá bpeir 7 ré tťoigťe ar áirťe ann
ceana féin: Féac go cřuinn air, náć leatťan-guailneac řuinnťe
řearťarťac atá réť, cóm tťireac le řleigť, cóm lúctmar le řiať;

take their land from them, for they had as much right to that land as he had.

But observe this law that Henry VIII. and his cunning minister, Wolsey, devised. The chieftain would in future be the master of each clan, instead of being, as he had been hitherto, the head man of them. The business did not please the clan at all, but it suited the chieftains thoroughly well, and each of them thought for his own part that he and all who came before him were worried and tired with fighting against the English, and that it was time to put a stop the struggle.

And so it is that we read that the great chiefs of Ireland traveled over to London to Henry in the year 1541, and among them Conn O'Neill; and that the King was most generous and hospitable and respectful towards them, and that he made earls and lords of them according to their rank in life.

It was an unlucky journey, for it parted every clan in Ireland from the custom they had had for ages—that is, making a prince for themselves from among the clan, independently of the King of England. Henceforward they will have to obey this new Earl that the King has made for them, and if they will not be obedient to him, the soldiers of England will be sent to help the new Earl in order to repress the unruly tribe. The new Earl, too, must needs mind himself, or England will put up another Earl in his place who will be obedient and friendly to the Government.

CHAPTER III.

GLOOM IN TIR-EOGHAIN.

It was no wonder that there was whispering in Tir-Eoghain when the new Earl came back, whispering and shaking of heads and a threatening handling of swords on this side and that. "This Conn is the first O'Neill who bent his knee to a foreign King," said they, and they cast their eyes on Shane, Conn's eldest son.

"There is the making of a King in him," they said to each other; "wait till he grows up. See that long, curly fair hair on him, and those two fiery gray eyes he has. He is growing fast. He is more than six feet in height already. Look at him closely; see how broad-shouldered, well-knit, and sinewy he is, as straight as a spear, as fleet as a stag, as bold as the bull of a herd. Shane shall be prince over us, and Henry the Eighth's new Earl will have to take himself off."

cóm d'an le tapú tána: Beir Seághan mar fíait opainn 7 caite-
piú lapa nuad an oetmáð Hanpi zpeaváð leir."

Cualair Conn Ó Néill an cozapnac 7 do goill ri aip:
Cualair ré rir az caint le céile 7 paobai 'na paðapic: "Ir
annra leir an mac tozapta; Matú an fearpoicá, 'ná Seághan
a mac vliptineac féin do tug a bean-tigearna dó, an bean ir
uairle i n-éirinn leir." Do b'i mátaip Seághan ingean an fear-
aitaiz, lapa Cille Dapa; an fear ba cúmaétaize i n-éirinn.

O'iarri an t-oetmáð Hanpi ar Conn a oizpe o'ainmniúgað:
"Matú," ar Conn, 7 pinneavó Dapún Dúngenanainn de Matú
láitpeac: "Caitpeav-ra mo ceart o' fázail," avair Seághan:
Connaic Conn Ó Néill an lapaip i fúlaib a mic: Connaic ré an
griusam ar an vtreib: "Beir Seághan mar oizpe orm," avair
ré fá vairpeav, tar éir mópán tafaint:

O'iarri Matú cabair ar Sapaná 7 fuair ré i zan moill mar
ba máit leir na Gallair an leatrgéal cum muintip Néill do
cup ar céarair a céile: Cuipeav pior láitpeac ar Conn Ó Néill
i zcómair páraim do baint de i vtaob ílmatú do ví-látaipugað,
áct ní paavó ré riar ar a zeallamaint do Seághan 7 buaileav
vá glar i mbáile-ata-cliaé é:

Caib: 4:

PAOBAR CLAIÖIMH:

Do vladm Seághan an _Oiomair ruar 7 glaoðair ré ar a
muintip eirze amac, le n' atair o'fuarzlað. Nior b'fearr leir
na Sapanáiz znó ví aca: Seólav rluaz ó tuair zo cúize Ulað
i zcómair pmaict do cup ar an vpear óz baot ro, áct do táiniz
reirpan aniar opta zo h-obainn, do zab ré tpiota, 7 víovar
az baint na pála v'd céile az teiceav uair. Do gléavó rluaz
eile ar an mbliavain do ví cúgainn (1552), áct do tiomáin
Seághan poimip iav 'nór rzata zabair: Ví fear i n-azair na
Sapanac an cor ro. Szaoileav Conn Ó Néill le tí ptiótána
do véanav áct ba veaz an maitear é: Do blair Seághan an
_Oiomair fuil.

"Caitpear an fear mópóðlac borb ro do corz," arpan fear.

Conn O'Neill heard the whispering, and it troubled him. He heard men talking together, with daggers (*lit.* an edge) in their looks. "He prefers the bastard son, Matthew, the dark man, to Shane, his own lawful son, whom his lady gave him—the noblest woman in Ireland, too!"

Shane's mother was a daughter of the Geraldine, the Earl of Kildare, the most powerful man in Ireland.

Henry VIII. asked Conn to name his heir. "Matthew," said Conn, and Matthew was made Baron Dungannon forthwith. "I must get my right," said Shane. Conn O'Neill saw the flash in his son's eyes; he saw the sullenness of the clan. "Shane shall be my heir," said he at last, after a great deal of persuasion.

Matthew asked assistance from England, and he got it immediately, for the foreigners liked the excuse to put the family of O'Neill to worrying each other. Word was sent at once to Conn O'Neill in order to get satisfaction out of him for displacing Matthew, but he would not go back on his promise to Shane, and he was thrown into prison in Dublin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Shane the Proud started up and called to his people to rise out and release his father. Nothing pleased the English better. An army was sent northward to Ulster to bring this foolish young man to discipline, but he came upon them suddenly from the West and rushed right through them, and they were knocking the heels off each other in flying from him. Another army was prepared the next year (1552), but Shane drove it before him like a flock of goats. There was a *man* opposing the English this time. They released Conn O'Neill in order to make peace, but it was little good. Shane the Proud had tasted blood.

"Somebody must check this proud, arrogant man," said the Lord Deputy from England, and he put in order and prepared a strong body of men. Their visit to the North was in vain, for Shane used to meet them in a place where they did not expect him; he used to startle them and inflict damage on them, and he would go off bold and domineering.

Matthew gathered together a body of the clan, for some of them continued under his flag, and he started to help the foreigners, but Shane stole upon them in the middle of the night, and he routed Matthew speedily. "Let us build a

Ionað o Sàrana, ⁊ do còirig ⁊ do gléar ré plóigeadò láròir. Bì a gcuairt o tuiar i n-airdear mar do buailead Seághan leo 'ra n-àit nàc raið coinne leir, bainead ré geit arda, bainead ré gè arda, ⁊ òruirdead ré leir so d'an, mìocuibearac.

Bailig Matú òream de'n tpeib, mar do lean cuir aca rá na brat-ran, ⁊ do gluar ré cum cabruagad leir na Gallaið, aet o'éaluis Seághan 'na tpeò i lár na h-oiròce ⁊ do éir ré ar mlatú so tapaid. "Déanfam daingean i mbéalfeirde cum a rmaectuište," aoir an ruidie Uilliam Bhabaron. Buir Seághan irteac oirca inr an dún neam-éiríocnuigste úo ⁊ do mill ré a bfuimhóir. Buir ré ar an gcuma gceadna irteac ar òream eile do luét conganra Bhabaron coir Dóir ⁊ do rgar ré iad. Níor b'iongnad sup éainis eagla ar na Sàranaadaið ⁊ sup rgeinneadair leo ar n-air so baile-ata-cliað.

Leigead do ar fead éirre mbliadán 'na diar rúo (1554-8); aet ní raið don fonn ruaimhir ar Seághan an Dìomair. Cúimhig ré sup le n-a fínnreap cúige Ulað. Bíod an lám láròir i n-uadair, aoir ré leir féin. Béad ré ríactanac ar na taoirig eile géillead do. Dá mbéad ré cóm glie le h-aoð Ó Néill do déanfad ré ceangal ⁊ capadair leir na taoiréadaið borba úo i n-ionad do cup o'riadaib oirca géillead do.

Dubairt O Riagallaið, iarla nuad Bpéim, leir nàc géillfead ré féin i n-aon cor do, aet léim an fear teinntead éirí, ⁊ do b'éigean do mac Uí Riagallaið beir umal do fearda. Níor mar rin de Ó Dómnail i oTíri Conail. Ní mó 'na géill an Clann Dómnail o Albainn o'aitig na gleannta coir fairrige i n-aontuim, aet tug Seághan aghair oirca so léir ioiri Saedil ⁊ Gall. Níor eirig leir so maic inr an iarract do gnið ré cum clanna cruada Tíri Conail do tabairt rá na riagail, mar ppeab Calbad o Dómnail i gan fíor air 'na éabán ir oiròce ag baile-aghair-éaoir ⁊ ba beag náir mill ré Seághan. Do tuit a lán o'á cuir fear inr an riagad obann úo, ⁊ do éail ré airim ⁊ capail; ⁊ 'na mearg a eac ciorbuid féin. Do b'é an t-eac cogair úo an capail ba bpeagda i n-éirinn. Mac-an-fíolair do tugtaoir uirte. Fuair Seághan ar n-air air í. Níor cuir an bac úo corg abfad leir an bpear gcumapac n'ad.

Do tuit Matu i ngrárgar éigin le cuir de muinntir Seághan inr an mbliadain 1558, ⁊ do gnið na Sàranaig iarract ar an gcoir do cup i leir Seághan féin aet dubairt ré nàc raið don baint aige le bár Matú ⁊ so gcairfóir beir rára leir an bpeagra roin. Fuair Conn Ó Néill bár ar an mbliadain do bí cúgann. "Ta an bócar réir do Seághan anoir," aoir an tpeib; "ní beir iarla mar éann orainn a tuillead."

stronghold in Belfast to keep him in order," said the Knight, Sir William Brabazon. Shane broke in upon them in the unfinished fort, and destroyed most of them. He broke in, in the same way, upon another body of Brabazon's party near Derry, and scattered them. It was no wonder that fear fell upon the English, and that they fled back to Dublin.

They let him alone for four years after that (1554-8), but Shane the Proud had no desire for peace. He remembered that Ulster had belonged to his ancestors. Let the strong hand be uppermost, said he to himself. It would be necessary for the other chiefs to submit to him. If he had been as clever as Hugh O'Neill, he would have made bonds and friendship with those haughty chiefs instead of forcing them to yield to him.

O'Reilly, the new Earl of Breffny, said to him that *he* would not submit to him in any case; but the fiery man leaped through him (*i.e.*, through his forces), and O'Reilly was obliged to be humble towards him for the future. It was not so with O'Donnell in Tir-Conaill, nor did the Clan Donal from Scotland yield, who inhabited the glens by the sea in Antrim; but Shane turned his face against them all, both Gaels and foreigners. He did not succeed very well in the attempt he made to bring the sturdy children of Tir-Conaill under his rule, for Calvach O'Donnell sprang upon him secretly in his tent at night at Balleegan (on Loch Swilly), and he nearly destroyed Shane. A great many of his men fell in that sudden rout, and he lost arms and horses, and among them his own coal-black steed. That charger was the finest horse in Ireland. They called him the Son of the Eagle. Shane got him back again. That check did not long hinder so powerful and intrepid a man.

Matthew fell in some brawl with a few of Shane's people in the year 1558, and the English tried to attribute the crime to Shane himself; but he said he had nothing to do with Matthew's death, and that they would have to be satisfied with that answer. Conn O'Neill died the following year (1559).

"The road is clear for Shane now," said the clan; "we will have no earl for a head over us any more."

CHAPTER V.

O'NEILL OF ULSTER.

Out with you to the top of Tullahogue, Shane the Proud! The royal flagstone is there, waiting for you to plant your right foot upon it, as your ancestors the Kings did before you! And

Cair: 5:

O Néill Ulaò:

Amac leat ar bàrr Tutlaigòis, a Seághan an Dìomair! Tà an leac nìogachda ann a's peiteam leat leò' coir veir do bualaò uirte mar nìbheò do rinnrean nìghe nòmat! A'sur do fearaim Seághan O Néill ar Tutlaigòis, a'sur do rìneò rìat b'àn d'ìpeac èuige mar còmartha cothaim cuir d'á t'reib; buaileò clòca ghréaròda ar a rìinneánais cumapaca 7 caibbàrr ar a ceann: Caitheò rìlipéir a coire riap tar a gualainn: Caraò mìle claid-eam òr cionn ceann 7 d'ùirigheò mac alla na gceanntar le fuaime-glòir mìle rgorinae—"O Néill abú! So marbò ar b'flaie a toga!" Do taitnim an grian ar ceannaisge dachamail, luir-neamail Uí Néill, 7 do cuir coin mhòra ar iallais amartpac arda fé mar eualadair ualparcraig an mactipe 'ra coill 7 géim na h-eilite ar an ghenoc:

"Do b'ónóirige liom veit am' 'O Néill Ulaò' 'ná am' pí ar Spáinn," arpa doò tìr eògaim tamall maie 'na d'iair rúo: "I'r mó le h-Ultaig an ainm 'O Néill' 'ná 'Caerap' le Rómánaisg," arpa an rsgiorodir Mountjoy.

Cair: 6:

"Dearbhrádaie tairòs d'òinnall:"

Caitheò Máire, bainnìogaim Sàrana fá'n am ro, 7 bí eilir 'na h-ionad. Do b' i an bean m'ì-banamail reo an èpòide clòide 7 na rgaraca pràir an bean ba mó inntleact le n-a linn. Do èrom pí féin 7 a maigaltar láitpeac ar cuir irpeac ar Seághan: Sydney do b'ainm d'á fear-ionad i n-èirinn: Gluair fé o euaib so Dúndealgaim 7 cuir pògra cum Seághan teact 'na gaoir: Nìor leis Seághan air sup eualair fé an pògra aet cuir fé cuirpeò cum Sydney teact cum a tige 7 veit 'na a'air bairtìde d'á mac óg. Nìor d'ùltaig an fear-ionad d'ò 7 do fearaim fé leir an mac: "Táim-re am' O Néill i n-Ulaò le toil na t'reibe reo," arpa Seághan. "Nì tearduigean uaim còmpac le Sàrana má leigtear dom, aet má cuirtear oim, bíò o'raib féin." Bí Sydney fártar leir rin 7 bí rìotcáin ar feaò tamall i n-Ulaò

Shane O'Neill stood on Tullahogue, and a straight, white wand was handed to him as a symbol of his true balance of justice to his clan; an embroidered cloak was put over his powerful shoulders, and a helmet on his head. His shoe was thrown behind him over his shoulder. A thousand swords were waved overhead, and the echoes of the whole district were awakened with the sound of voices from a thousand throats—"O'Neill for ever! May our Prince live to enjoy his election!" The sun shone on the handsome, bright features of O'Neill, and the great hounds in their leashes bayed as if they heard the howl of the wolf in the forest and the cry of the fawn on the hill.

"I would think it a greater honour to be 'O'Neill of Ulster' than to be King of Spain," said Hugh of Tir-Eoghain a good while after. "The name 'O'Neill' is greater in the eyes of Ulstermen than 'Cæsar' was to the Romans," said the exterminator Mountjoy.

CHAPTER VI.

"DONAL IS BROTHER TO TADHG."

Mary, Queen of England, died about this time, and Elizabeth was Queen in her stead. This unwomanly woman, with the heart of stone and the bowels of brass, was the cleverest woman of her time. She and her Government began at once to interfere with Shane. Sydney was the name of her Deputy in Ireland. He proceeded northwards to Dundalk, and sent notice to Shane to come to him. Shane did not pretend to have heard the notice, but he sent an invitation to Sydney to come to his house and be godfather to his infant son. The Deputy did not refuse him, and he stood for his son. "I am O'Neill of Ulster by the will of this clan," said Shane. "I do not want any fighting with England if I am let alone, but if they provoke me, let them take the consequences." Sydney was satisfied with that, and there was peace in Ulster for awhile, until Sussex came as Deputy to Ireland. "I shall have no peace," said he, "till O'Neill is overthrown," and he prepared and fitted out an army for the purpose. This Sussex was a false, cruel, cunning man, but he was not so clear-headed as Sydney. Calvach O'Donnell assisted him, and also the Scottish O'Donnells in Antrim. Shane the Proud complained that they were annoying him without cause. His province was prospering in wealth and well-doing. Let a messenger come from Elizabeth and he would see. Elizabeth took no

sup táinig Sussex 'na fear-ionad go h-Éirinn: "Ní b'eadh am' fuaimear," a deir sé, "go mbeid Ó Néill fá coir," 7 do gléar 7 do cóirigh pluag le h-aghaid an ghnóta: fear realtaic, boirb, glúic, do b'eadh Sussex ro áct ní faib ré com' gear-inntinead le Sydney: Do cabruig Catbac Ó Domhnail leir, 7 mar an gcéadna clann Domhnail na hAibann, i ndontrúim: Do gearán Seághan-an-Díomair go rabhtar as cur air gan cúir: Bí a cúige as dul cum cinn i maoin 7 i maitear: Tagad teachtair Elíre 7 féadad ré: Níor cúir Elír ruim 'na cúro cainte áct leis ní d'á fear-ionad gluaireadct ó tuaid go h-Áir-Macá inr an mbliadain 1561:

Pheab Seághan go h-obann irtead go Tír Conaill rui a faib coinne leir 7 do ríob ré leir sean Catbac Ó Domhnail 7 a bean ós, an bean úo d'fás an ríal ar a ainm: Do cúir an cleas coisid obann roim mearbúall ar na Tír Conailligh 7 do tocúir Sussex a ceann le cangcar: Car Seághan ó deas fá mar do b'eadh ré ar tí iarraidct do tabairt fá Baile-ata-Chiaic: Bí Mac-an-Íolair fá 7 níor b'ionntaoid Seághan ar muin an eic rin ar ceann oreama dírginead d' ultaíob: Níor cúig Sussex cad é an fuadar do bí fá Seághan: Fá deireadh do fáilid ré go faib Seághan 'na glúice aige 7 do beartuig ré innil dó: Do óruio ré míle fear irtead go Tír Eógain as creada 7 as corrair, 7 d' fan ré féin coir Áir-Macá as feiteam le Seághan: Baile an míle fear na céadta ba' d'úba, na caoirigh bána, 7 na capail; 7 do gluaireadar ar n-air go buacac: "féad Mac-an-Íolair," arfa duine éigin, "tá Seághan an 'Díomair cúgaib!" Ní faib le Seághan ar an látair úo áct céad 7 ríce marcad 7 d'á céad coiridte, áct fairsidigh bliogbéimead do b'eadh iad: Bí cinn 7 cora 'na gcápnánaib ar an macaire úo fá ceann uaire an clois, 7 an fuigleac beas creadca, ríollta, as rgeinnead go h-Áir-Macá, na biaib faobhaca d'á n-gearrad 7 d'á n-éirleac, 7 an gáir-cata uaimnac úo—"Lám deas abú!" 'na gcluarib: innreann Sussex féin le crad croidé an raon-madma do cuiread air.—"Ní faib ré i mírnead don Éireannaigh faim fóir fearam am' aghaid-re, áct féad iníu Ó Néill reo 7 gan aige áct a leat n-oiread fear liom, as brúctad irtead ar mo arim bpeas ar macaire féid leatán: Do gúirpinn cum Dé fail d'fágail air 'na leicéio d'áit gan coil i ngioradct trí míle dó le ríad do tabairt d'á cúro fear: Mo náire é, d'fóbaí nā páspad ré aicid dom' arim beo i n-uair an clois, 7 ir beas nāi ríac ré mé féin 7 an cúro eile amad leir ar daingean Áir-Macá."

Ní ómpad Sussex ar Tír Eógain do creadad go fóil arir: Cúir an bpirleac úo rgannrad oíca i Lúnduin 7 d'iar Elír ar

notice of what he said, but she allowed her Deputy to go north to Armagh in the year 1561.

Shane rushed suddenly into Tir-Conaill before they expected him, and he carried off old Calvach O'Donnell and his young wife—that woman who left the stain on his name. This sudden feat of arms dismayed the Tir-Conaill men, and Sussex scratched his head with vexation. Shane turned southward, as if he were about to make an attack on Dublin. The “Son of the Eagle” was under him, and Shane was not to be trusted on the back of that horse at the head of an active body of Ulstermen. Sussex did not know how great was the energetic force of Shane. At last he thought he had Shane in his grip, and he laid a trap for him. He sent a thousand men into Tir-Eoghain to plunder and ravage, and he himself remained near Armagh waiting for Shane. The thousand men collected hundreds of black cows, of white sheep, and horses, and they were returning, much elated. “See the ‘Son of the Eagle’!” said one of them; “Shane the Proud is upon us!” Shane had only a hundred and twenty horsemen and two hundred foot in the place, but they were warriors who dealt loud-resounding blows. Heads and feet were in heaps upon that field at the end of an hour, and the little remnant, wounded and torn, were flying to Armagh, the keen-edged axes cutting and slaughtering them, and that terrifying war-cry, “*Lám dearg abú!*” in their ears. Sussex himself tells with sorrow of heart the utter rout that was inflicted on him*:—“No Irishman ever before had the courage to stand against me; but see this O'Neill to-day, and he having only half as many men as I, bursting in upon my fine army on a smooth, wide plain. I would pray to God to get a chance at him in such a place, without a wood within three miles of him to give shelter to his men. My shame! He was like not to have left a creature of my army alive in one hour, and it wanted little but he would have dragged me and the rest out of the fortress of Armagh.”

Sussex would not attempt to plunder Tir-Eoghain again for awhile. That defeat terrified them in London, and Elizabeth asked the Earl of Kildare, a relative of Shane the Proud, to make peace. She sent a message of pardon to Shane, and an invitation to come to London to speak with her. “I will not stir a foot,” said Shane, “till the English army takes the road out of Ulster.” “Be it so,” said Elizabeth.

* In all cases where quotations from English writers have been translated into Irish by Conán maol, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.--ED.

laigla Cilleodara, b'ádaí Seághan an Díomair, ríotcáin do deánad. Cuir rí teactairead maitemnaí cum Seághan 7 cuiread cuige teact go lúnduin le labairt léi. "Ní corrdéad cor," a deir Seághan, "go dtugaid ar m Sárana a mbótar ortá ar Ulad." "Bíod mar rin," a duhairt Elír:

Nuair do mead Sussex ceap ré a cleap feill do cupi b'feir: Tá a r'ghibinn féin cum Elíre mar f'adnair ar an bfeall. 1 mí na lúgnara 1561, r'ghobann ré cum na bainmíogna rin sup tairis ré luac céad marc 'ra mbliadain de talam do niall liaet, maortige Uí Néill, ar coingeall go muirbeodad ré an flait rin. "Do múinear do cionnur d'éalócad ré leir tar éir na bearta," a deir ré. Ní fíor dúinn an raib niall liaet dáiríuib, aet f'ibé r'geal é ní cloirtear sup f'níó ré: a'p'ad ar Seághan do dúnmarbúgá.

Caib: 7:

seághan-an-díomais 1 lúnduin:

Rinne laigla Cilleodara ríotcáin iorí Ó Néill 7 Sárana, mar ba móir le h-Ó Néill é, 7 do feolad ar aon anonn go lúnduin 1 n'beiread na bliadna, 7 f'áirída f'allóglac 1 n'éirfead leo.

Dubairtar le Seághan ná b'fillead ré ar air go deó, toirg go raib an tuag 7 an ceap 'na cómar a' Elír, aet ví muinigin aigerean ar a teanga líomta 7 ví dóic aige náir mead ré riam 1 n-aon cúmangad.

Dean uallac do b'ead Elír: Ví rí d'atamail, f'ruais ruad uirte, 7 rúla glara aici, an t'éadac ba b'eadgá 7 ba d'aoire le f'ágail uirte, 7 an iomad de aici le h-í féin do córpúgá go mimic 'ra ló. Péacóg do b'ead i le péacaint uirte, aet ví c'póide an beataidais aillta, san t'ruag, san t'ruagmél aici, 7 inntin 7 aigne tar m'náib an domain. "An labairtar bearta cúici?" ar a' duine éigin le Seághan. "Ní labórad go deimín," ar peirean, "mar leónrad an teanga d'aoire f'ánna roin mo córpáin." Ví f'páincir 7 Spáincir 7 lairveann a' Seághan 1 d'eannta a teanga binn blarad féin. Dean teangaca do b'ead Elír leir, 7 dubairtar sup f'áruis Seághan 'ra b'f'páincir i 7 sup eitig rí cómpad leir 'ra teanga roin:



PATRICK J. O'SHEA (CONAN MAOL)

When Sussex had failed, he thought he would put his cunning in treachery to account. His own letter to Elizabeth exists as a witness to the treachery. In the month of August, 1561, he writes to that Queen that he had offered land to the value of a hundred marks a year to Grey Niall, O'Neill's house-steward, on condition that he should kill that prince. "I showed him how he should escape after the act," said he. We do not know whether Grey Niall was in earnest, but in any case we do not hear that he made any attempt to murder Shane.

CHAPTER VII.

SHANE THE PROUD IN LONDON.

The Earl of Kildare made peace between O'Neill and England, for O'Neill had a great regard for him, and they both traveled over to London at the end of the year, taking a guard of gallowglasses with them.

It was said to Shane that he would never come back, because Elizabeth had the axe and the block in readiness for him; but he had confidence in his own keen and ready tongue, and he thought that he had never failed in any difficulty.

Elizabeth was a vain woman. She was handsome; she had red hair and gray eyes, and she wore the most beautiful and the most expensive clothes, and she had more than enough of them to decorate herself many times in the day. She was like a peacock to look at; but she had the heart of a wild beast, without pity or compassion, and more intellect and mind than any other woman in the world. "Will you speak English to her," said somebody to Shane. "Indeed I will not," said he; "for that rugged, ugly language would sprain my jaw." Shane had French and Spanish and Latin as well as his own sweet musical tongue. Elizabeth was a linguist too, and it is said that Shane outdid her in French, and that she refused to converse with him in that language.

On Little Christmas Day, in the year 1562, he walked into the royal room of Elizabeth. There were valiant men of six feet and more around her, especially young Herbert; but it was seen at once that they were but insignificant men beside Shane the Proud. English history gives an account of his visit and of his appearance. "He had a yellowish-red mantle of fine material flowing down behind him to the ground, and light red hair, crisp and curly, falling over his shoulders to the middle of his back; he had wild gray eyes that looked out at you as

Lá Noctas beas inr an mbliadain 1562 do buail ré irteac go reómra níosáda Elir. Bí fíri calma ré troigste 7 níor mó na cuirteáda, go móir móir Herbert ós; áct connacatar láirteac náid naib ionnta áct rppearáin i n-aice Seásgain-an-Díomair. Tugann rtdair na Sapanac cúntur ar a éuairt 7 ar a éruit. “Bí falluins buirde-dearg do déanmúr dāoir ar rileat riar ríor go talam leir, 7 spuasí fionn-puad go cipineac, cam-arpad tar a flinneadnaib ríor go lár a dhroma, rúla glara riadaine aige d’féac amad oir cóim lonnrad le sad gréine; corp fuinnnte lútmair aige 7 ceann-aigste dān.” Bí na céadta as larpaid riadair d’fágail air féin 7 ar a gallóglacā: Deir a tuairpí go riadair ro ceann-lomnocta, foilt fionna oirā, léinteada lúirí ó muineál go glún oirā, cpoiceann mactíre tar suailnib sad fíri aca, 7 seárr-tuag cata i láim sad don aca: Níor b’ ionntaobí fearí do éur ar a leirteirib ríú. Ir deall-patad go riadair i mbpuigín dromaca: “Úmaluigíó!” arā Seásgan de suí glórad 7 ní naib an focal ar a béal nuair do bí na gallóglaií ar a leat-glúin. Stao ré i scómgar do’n éataoir níosáda mar a naib Elir, asur i éaduigste ar nór péacóige, do érom ré a ceann, do érom ré a glún, 7 do fearaim ré annroin cóim díreac le gáinne: D’ féac ré féin 7 Elir roir an dá ríul ar a céile. Labair rí i lairveann leir 7 d’ fpeasair reirean i go binn-druatrad. Do móil ré a móirdeact 7 duhairt ré sur dāil a rgeim 7 a éruit é, mar ba mín i a ceangla le mnáib. Níor lúig ríul Elir riam ar a leirteir d’ fear 7 ba binn léi é beir ’sá bpeasad. Do tearbdāin rí dō i n-ainveoin a cómarpleoirí sur éatn ré léi, síd go naib na cómarpleoirí rin ar tí a éurí rōla do dōirad: Duiradair leó féin go naib speim aca anoir nó riam air, 7 síd sur tūgadar na coingil dō ná bainrde leir ar a túrur, mearadar, mar ba gnāda, an glar do bualaó air: “Tātaoi ar tí an coingil do bpureat,” ar Seásgan go dān: “Leigfear ar n-air tú uair éigin,” ar Cecil leir, “áct ní ríul don am dírigste ceapugste ’ra coingearl roin!” “Medlāó mé,” arā Seásgan leir féin, 7 do buail ré irteac go ládair Elire 7 d’iarr ré coimirc uirte: “Ní leómtar don bārtainn do déanad duit,” aoir rí leir, “áct cairfir panamaint againn go fóil.” Ní ríor cionnur do meall Seásgan í: Ba maíó léi le n-a h-air é, 7 meartar go naib rāgar spáid ainmíde aici dō, 7 ir é iongnad sad leigsteópa sur rāoail rí uairte é rā dēiread ar gēall go mbéad ré úmal dī féin amāin 7 san baint ’sá fear-ionad i n-éirinn leir. Deirtear go naib eagla uirte leir d’á gcuirteir i gcuirdeac é go ndēanrad Muirtir Néill plait de Coirdeatad lūneac Ó Néill ’na ionad

bright as sunbeams; a well-knit, active frame, and haughty features." There were hundreds of people trying to get a sight of himself and of his gallowglasses. This account says that these latter were bare-headed, with fair heads of hair, wearing shirts of mail from the neck to the knee, each man having a wolf-skin across his shoulders and a sharp battle-axe in his hand. One would not trust the consequences of provoking the like of those fellows. It is probable that they were in the fight at Armagh. "Make your obeisance!" said Shane in a sonorous voice, and the word was not out of his mouth when the gallowglasses were on one knee. He stood close to the throne where Elizabeth sat, dressed like a peacock; he bent his head, he bent his knee, and then he stood up as straight as a rod. He and Elizabeth looked at each other between the eyes. She spoke to him in Latin, and he answered her in sweet-sounding words. He praised her greatness, and he said that her beauty and her form dazzled him, for he had a smooth tongue with women. Elizabeth's eye had never rested on a man like him, and she liked to hear him flattering her. She showed him, in spite of her advisers, that he pleased her, though those same advisers were ready to shed his blood. They said to themselves that they had a grip of him now or never; and although they had agreed to the condition that no one should molest him on his journey, they thought, as was their custom, to close the lock upon him. "Ye intend to break the conditions," said Shane boldly. "You will be allowed to go back some time," said Cecil to him; "but there is no particular time decided upon in that agreement." "They have deceived me," said Shane to himself, and he walked into the presence of Elizabeth and demanded her protection. "They will not dare to do you any injury," said she to him; "but you will have to remain with us for a while." There is no knowing how Shane persuaded her. She liked him to be about her, and it is supposed that she had a kind of animal affection for him, and every reader is surprised that she let him go away from her at last on his promising that he would obey herself alone, and that her Deputy in Ireland should have nothing to do with him. It is said that she was afraid also that if he were put in fetters the O'Neills would make Turlough Luineach O'Neill prince in his stead, and she preferred Shane to *him*. Sussex was gnawing his tongue with rage because they had not taken Shane's head from his body in London, and he sent word to Elizabeth that it was spread abroad through Ireland that Shane had deceived her, great as was her intelligence, and that she had made him

7 'do b'annra léi Seághan 'na eipean. Bí Sussex ag cogaint a tseangan le buile toirg ná'p baineað an ceann de colainn Seághain i lúnuin, 7 cuir pé rgeala cum Elíre go raib pé leatá ar fuo Éipeann sup meall Seághan i 'd'a feabap i a h-inntleact 7 sup gnió pí pí ar Ulaó de. 'D'iarú pé ceo uirte é meallao go Baile-áta-Chiaé i gcóir spreama 'd'fágail air, áct bí Seághan ró-amapapac 7 níor fáb pé i ngeor 'do Baile-áta-Chiaé, gíó sup g'eall Sussex a deirb'fíúr map mnaoi 'dó áct teact 'd'a feicpint:

Caib. 8:

nim 7 fuil:

Inp an mbliadain 'na 'daió rúo (.i. 1563) 'do érom Sussex ar cúir irteac ar Seághan 7 ar uirge fá talam 'do 'd'éanaó roir é féin 7 Elír. 'Do cábhuis pean-námarde Seághain, na Tír-Connailis 7 Albanaig donquim, le Sussex, 7 'do gluar peirean ó tuaró go h-Ulaó inp an Abpán 1563, áct má gluar 'do gnió Seághan liatpóiró coire de féin 7 'd'a fluaig, 7 bí Sussex an-buirdeac go raib pé 'na cumap teiceao le n'anam. Sgriob Elír cum Sussex ríotcáin 'do 'd'éanaó le Seághan, map náé raib don maic 'dó beic leir.

'Do gnió Sussex fuo ar Elír, 7 ar an am gceadna cuir pé péirín ríotcána cum Seághain—ualac fíona meapguighe le nim: 'D'ól Seághan 7 a linn-tíge cuir 'de'n fíon 7 'd'fóbair go mbéao pé 'na pleirt. Bí pé ag cómpac leir an mbár ar feao 'd'a lá; 7 nuair 'do táinig pé cuige féin níor b'ionghao go raib pé ar deapig-lapao le peirg 7 sup gléar pé a buirdean cum cogairó: leig Elír uirte go raib pí ar buile i rtaob an feill-beap úo 7 'do g'eall pí go rtabarfaó pí ceap 'dó áct a fuaimneap 'do glacaó. 'Do glao'aró pí abail ar Sussex. leig pí uirte sup map fáram 'do Seághan é; áct 'do b'é an cúir 'do bí aici ar Sussex sup meac pé. 'Do fnaíom pí ríotcáin 7 capaoap map 'd'eaó le Seághan apir, 7 bí pé 'na píg dáirpíob ar Ulaó anoir 7 leigead 'dó. Áct map rin féin bí a fuac 'do'n fáll cóm g'éar 7 bí pé puam. 'D'a cómarca poin cum pé cairleán ar bpuac loca n-éac: fear tagarfa 'do b'eaó é 7 ceap pé sup beag ar na Sapanais padapc an cairleáin rin 7 'do bairt pé air "Fuac na n'fáll." Deirteap sup ceap pé an uair peo píogáct na h-Éipeann 'do

King over Ulster. He asked her permission to decoy Shane to Dublin in order to get a grip of him; but Shane was too suspicious, and he did not go near Dublin, although Sussex promised him his sister for a wife if he only went to see her.

CHAPTER VIII.

POISON AND BLOOD.

In the year after that (1563) Sussex began to interfere with Shane, and to make mischief between him and Elizabeth. Shane's old enemies, the Tir-Conaill men and the Scots of Antrim, assisted Sussex, and the latter went north to Ulster in the April of 1563; but if he did go, Shane made a football of himself and his army, and Sussex was very thankful that he was able to fly with his life. Elizabeth wrote to Sussex to make peace with Shane, for it was no use for him to be attacking him.

Sussex did as Elizabeth bade him, and at the same time he sent a gift of peace to Shane—a cargo of wine mixed with poison. Shane and his household drank some of the wine, and he was like to have become a corpse. He was fighting with death for two days, and when he recovered it was not surprising that he was in a red flame of rage, and that he prepared his troop for war. Elizabeth pretended that she was furious about this act of treachery, and she promised that she would give him satisfaction if he would only keep quiet. She recalled Sussex. She pretended it was to satisfy Shane, but the cause of complaint that she had against Sussex was that he had failed. She tied the bonds of (pretended) peace and friendship with Shane again, and he was really King over Ulster now, and they let him alone. But for all that his hatred of the stranger was as keen as ever. As a sign of it he built a castle on the shore of Lough Neagh. He was a wittily-spoken man, and he thought that the English would not enjoy the sight of that castle, and he christened it "The Hate of the Strangers." It is said that he thought at that time of taking to himself the kingdom of Ireland, and of clearing the English out of it. But the Irish did not help him. He wrote to the King of France to ask help from him. "If you lend me six thousand men," he said, "I will drive the English out of this country into the sea." He could have got ten times as many as that in Ireland itself if they had been willing to rise with him, but they did not stir a foot.

ḡabàil ùise fèin, ⁊ na Sapanais do ḡlanad amac aipoe: àet nìor cábpuis na h-Èipeannais leir. Do rḡrìob ré cum rìḡ na fḡrain e aḡ iarpaid conḡnaim aip. “Mà cugann tu òom ré mìle fear aip iarpact,” aip reipean, “tiomáinfead na Sapanais aip an òtìr reo ipceac ’ra bḡairrḡe.” Do ḡeobad ré a òeic n-oipead roin i n-Èipunn fèin o’a mb’àil leò eirḡe leir, àet nìor còrpuisḡeadar cor.

Caib: 9.

LÀM DEARḡ ABÚ!

Muna ḡcábpuisrì Èipe linn, map rin fèin caicḡeam òul aip aḡaid. Bì an Clann Dòmnaill reo i n-àontpuim ó uair ḡo h-uair aḡ cábpuḡad leir na Sapanais: àmapanna do b’ead na rìp calma úo. Tánḡadar ó Albain aip cùipead Cùinn Uì Nèill ⁊ a aḡar, ⁊ do cùipeadar fùta i n-àontpuim ⁊ i n-òalḡada. Nì raiò Seáḡan rárta ’na aighe fad do bìodar ’ra tìr. Do ḡéill-eadar òó ⁊ do cábpuisḡeadar leir aon uair amáin, àet nì raiò aon ionntaoib aighe aipod: Dòbḡadar leir nác raiò aon rmaet aighe oirta, ⁊ nác raiò ré rmaetanae oirta cábpuḡad leir, àet le n-a òtoil fèin. Do ḡrìoraid bainpuḡain Elir iad i ḡan fìor. “Sead mà’r ead,” aoir Seáḡan leò, “ḡreadar lib abaille. Nì fuit aon ḡnó aḡampra òib fearod.” àet do cùip na h-Albanais cois oirta fèin ⁊ dòbḡadar leir ḡo bḡanḡaduir map a raiò aca ḡan rpleadadacar òó roin: “Do buadmar aip o’aḡair-re ceana ⁊ aip Sussex ’na teannta,” aoir na h-Albanais oána.

Do leat Seáḡan-an-Dìomair a còra aip m’ac-an-ḡiolair, bailiḡ ré a ḡluaiḡte timceall aip ⁊ do bḡip ré ipceac ḡo h-àontpuim aip nòr tuinne fairrḡe. Buail na h-Albanais leir i n-ḡleanntaire ’na n’òreamaib n’òirḡipeada ⁊ do fearḡad cat fuitceac eatoirta. Tá rean-bòtar dia tuar de’n baile rin Dunaḡann Duinne, i ḡcondae àontpuim, ⁊ do cùip Seáḡan-an-Dìomair a eac cìoròub, Mac-an-ḡiolair, aip còr-in-aipoe tap còrpaib Albanac ann, ⁊ rā meadon lae bì Clann Dòmnaill ’na rḡacaid rìnte timceall aip. Do mapbuisḡad annrùò aongur Mac Dòmnaill ⁊ react ḡcead o’a cùio fear, do ḡabad ⁊ do ḡonad Séamur Mac Dòmnaill, ⁊ do còḡ Seáḡan leir Somairle òirde; an taorpeac eile bì oirta. Do b’fearr òòib o’a o’òḡḡaduir a

CHAPTER IX.

Lám Dearg Abú!

✓ If Ireland will not help us, still we must go forward. These MacDonnells in Antrim were helping the English from time to time. These brave men were mercenary soldiers. They came from Scotland on the invitation of Conn O'Neill and of his father, and they settled in Antrim and in Dalriada (the present counties Antrim and Down). Shane was not easy in his mind as long as they were in the country. They submitted to him and assisted him once, but he had no confidence in them. They told him he had no control over them, and that there was no necessity for them to help him except by their own free will. Queen Elizabeth used covertly to encourage them. "Very well so," said Shane to them. "Get ye away home. I have no further business of ye." But the Scotsmen assumed a threatening attitude, and they said to him that they would stay where they were without dependence on *him*. "We got the better of your father before, and of Sussex besides," said the bold Scots.

Shane the Proud threw his leg over his horse Mac-an-Fhiolar, gathered his hosts around him, and broke in upon Antrim like a wave of the sea. The Scots met him in Glenshesk, in fierce bands, and a bloody battle was waged between them. There is an old road behind the village of Cushendun, in County Antrim, and Shane the Proud galloped his coal-black horse Mac-an-Fhiolar over the bodies of Scotsmen in it, and by the middle of the day the MacDonnells were stretched in rows around him. Angus MacDonnell and seven hundred of his men were killed, James MacDonnell was wounded and taken prisoner, and Shane also took Somerled the Sallow (or Sorley Boy), the other chief over them. It would have been better for them if they had taken his advice and gone off out of his way, and it would have been better for himself too, for it was the remnant of that company who treacherously killed him two years later.

At this time he was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was no man in Ireland of greater reputation and power than he. The English pretended to be great friends with him. They were very glad at first that he had routed the Clan Donnell of Scotland, and they rejoiced with him. Shane understood them right well. Not without reason was that proverb made: "An Englishman's laugh is a dog's grin"

cómairle 7 ḡreabao leo ar a fliḡe, 7 do b'feair do roin leir é, mar do b'iao fuigleac na buirne úo do mairb le feall é féin óa bliabain 'na diaib rúo.

Ni raib ré an uair reo ac̃t oc̃t mbliabna deas ar ficio d'aoir, 7 ní raib don fear i n-Éirinn ba mó cáil 7 cúmaet 'na é. leis na Sapanais orca go raabaoar go mói leir: B'i átar orca ar oúir ḡur mill ré Clann 'Domnaill ó Albain 7 do ḡáireaoar leir: Tuig Seáḡan go dian mair iao: Ní ḡan fát do cúmao an rean-focal úo—"ḡpanntán maora ḡáire Sapanais." "Ir mair an ruo," ar raorán, "Clann 'Domnaill do beir claoirte mar níor b'fior úúinn cá h-am do cábrócaoir leir na h-Éireannais, ac̃t mar rin féin beir O Néill mó-láirir ar fad anoir."

Ir trias ná'r ḡuio ré capaoar le taoireacaib Éireann an uair reo. I n' ionao roin érom ré ar a cúir d'fíacaib orca ḡeilleao d'ó ḡibé oic mair leo é. "Cairtíó taoirig̃ Conaet a ḡcáin bliabantamail do tabairt domra mar ba ḡnácao leo do riḡtib Ulaó," ar reirean. D'eitig̃ na Conaetais é 7 p̃reab ré go h-obann iláirir éigearna Cloinn Riocáir, an fear ba éreire i ḡConaet, 7 mill ré é ḡan puinn duair. Do éreac ré Tír Conaill inr an mbliabain ḡcáoia (1566), 7 táinig̃ rḡannrao ar Sapan. Do ḡríoraib Elir iarla fearn Muineac, Maḡuirir le h-eirḡe 'na aḡair, ac̃t do meileao an Maḡuirir fá mar do meirleo b'io mullinn doirán coirce.

Do b'é Sydney b'i 'na Arduirctir arir ar Éirinn an uair úo i n-ionao Sussex; 7 b'i aithe mair aige ar Seáḡan: Cuir ré teactaire maḡaltair d'ar b'ainm Stukeley cuige le h-áiteam air beir réir. "Ná h-eirig̃ amac i naḡair na Sapanac 7 ḡeobair ḡibé níó do teapuirḡeann uair," ar Stukeley. "Deanfar iarla Tír Eoḡain díot má'r mair leat é." Cuir Seáḡan rian ar 7 labair ré go neamatac. "B'neasán ir leo an iarlaet roin," ar reirean. "Do ḡnibeabair iarla de Máac Cártais 7 ḡcuige Muman, 7 tá buacailli aimpire 7 rin capall aḡamra ac̃a cóm mair d'fear leir rin. Do meapabair mé érocao nuair do b'i ḡreim aḡaib orim: Ní fuil don muinḡin aḡam ar buir nḡeallamna: Níor iarpar riocáin ar an mbainriogain ac̃t d'iarir rire orimra i 7 ir riore féin do buir i: Do tiomáinear na Sapanais ar an lúair 7 ar 'Dúnoima 7 ní leisreo d'óib teact ar n-air go deo: Ní leómpair Ó 'Domnaill beir 'na flait arir ar Tír Conaill mar ir liomra an áit rin fearoa. Ná bioo don meapbcall orc ḡur liomra cuige Ulaó: B'i mo rinnreap romam 'na riḡtib uirte: Do buaoar i lem' clairdeam 7 lem' clairdeam do coingbeoac̃a i."

[i.e., a preparation for biting]. "It is a good thing," said they, "that the Clan Donnell are defeated, for we never knew when they might help the Irish; but, for all that, O'Neill will be too strong altogether now."

It is a pity he did not make friends with the chieftains of Ireland at this time. Instead of that he began to force them to submit to him, whether they liked it or not. "The princes of Connacht must give me their yearly tribute, as they used to give it to the Kings of Ulster," said he. The Connachtmen refused, and he rushed suddenly upon the lord of Clan Rickard, the strongest man in Connacht, and despoiled him without much trouble. He plundered Tir-Conaill in the same year (1566), and fear fell upon Éngland. Elizabeth incited Maguire, Earl of Fermanagh, to rise against him; but the Maguire was crushed as a millstone would crush a handful of oats.

Sydney was Lord Justice (or Deputy) of Ireland again at this time in place of Sussex, and he knew Shane well. He sent a Government envoy, named Stukely, to him to urge upon him that he should keep quiet. "Do not rise out against the English, and you shall get whatever you want," said Stukely. "They will make you Earl of Tir-Eoghain, if you would like that." Shane snorted, and he spoke defiantly. "That earldom is a toy," said he. "Ye made an earl of MacCarthy in Munster, and I have serving-boys and stable-men that are as good men as he. Ye thought to hang me when ye had a grip of me. I have no trust in your promises. I did not ask peace of the Queen, but *she* asked it of *me*, and it is ye yourselves that have broken it. I drove the English out of Newry and out of Dundrum, and I will never let them come back. O'Donnell will not dare to be prince again in Tir-Conaill, for that place is mine henceforward. Let there be no doubt upon you that Ulster is mine. My ancestors before me were kings over it. I won it with my sword, and with my sword I will keep it."

Though Sydney was a very brave, courageous man, his heart was in his mouth when Stukely told him this conversation. "If we do not make a great effort Ireland will be gone out of our hand. O'Neill owns the whole of Ulster, and he must be checked," said Sydney to Elizabeth. "Attack him at once," said she. She sent a troop of English over, and Sydney collected men from every quarter of Ireland, English and Irish, for there was many a chief who assisted him. Some of them were sufficiently disinclined for the business; but they had to

Síod go raib Sydney 'na fear an-mírneamail, éirean, bí a gpoirde 'na béal aige nuair d'innir Stukeley dó an cómpáid roin: "Muna ndéantar áit iarráct beir éire iméighe ar ár lámh: ir le n-ó héilí ulaó go léir 7 caitear é corz," ar Sydney le n-éire: "Buail é láitear," ar ríre: "Do feól pí oream Sapanac anall 7 do bailis Sydney fí ar zac áit i n-éirinn, Sapanais 7 éireannaig, mar ir iomda taoireac do éabruis leir: Do bí cur aca leirgeamail go leor cum an gnotha aet do b'éigean dóib beartúgáid oíra cum cabartha le Sapaná fá mar do gníóid inoiu.

Tátar cúgat, a Seághan-an-Dóimair, a marcais an élaíom gáir, gléar Mac-an-Fíolair, 7 cóirig do buirdean beag laoc. Ní fuil aca aet neart buir gcuirleanna féin, mar ná bfuil cabair 'na congnaí dóib ó éinneac larmuic:

An pádail do goirde ar éanntraib na Sapanac timéall baile-ata-Clia. Do léim Seághan irteac innte ar nór cóirighe Do maob 7 d'arraig ré i go ballaíde baile-ata-Clia. Tug ré iarráct fá daingean na Sapanac i n'Dunóealgain 7 bí bpuigean áir aige le Sydney coir an baile rin. Bítear ró-maí do Seághan annró, 7 cuiread ar gcúl é le buad, aet d'imir ré éirleac ar fluaigheib Sydney pul ar dpuir ré leir. Lean Sydney ar acaí. Do gluar ré ére tír éógain, 7 ar roin go tír Conaill, i n-aindeoin Seághan, aet do lean reirean zac órlac de'n trlige é 7 ba beag an ruaimnear do tug ré dó ar fead an turpúir. Níor tearbáin ré miam noime rin cleara cómpaic níor fearr 'na an uair reo. Bí Sydney 7 a fluaig lionmair élaíde cuirleac ó foganna obanna Seághan: Do dpuir ré i ngár dóib lám le Doire 7 tug cat dóib. Bpuigean gair do b'ead i, mar do tuit a lán fear ar zac taob, 7 famluig Seághan go raib an buad leir, aet fairre go brát! féac an oream ro ag teact aniar air—na tír Conaillis éruada fá Ó Domnaill do bí i gcóimnuirde 'na coinnib—7 bpuiread ar Seághan fá deiread:

Do dpuir ré leir ar gcúl go bealaige tír éógain ag orannan ar Sydney: Bí ré cóm neameaglac roin, 7 cóm muinígneac roin ar féin go raib fairdeir ar na Gallair teact 'na goire 7 do gluarleadar oíra go baile-ata-Clia arir san puinn do báir a dturpúir aca: "Cuiread miam mo lám oíra fóir," adair Seághan. "Ní fácaí aet aca ar n-air muna mbiaí na cuirpíg rin i dtír Conaill; tá ráite beac annroin acá am' érád 7 am' cealg le fáda, aet bain an éluar díom, go mífad iatran ar ball."

make themselves ready for the assistance of England, as they do at this day.

They are coming against you, Shane the Proud, horseman of the sharp sword! Get ready Mac-an-Fhiolar, and arrange your little band of heroes. Ye have nothing but the strength of your own arms, for there is no help nor succor for ye from anyone outside.

The English districts about Dublin were called the Pale. Into the Pale Shane leaped like a thunderstorm. He ravaged and plundered it to the walls of Dublin. He made an attempt upon the English in Dundalk, and he had a fight with Sydney near that town. They were too much for Shane that time, and with some difficulty they repulsed him; but he made havoc among Sydney's troops before he moved off. Sydney continued to press on. He went through Tir-Eoghain, and from that to Tir-Conaill, in spite of Shane; but the latter followed him every inch of the way, and little rest he gave him during the journey. Never did he show better skill in tactics than at that time. Sydney and his numerous army were harassed and wearied by Shane's sudden attacks. He moved close up to them near Derry and gave them battle. A tough fight it was, for many men fell on both sides, and Shane thought the victory was with him; but beware! See thi company coming from the West upon him—the stern Tir-Conaill men under O'Donnell, who was always against him—and Shane was defeated at last.

He fell back to the passes of Tir-Eoghain, growling at Sydney. He was so fearless and so confident in himself, that the foreigners were afraid to come near him, and they betook themselves to Dublin again, having got very little by their journey. "I will put the mark of my hand on them yet," said Shane. "Not a creature of them would have gone back if it were not for those villains in Tir-Conaill. There is a swarm of bees there that are worrying and stinging me this long while; but cut the ear off me but I will smoke them out very soon."

CHAPTER X.

CLOUDS AND DEATH.

Shane was preparing himself secretly, and the English were not asleep. They were secretly aiding O'Donnell, and spurring him on against Shane. Hugh was the name of the O'Donnell who was now in Tir-Conaill, for Calvach had lately died. This

Catb. 10:

SĜAMAILL AĜUS BĀS:

Bí Seághan go foluigíteac 'sá ullamúgadh féin 7 ní faib na Sapanais 'na scoola. Bíodair aĝ cabríúgadh le h-Ó Dómnail 1 san fíor, 7 'sá ĝríoradh 1 ĝcoinnib Seághain. Doð do b'ainm de'n Ó Dómnail do bí anoir ar Tír Conaill, mar caillead Calbac le déideannaisge. Níor b'fuláir do'n triac nuadh ro éact éigin do déanað 1 uorac a maĝla, mar ba ĝnátað le ĝac flait an uair úd. Buir doð irteac go Tír Eóghain ar órúgadh na Sapanac 7 do éreac pé an taob tair tuaid di. Do duib 7 do deairĝ aĝ Seághan-an-Diomuir. Dar claidream ĝairĝe Néill naoi nĝiallaisĝ, díolfað Ó Dómnail ar an ĝcorĝairt reo!

Do éirí troigíteaca 7 marcais aĝ triall ar ĝac áirí fá déin tige móir Beinnboirb roim eirĝe ĝréine 1 uorac na Bealtaine inĝ an mbliadhain 1567. Ćrom na coin móra ar uail le teairbac ar teact na rluasĝ, 7 aĝ lútaíl 7 aĝ crocað a n-eairball, mar do fileadair go mbiað reilĝ aca mar ba ĝnátað. Rit an fiað ruadh 7 an maćtipe 1 Bfolac inĝ na coilltib móir-ocimceall mar fileadair roim leir le tuisĝint an ainmíde go maðtar ar a uóir.

Ní faib dúil 1 realĝ aĝ Ó Néill an cor ro, mar bí deaðað air cum Ó Dómnail do traocað, 7 do buail pé féin 7 a flóigeadó tri míle fear riar ó tuaid. Déirfað daoine pírreóĝaca go faib na cáĝa aĝ rĝréacaĝ ór cionn tige Seághain-an-Diomair an maidean ro, 7 náir éualaid pé ceól na cuaidé ná píobairéact an loim duib inu:

“Nác dán iad na Tír Conaillĝ reo, 7 nác móir an triasĝ uóib beir 'sá ĝcur a rliĝe a marbta,” ar reirean, nuair do connaic pé Ó Dómnail 7 a buidean beas ruidte ar áirí an ĝáirí ar an uoaob tuaid o'nbear Súilĝ 1 nDún na nĝail:

Bí an taoidé traĝte ar an nbear 7 do ríirí Ó Néill ĝur ĝaimm ĝrim do bí ann 1 ĝcómnuide. Níor mar rin do Ó Dómnail: Bí aicne maic aĝerean ar an aic úd, 7 do coĝair pé i 1 ĝcómair é féin 7 a cuir fear do coraint ar Ó Néill, mar eirĝeann an taoidé go tiuĝ 7 go h-obann annróð:

Aĝur féac 1 n-acrann le céile an rluoć do táinĝ ó beirć mac Néill naoi nĝiallaisĝ—na Tír Conaillĝ ó Conail ĝulban 7 na Tír Eóghainĝ ó Eóĝan, é ríú do buir a éroidé le brón 1 ndiað Conail nuair do marbúigeadó an curadh roim.

Deirtear nác faib don fonn bhuigne ar Ó Néill nuair do

new prince must needs do some act of valor at the beginning of his reign, as was the custom with every prince at that time. Hugh broke into Tir-Eoghain by order of the English, and plundered the north-western part of. Shane the Proud turned black and red with anger. By the champion-sword of Niall of the Nine Hostages, O'Donnell shall pay for this raid!

You would see foot and horsemen traveling from every quarter towards the great house of Benburb before sunrise, in the beginning of May, in the year 1567. The great hounds began to bay with excitement at the approach of the troops, and to jump about and wag their tails, for they thought they were to have a hunt, as usual. The red deer and the wolf ran to hide themselves in the woods all around, for *they* too thought, with the animal's instinct, that they were going to be pursued.

O'Neill had no desire for hunting this time, for he was in a hurry to subdue O'Donnell, and he and his host of three thousand men struck out to the north-west. Superstitious people would say that the jackdaws were screaming over the house of Shane the Proud this morning, and that he did not hear the music of the cuckoo nor the piping of the blackbird to-day.

"Are they not bold, these Tir-Conaill fellows, and is it not a great pity for them to be putting themselves in the way of their death?" said he, when he saw O'Donnell and his little band posted upon Ardingary, on the north side of Lough Swilly, in Donegal.

The tide had ebbed out of the estuary, and O'Neill thought that the sand in it was always dry. Not so with O'Donnell. *He* knew that place well, and he chose it in order to protect himself and his men from O'Neill, for the tide rises strongly and suddenly there.

And see, struggling together, the race that came from the two sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—the Tir-Conaill men from Conall Gulban, and the Tir-Eoghain men from Eoghen, the man who broke his heart with sorrow after Conall when that warrior was killed!

It is said that O'Neill had no wish to fight when he saw the small army that O'Donnell had against him, and that he would rather that they would have surrendered; but for all that he arranged his men carefully, and he ordered them in companies and troops across the inlet of the sea. O'Donnell made a furious attack on the first party that got across and broke them up. If they had not many men, they were all like wild cats. He did

connaic ré an rluasg beas do bì ag Ó Dòmnaill 'na coinnib, 7
 sup b'fearr leir d'a ngeillfioir, aet mar rin féin do beartuis
 ré a cuio fear go cruinn 7 do rciúraib ré 'na n'preamaib 7 'na
 noioirmaib tarrna an cuair fairrge iao. Tug Ó Dòmnaill foza
 feargac f'a'n gceao cuio do f'paoic anonn 7 do b'p' ré iao.
 Muna faib móran fear aige, caic f'adais do b'ead iao go léir.
 Rinne ré mar an gceadna leir an darna cipe calma. "Caic-
 fear iao do cup ar poim," aipra Ó Néill, 7 do buail ré é féin ar
 ceann cóir capall, aet do p'p'ab marcais Uí Dòmnaill amac ar
 los air 'nór gála gaoite, 7 d'a f'eadar é Seághan-an-Dìomair 7
 ar éigin do bì ré 'na cumar cois do cup leó. D'f'ead ré
 timceall air. Bì cuio d'a d'preamaib meargta t're n-a céile 7
 a tuillead aca r'garca ó n-a céile. Nìor tuis Seághan f'at an
 mearbtaill go b'p'eadar ré an taoise ag eirge r'geoin ag
 teact ar a cuio fear, 7 Ó Dòmnaill le n-a buidean laoc ag cup
 oirca go dian. Nìor meac c'p'oid Seághan inr an amgar úo, 7
 do c'rom ré ar éirleac le n-a marcais go r'adain, 7 ar d'ul ar
 c'oranairde anp'ro 7 anp'ro ag glaothac ar a cinnf'adna a gcuio
 fear do c'oiriúgadh. Do g'níò ré féin iarp'act ar an rluasg do
 bailiúgadh leir i n-eagar cóir, aet ní faib r'lige cum capad aca,
 7 bì cuio aca go glúnaib i n-uirge 7 an taoise ag r'ómair tim-
 ceall oirca. F'ir ó lár t'vata do b'ead a b'p'urmóir. T'ainis
 r'geoin nìor mó oirca 7 b'p'p'eadar:

B'atad 7 marbúigead t'p'í céad d'ead fear aca. Do b'é cat
 d'p'p'annac Seághan-an-Dìomair é agur an tubairte ba mó do
 t'arluis r'iam dó. An méro a cuair t'p'earna r'lán tar inbear
 milt'ead Súilg do t'eiceadair leo, agur do r'geinn a b'p'ait ruar
 coir na habann ag cuap'ad aca, agur doirn marcaic leir. Do
 t'earbáin T'ip Conallac d'a b'ainm g'allcabaip ac 'ran adainn do
 d'a m'le ó p'airc an buala agur do tug Seághan Ó Néill a cúl
 ar T'ip Conaill, allur air, a t'eanza agur a capbail cóm te, t'ipm,
 le r'méapóro teine, agur cnap na r'górnais le buairt' aigne.

Bì Ó Dòmnaill 7 a f'ar-f'ip go meirp'ead, 7 a d'ceinnt' c'nám
 aca d'ér an buair, aet ní faib f'ior aca go r'adadair ag d'eanad
 oibp' na Sapanac, obair do t'ip ar na g'all rin ar f'ead cúis
 bliadna d'ead r'oine rin, g'io sup cailleadair na milt' fear 7
 d'a milliún púnt cuige.

Ca' do d'eanfaid Ó Néill ula' anoir? D'ip leabair na
 Ceit'p' Ollamain go faib ré éad'rom 'na ceann d'ar éir b'p'ighe
 áip'ro an g'áip', aet ní f'uil 'ra méro rin aet coir cainte. Bì an
 cupad úo r'ó-aigeanamail 7 r'ó-láirip i g'p'oid 7 a g'coirp cum
 c'romad ar p'lubairgeal agur ar c'neadais i t'caob b'p'p'ead don
 b'p'ighe amáin. Nì faib ré d'a f'icead bliadna d'aoir f'or 7 bì
 m'p'neac an leomain i g'comnuirde aige. D'iaip cuio d'a

the same to the second brave file. "We must put them out of that," said O'Neill, and he thrust himself at the head of a detachment of horse; but O'Donnell's horsemen rushed out on him from a hollow like a gale of wind, and great as was Shane the Proud it was with difficulty that he was able to check him. He looked around him. Some of his companies were mixed up together, and some of them were separated from each other. Shane did not understand the reason of the confusion till he saw the tide rising and terror coming upon his men, and O'Donnell with his band of heroes pressing upon them severely. Shane's heart did not fail in that moment of distress, and he, with his horsemen, began slaughtering savagely, and galloping to and fro, calling upon his captains to put their men in order. He tried to gather the army together himself in proper order, but they had not room to turn, and some of them were up to the knees in water and the tide flowing up all round them. Most of them were inland men. A fresh panic fell on them and they broke away.

Thirteen hundred of them were drowned or killed. It was Shane the Proud's last battle, and the greatest disaster that ever happened to him. As many as crossed the terrible estuary of the Swilly in safety fled away, and their prince rushed up the side of the river to look for a ford, with a few horsemen. A Tir-Conaill man of the name of Gallagher showed him a ford in the river two miles from the battle-field, and Shane O'Neill turned his back on Tir-Conaill, sweating, his tongue and his palate as hot and dry as a coal of fire, and a lump in his throat from trouble of mind.

O'Donnell and his good men were right merry, and they had bonfires after the battle; but they did not know that they were doing the work of the English—work which it had failed those foreigners to do for fifteen years before that, though they had lost thousands of men and two millions of money in the attempt.

What will O'Neill of Ulster do now? The Book of the Four Masters says that he was light in his head after the fight at Ardingary, but that is only a turn of expression. That hero was too high-minded and too strong of heart and of limb to fall to blubbering and to groaning over the loss of one battle. He was not forty years of age yet, and he always had the courage of a lion. Some of his military officers begged him to yield to the English, but that was not Shane's intention at all. He released Somerled the Sallow (Sorley Boy), whom he had had in captivity as a prisoner of war for two years, and sent him

oifigeada coisear ar gilleas do Sárana aet níor b'é rin incinn Seághan i n-aon cor. Sgaol ré Somairle Duide do bí mar éime aige le dá bliadain, 7 cuir mar teactaire go Cloinn Dómnail i n-Albain é as iarraid congantha oíra. Do sealladar do í, 7 gnió ré féin 7 sárda marcad ionas coinne leo i mBunabann Duinne, i n-Dontrium. O' úmhuiseadar go talam do 7 gléaradar fé roa i gcábhán fairsing do. Táinig fear eile ar an láthair leir, o'ar b'ainm Pierce, brataodóir ó Éilre do cuaisid cad do bí ar riuib l as Seághan. Ní fuil aon rghuibinn le págal do dearbhuiseann gur tug an captaen Pierce úo díol pola do na hAlbanais, aet tá mhar gear as gac úgdar ar.

A Seághan-an-Díomair, tá do gno deanta.

Deir do námaide féin amain, go raib do lám láidoir mar ríat i gcóinnuidé as an bpeir las, 7 nác raib gadoirde ná fear mí-riagalta i' ceanntaraib leo' linn. Deir ríad, leir, gur b'é do gnat san ruidé cum bíó go mbiaó a ráit de'n feoil do b'feáir, mar deirteá, as boet ib Crioro, do cruinnigeas ar do táirrig. Aet tá deirteas leo' féileasct 7 leo' gearge láitneac; mar tá na hAlbanais go cíocrae as coisearais le Captain Pierce inr an gcábhán. Ní cloirfir uail de conairt asur ní lea-fair an fiaó ruas ére coilltib enó na Tríúca go deó arir. Ní cloirfir rluaisce Tir Eógain do gáircaia níor mó, mar tá ríce Albanae ar do cúl a san fíor duit 7 Pietce o'a nsgioas gur marbuisir a n-aiteada i mbuisigin Gleanna tairre. Preas ió' ruidé ó'n mbóro roin a Seághan-an-Díomair 7 féac dia tair díot mar tá an trleas i nsgioasct órlais deo' dhom leatan.

Asur liúgann an coirpliún amuic ar Spuic na Maoile, 7 bipeann na tonna bána ar an tpráig le fuaim coir Bunabann Duinne, 7 tearbánnann na daoine annruo capn cloe i los mar a bfuil Seághan-an-Díomair 'na coola le breir asur trí céas bliadan.

“ Seact mbliadna Searccatt cúic céo
Mile bliadain ir ní brécc,
Co báir tSeáin mic mic Cumn
Ó toirdeet Criorc hi ccolainn.”

Tós Pierce leir an ceann do b'áilne i néirinn 7 baineas an t-éadae daor de corp díceannta úi néill. Fuair Pierce a míle punt mar díol ar an gceann ó'n mbainrígáin, 7 buaileas an ceann caiteadae úo ar díorir ar an rínn do b'áirde ar cáirleán Baile-áta-Clia:

as an envoy to the Clan Donal in Scotland, to ask aid of them. They promised it to him, and he and a guard of horsemen appointed a place of meeting with them at Cushendun, in Antrim. They bowed to the ground before him, and prepared a feast for him in a large tent. Another man came to the place also, whose name was Pierce, a spy from Elizabeth, who had heard what Shane was doing. There is no written evidence to be found which proves that this Captain Pierce gave blood-money to the Scots, but every author has a strong suspicion of it.

Shane the Proud, your business is done.

Your very enemies say that your strong hand was ever as a shield to the weak, and that there was not a robber nor an unruly man in your territories during your time. They say, too, that it was your custom not to sit down to your food until, as you would say, Christ's poor, who gathered on your threshold, had had their fill of the best meat. But there is an end to your generosity and to your valiant deeds now, for the Scots are eagerly whispering with Captain Pierce in the tent. You will never again hear the baying of the pack, nor follow the red deer through the nut-woods of the cantred for evermore. The hosts of Tir-Eoghain will hear your battle-cry no more, for there are twenty Scots behind you unknown to you, and Pierce is nagging at them that you killed their fathers in the battle of Glenshesk. Spring to your feet from that table, Shane the Proud, and look behind you, for the spear is within an inch of your broad back.

And the curlew cries away out on the Moyle Water, and the white waves break soundingly on the strand near Cushendun, and the people there show a cairn of stones in a hollow, where Shane the Proud sleeps these three hundred years and more.

“Seven years, sixty, five hundred
(And) a thousand years, it is no lie,
To the death of Shane the grandson of Conn
From the coming of Christ in the Body.”

Pierce took away with him the most beautiful head in Ireland, and they took the rich clothing from the headless body of O'Neill. Pierce received his thousand pounds from the Queen in payment for the head, and that beloved and lovely head was stuck upon a spike on the highest battlement of Dublin Castle.

(o) cailín na mbráítre.

Séamur ua Dubháill:

Bí cailín fao ó i dtí na mbráítre agus ní bíod don ceópa leir an méio oibhe bíod rí a cur roimpi le déanamh.

Ir cuma cao a beaó san déanamh agus b'féidir go mbeaó ré san déanamh ar feaó ráite, nuair déarfaió leir an scailín é déanamh, 'ré an ffeasra bíod aici i gcóinnuibe: "Ó bíor cum é rin a déanamh mé féin." Ceap na bráítre ar dtúir go raib cailín anaóiceallac aca, agus ir minic a bíoir as molaó an cailín agus as maoidéam airtí le bráítruib eile:

Don lá amáin a táinig sean-bráídar eua ó mainirtir eile, agus, nuair a euala ré an t-áir-molaó ar cailín na mbráítre, "Beiré fíor asam-ra," ar reirean, "an bfuil rí com maic agus veiréar liom i beiré."

"Cosar," ar reirean le ceann de na bráítruib, "abair leir an scailín teacó irteacó i reómpa na leabair agus, nuair a beiré rí irtió ann, abair léi gur éaró ói na leabair a níge."

"Agus cao éuige go scuiprinn obair óinrige mar rin roimpi? Beaó fearis uiré agus b'féidir go b'asfaó rí rinn: Ní fuirir cailín mar i 'fagail seallaim dúit."

"Déan ruo orm," ar' an sean-bráídar:

Do glaoóuig ré ar an scailín agus ní raib rí i b'as as teacó; agus, nuair a táinig rí, dubairt an sean-bráídar léi go bog réio: "Cloirim gur anaóailín tú. Ir móir an t-iongnacó liom, a b'igro, na leabair reo beiré san níge asat fóir."

"Bíor oipeac cun é rin a déanamh, mé féin, a ádar."

"Ó ní gábaó dúit é, a b'igro," ar' an bráídar eile go fearó: Ó 'n lá rain go dtí an lá indiu tá Cailín na mbráítre mar ainm ar éinne a bíonn "cun é rin déanamh" i n-ionacó é beiré déanta:

(f) an fad mara

nó

ar lorg an béarla:

Séamur ua Dubháill:

Tamall maic ó poin anoir bí daoine 'na gcóinnuibe i n-oileán beas i n-íocair na héireann agus ní raib aca acó an fadailg: Mar seall air go mbíod daoine paróibhe as teacó ar cuairt ar

THE FRIARS' SERVANT MAID.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

THERE was a servant long ago at the friary, and there were no bounds to the amount of work she used to be about doing. It did not matter what was left undone, and perhaps it would be without doing for a quarter, when the servant would be asked to do it the answer she always had was, "I was going to do that myself." The friars at first thought they had a very diligent servant, and often they used to be praising the girl, and boasting of her to other friars.

One day an old brother came to them from another monastery, and when he heard the great praises of the friars' servant, he said, "I'll find out if she is as good as she is said to be."

"Whisper," said he to one of the brothers; "tell the girl to come into the library, and when she is inside there, tell her she ought to wash the books."

"And why should I set her such a fool's job? She would be angry, and perhaps she would leave us. It is not easy to get a servant like her, I assure you."

"Do as I tell you," said the old friar.

He called the girl; she was not long coming, and when she came the old friar said to her, soft and smooth, "I am told you are a great girl. I wonder very much, Brigid, that you have those books so long without washing."

"I was just now going to do that myself, father."

"Oh you need not, Brigid," said the other brother, sharply.

From that day to this "the friars' servant girl" is applied to any one who is always going to do the thing instead of having it done.

THE GAD MARA, OR IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

A GOOD while ago now there lived people in a little island in a remote part of Ireland and they had no language but Irish. Because wealthy people used to visit the island now and again, the poor people imagined that all they wanted was to have

an oileán anoir agus arís ceap na daoine bocta ná faib náta áct an Béarla o'fógluim agus go mbeoír faibéir go deo. Leanann an galar céadna móran daoine a ceapann níor mó céille beir aca 'ná bí ag muintir an oileáin.

“Áct cá faib an Béarla le fágáil?” B'in í an ceirt anoir:

Bí 'fíor aca go faib Béarla i n-Éirinn, áct eualadar go faib an Béarla doob' feárr 'ra domhan i mBaile Áta Cliat:

Tar éir móran cainte agus comráid focuigeadar ar duine aca a cur go Baile Áta Cliat ar lorg an Béarla:

An lá bí an fear ag imteáct bað dóig leat sur go hAimeirice a bí ré ag toul. Bí an lá 'na lá raoirpe ar an oileán. Táinig muintir an oileáin go léir, ós agus críonna, go dtí port na héireann agus cuireadh an fear anonn ar an dtír mhór ar an mbáð ba mó ar an oileán.

O'fás teastairpe an Béarla rlan aca agus o'imtí ag go Baile Áta Cliat. Tar éir a beir tamall 'ra catair bí Béarla aise, ód focal, “Good-morrow,” agus ceap ré go faib ré i n'am aise filleadh a baile. Bí ré cuirpeadh go leór ó beir ag coirp-deáct, agus nuair a táinig ré go dtí féit an Ciotais i n-aice na fairsige, fuit ré fíor.

Bí na focail go cruinn garta aise, 7 le heagla go mbeadh ríad cailte aise, bíod ré ag fáð mar phairín “Good-morrow,” “good-morrow,” “good-morrow.”

Bí an aimir flué agus bí féit an Ciotais bog: Go deimhin, bí rí 'na tóin ar bogadh, agus, nuair a bí an fear boct ag toul tarna, euidh ré ar lár agus o' fóbair do beir báirdte. Tairp-aing ré é féin amac i gcuma éicint agus bain ré amac an talamh tirim. Áct, mo chead ir mo cár! bí an Béarla cailte aise.

Nuair a táinig ré a baile agus nuair o'innir ré a rgeal do muintir an oileáin, bíodar buaidhearta go leor, agus 'ré duairt gac duine aca leir féin sur mhór an truaas nac é féin a cuireadh go Baile-Áta-Cliat.

Áct cad a bí le déanam anoir? Bí an Béarla cailte i b'féit an Ciotais agus b'féidir go mbeadh ré le fágáil fór:

Do gluar reirpar de muintir an oileáin anonn ar báð go dtí an dtír mhór agus fear an Béarla le n-a goir. Tearbáin ré dóib cár cail ré an Béarla i lár na féite.

Cromadair go léir ar an áit a tóbac agus a taoradh agus níor b'fada dóib ag fábáil do'n obair reo nuair do buail gao mara leó.

“Sin é an focal,” “Sin é an focal,” arfateastairpe an Béarla, “gao mara,” “gao mara.”

English and that they would be rich for ever. The same ailment follows a good many who think they have much more sense than had the people of the island.

But where was the English to be had; that was now the question. They knew there was English in Ireland, but they had heard the best English in the world was in Dublin.

After much talk and discussion they fixed on one of themselves to be sent to Dublin in search of English.

The day the man was leaving you would think it was to America he was going. The day was a holiday on the island. The whole population of the island, young and old, came down to Port Erinn, and the man was put across on the mainland in the biggest boat on the island.

The English delegate bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way to Dublin. After being a short time in the city he had English, "Good morrow," two words, and he thought it was time for him to be returning home. He was tired enough from walking, and when he came as far as "the Left-handed Man's swamp," close to the sea, he sat down. He had the words correctly, and lest he should lose them, he used to be repeating them like a prayer—"Good morrow, good morrow."

The weather was wet and the swamp soft. Indeed it was a regular quagmire; and when the poor man was crossing he went bogging, and was near being drowned. He pulled himself out some way and got to dry land. But, sorrow and distraction, he had lost the English.

When he reached home, and when he told his tale to the people of the island, they were troubled enough, and it is what each said to himself, that it was a pity that it was not he himself that was sent to Dublin.

But what was to be done now. The English was lost in the swamp of the Left-handed Man, and maybe it would be found yet.

Six of the islanders went over in a boat to the mainland, and the "English" man with them. He showed them where he lost the English in the middle of the swamp. They all set to work to dig and shovel the place, and they were not long at the work when they came upon a gad mara, or sea rod.

"That's the word, that's the word," said the messenger, "Gad mara, gad mara."

FÁIT-SGEAL:

ní macaíó míre go b'ráé ar gcúl
 níl' éigin beiré úmál d'aoib 'r mór mo leun,
 muna dtig liom riúbal, muna dtig liom riúbal,
 muna dtig liom riúbal ar mo páirce-pe féin.

Éainis an tmacaíóna teit, 7 rin mé riap ar banca b'eads féin, ar
 éaoib an b'ótar, agus níor b'fada gur tuit mo cóolaó orm:
 agus im' cóolaó connairc mé airtling.

Do bí mé as riúbal, mar fáoil mé im' airtling, i dtír anairtíó
 nac raib mé ariam noiúne reó i n-aon tír córmúil léi, bí rí cóm
 b'eads rin. Bí bóirce caola d'ó-riúbalta as dul trío an tír
 áluinn reó, agus do bí páirceanna glara agus fear bog uairtne,
 agus h-uile fóir blát d'a b'fadaíó rúil ariam, as fáir ar gac aon
 éaoib de'n b'ótar: áct do bí an b'ótar féin cam corrac cloéac,
 agus bí r'púilleac as réiréac air, do loit agus do dail rúile
 na ndaoine do bí as riúbal ann.

Agus níor b'fada go b'fadaíó mé fear ós lútmair láidir amac
 rómam, as gabáil an b'ótar mar do bí mé féin. Agus connairc
 mé an t-óganac ro as fearam go minic cum an púdar tírim do
 bí d'a réiréac ar an mb'ótar do cuimilt d'a rúil. Agus do
 bí an b'ótar cóm h-airtíó agus cóm cloéac rin gur tuit ré
 anoir agus airtíó mar bí ré as riúbal: agus an uair deiréannac
 do tuit ré níor féac ré éiríge no go dtáinís míre cóm fada
 leir, agus tugar mo lám d'ó gur t'ós mé ar a d'a cóir airtíó é,
 agus dubairc mé leir go raib rúil asam nac raib ré forcuigé.
 D'fearaíó reiréan de b'fadaíó binne blarta nac raib ré for-
 cuigé go mór, áct go raib fáitíóir air nac dtuicéac ré go
 deiréac a airtíó an lá rin, mar do bí an b'ótar cóm garb agus
 cóm cruair rin. Agus d'fearaíó míre de an fada do bí le dul
 aige. Dubairc reiréan náir b'fada, áct gur mian leir dul go
 baile-mór do bí cúis míle amac uainn, rúil éainis an oirde air,
 óir buó mian leir rúil le n'íte, agus leabuir, fáigal, agus san
 an oirde do cáiteam amuis ar an mb'ótar fáidain rin:

Agus nuair éalair mé rin do bí iongantac orm, óir bí d'a
 uair de'n lá asainn fóir, noiú lúide na g'neine, agus b'fóir do
 duine ar bit do bí cóm lútmair láidir leir an óganac rin cúis
 míle do riúbal in ran am rin, d'a b'fadaíó ré an t'óc'ótar agus
 d'a riúbalraó mé ar an macairc b'eads réir do bí le n-a éaoib;
 agus dubairc mé rin leir:

“Ná bíod iongantac ort fúm-ra,” a deir ré, “óir ní réir
 le duine ar bit in ran tír reó an b'ótar fáigal: cóm cloéac
 cnarac corrac agus atá an b'ótar, cáitíó duine panamaint air:

AN ALLEGORY.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(Translated by NORMA BORTHWICK.)

THE evening became hot, and I stretched back on a fine grassy bank at the side of the road, and it was not long till I fell asleep. And in my sleep I saw a vision.

I was walking, as I thought in my dream, in an unknown country, such that I was never before in any country like it, it was so fine. There were narrow roads, very bad for walking, running through this beautiful country, and there were green fields and soft green grass, and every sort of flower that the eye ever saw, growing on each side of the road. But the road itself was crooked and uneven and stony, and there was a dusty wind blowing on it that hurt and blinded the eyes of the people that were walking in it.

And it was not long till I saw a young, active, strong man out before me, going the same road as I was myself. And I saw this young fellow standing often to rub out of his eyes the dry dust that was being blown on the road. And the road was so uneven and so stony that he fell now and again as he was walking. And the last time that he fell he could not rise until I came up to him, and I gave him my hand till I raised him up on his feet again, and I said to him that I hoped he was not hurt. He answered in sweet, pleasant-sounding words that he was not much hurt, but that he was afraid he would not come to the end of his journey that day, as the road was so rough and so hard. And I asked him if he had far to go. He said he had not far, but that he wished to go to a big town, that was five miles out from us, before night came on him, for he wanted to get something to eat and a bed, and not to spend the night outside on that wild road.

And when I heard that there was wonder on me, for we had two hours of the day yet before sunset, and it would be easy for anybody who was so active and strong as that young man to walk five miles in that time if he left the bad road, and if he walked on the fine, smooth plain that was beside it; and I said that to him.

"Do not be surprised at me," says he, "for it is impossible for any person in this country to leave the road. As stony and knotty and rugged as the road is, a person must stay on it. If he leaves the road to walk on the fine, smooth plain,

Má fágann pé an bótar le riúbal ar an macaire bpeáí péir, iocparó pé ar go géar. Tá luét gáirí ar an mbótar ro agus ar h-uile bótar in ran tír seo, raiḡuúirí mórí duba. I ríad na raiḡuúirí seo do rinne gac don bótar ann ran tír seo agus i ríol do rinneadur iad, áit má fágann duine tuirpreac an bótar le riúbal ar an macaire, leantair é leir an ngáirí dub ro, agus beirí ar, agus tiomáiní ríompa é, go gcuirí ar an mbótar arís é, gan buirdeacur dó.”

“Áit,” ar ra mife leir an rírainréar, “ní féidir go bfuil an oiríad rin de raiḡuúirí duba ar gac don bótar in ran tír le luét riúbalta na mbótar do rmaétuḡar agus do fáruḡar mar rin. Nac mbionn luét-riúbalta na mbótar níor iomardamla ná an gáirí dub ro, agus nac bpeáirí ríad an lám uáctair fáirí oirí, agus bpeáirí aréad, in a n-áirídeoin, ar an macaire mín áluinn rin, agus gan panamáint ar an mbótar gáirí púaríac poll-líonmar ro?”

“D’féaríarí rin déanam go cinnte,” ar ran rírainréar, “óir bíonn ríce fear láirí ar an mbótar i n-áirí an don gáirí áirí, áit áirí ríor oirídeáirí ríarí áirí an ngáirí dub, ann ran ríarí or cionn na mbótar, agus i ríor leir an luét-riúbal nac bfuil don neart áirí na bóirí d’fáirí, agus tar éir gac ríor agus ríarí agus ríarí d’á ríarí oirí ann ríarí ríarí mílíreáirí málíreáirí ríor, ní’l an oiríde ná an coráirí áirí iad d’fáirí, agus i ríor gáirí ab é rin marí gáirí ar an oirídeáirí do ríarí na ríarí duba. Áit i ríor é an ríor i ríoríarí áirí áirí, nac bfuil in ran gáirí i ríor de na raiḡuúirí ríor áit coráiríreáirí raiḡuúirí; i ríaríde gan bpeáirí gan ríaríarí iad, áit i ríor le luét-riúbalta na mbótar gáirí fíil agus ríorí iad, agus go lóirí ríad an duine fáirí an bótar le n-a gáirí arí.”

Do ríaríarí ar áirí n-áirí le áirí ann rin, 7 níor bpeáirí go ríaríarí coráiríarí rin gáirí b’áirí duinn ríarí ríor ar an mbótar, agus do gáirí an ríarí agus an tuirí oiríarí go mór. Dubairí mé ann rin leir an ógáirí, “Ní bíonn coráirí ríarí do ríaríarí ríarí áirí.”

“Tá tobairí bpeáirí ríor-uirí,” adubairí rí, “fáirí coráirí bpeáirí áirí, ceáiríarí mílí áirí ríaríarí, áit tá rí ar an ríarí arí de’n áirí, in ran macaire, agus ní ríaríarí é ríarí coráirí ríarí leir.”

Áit do gáirí an ríarí oirí coráirí rin go ríaríarí mé, “Cáirí mé ól ar, ríaríarí ar an mórí mé. Ríaríarí mé go ríarí an tobairí ro.” Áiríarí ríaríarí ar an ógáirí, agus adubairí rí, “I rí mo coráirí ríarí gan ríarí ann, áit má rí áiríarí ríarí, ní bpeáirí mé áirí. Fáiríarí mé do ríaríarí ríarí

he will pay for it severely. There are guards on this road and on every road in this country—great black soldiers. It was these soldiers who made every single road in this country, and 'tis bady they made them; but if a weary person leaves the road to walk on the plain, they follow him with this black guard, and they catch him and drive him before them till they put him on the road again in spite of him."

"But," said I to the stranger, "there cannot be so many black soldiers on every road in the country as to repress and overcome the people who walk the roads like that. Are not the people who walk the roads more numerous than this black guard, and could not they get the upper hand of them, and break in, in spite of them, upon that smooth, beautiful plain, and not stay on this ugly, dusty road, full of holes?"

"They could do that certainly," said the stranger, "for there are twenty strong men on the road against the one guardsman, but the black guard have scattered a sort of enchantment in the air over the roads, and the travelers think they are not able to leave the roads, and after all the want and trouble and misery that comes on them in these awful, accursed roads, they have not the heart nor the courage to leave them, and probably that is on account of the enchantment that the black fellows have scattered. But the most extraordinary of all these things is that most of these soldiers are only imitation soldiers; they are shadows without force or substance, but the people who walk the roads think that they are flesh and blood, and that they would wound anybody who would leave the road with their weapons."

We walked forward together then, and it was not long till we were so tired that we had to sit down on the road, and thirst and fatigue oppressed us greatly. I said then to the young man, "I would not be so bad if I had a drink of water."

"There is a fine well of spring-water," said he, "at the foot of a beautiful apple-tree, a quarter of a mile out before us, but it is on the inner side of the ditch, in the plain, and it is not lawful to go as far as it."

But the thirst troubled me so much that I said, "I must drink out of it, if I were to be killed on the instant. Lead me to this well." Fear came upon the young man, and he said, "'Tis my advice to you not to go there, but if you must, I will not hinder you. I will leave your company when I come as far as the well. Kill yourself, if you wish; but you shall not kill me."

We rose then, and we walked together till we saw a great,
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tiucfar mé com fáda leir an tobair. Marbó tu féin, má'r mian leat; áct ní marbódaíó tu mire."

D'éirígeamair ann rin, agus fíuðlamair le céile, go b'pacamair c'pánn móir áluinn as éiríge ar an macaire, timcíoll ríde péirre arteaó ó'n mbótar. Cuairó mé ruar ar bárr an élarde do bí ar éaróib an bótar, agus connaic mé tobair glan glé-geal fíor-uirge d'á rgeitead amac fá bun an épáinn áiró áluinn, agus connaic mé bláta bána agus úbla beaga agus úbla leat-áruiró agus úbla móra deapá lán-áruiró, as fáir le céile ar an gc'pánn rin. Áct do bí an oirlead rin de r'macé agus de r'gánnuad ar óaoiróib na tíre rin náir baínead oirlead agus don uball aca, agus ba léir óam, ar an b'éapí fáda fáramail do bí éaric timcíoll an tobair óam-áluinn rin, nac ótáinís don duine i n-áice leir le n-ól. Áct nuair connaic mire an méad rin do geit mo éiríde i lár mo éleib, agus duháirt mé 's or-áiró, "báiríó mé curo de na h-ublaib rin agus ólfairó mé mo bótar de'n tobair rin, má 'ré an báir acá i n'óan óam."

Agus leir rin d'éiríge mé de léim áiró éaróiríom áépac de bárr an élarde-teóiríann agus arteaó ar an macaire mín áluinn. Agus nuair connaic an t-óganac an níró rin; do leis ré orna ar, óir ba bóis leir gur b'é mo báir do bí mé d'á óirígead:

Agus nuair táinís mire leat-bealairí ríor an gc'larde agus an tobair, d'éiríge r'áiríóirí duib, mar beic áiríac áiríbeal úir-g'ránná, ruar, ar an b'éapí fáda; agus do ós ré clairdeam móir le mo éeann do r'góltaó, mar fáoil mé. Agus do éalaró mé ar mo éúil an r'gílead do éuir an t-óganac ar an mbótar ar, le teann-faiteóir. Níor lúga 'ná rin an faiteóir do bí orim féin, óir ní fáir áirí ar bíc ágam le mo éoraint: áct do érom mé ar éloic máic móir do bí fá mo éoir, com móir le mo óoir féin; agus éus mé toga úiréapí de'n éloic rin leir an r'áiríóirí áirí-beal. Do buail an éloc é, mar fáoil mé, i gc'earic-láir a éadain; agus éuaró rí amac r'író a éeann, amail agus nac fáiró ann áct r'áile. Agus ar an móimíó níor léirí óam érué ná cuma an r'áiríóirí, áct do bí ruó gan érué ann amail r'lam de'n céó, agus do leas an céó rin, agus do r'gáir ré ann ran r'péir, agus ní fáir óadairó éaróiríom-re agus an tobair. Éus mé ann rin nac r'áiríóirí ná fáir cogairó do bí ann, áct ruó b'éasac 7 r'áile do rinnead le ómarídeacé, cum na n'óaoine do r'gánnuad ó'n tobair. Cuairó mé go r'ic an t-uirge agus níor bac ruó ar bíc eile mé. Éromair ar an uirge agus d'ólar mo fáir de, agus d'ar liom-ra go fáir ré com máic le fíon: báin mé uball móir deapí de'n épánn ann rin agus d'ídear é; agus do bí ré com mílir im' beal le míl. Nuair connaic mé rin, glaoó mé ar an óganac agus duháirt mé leir "teacé arteaó éusam; óir nac fáir óadairó

beautiful tree rising out of the plain, about twenty perches in from the road. I went up on the top of the ditch that was at the side of the road, and I saw a pure, bright-looking well of spring-water gushing out under the foot of the beautiful high tree, and I saw white blossoms and little apples and half-ripe apples and large, red, fully-ripe apples growing together on that tree. But there was so much repression and terror on the people of that country that nobody gathered as much as one apple of them, and it was clear to me, by the long-growing grass that was round about that lovely well, that no person came near it to drink. But when I saw that much, my heart leaped within my breast, and I said aloud, "I will gather some of those apples, and I will drink my fill of that well, if it is death that is in store for me."

And with that I rose in a high, light, active jump from the top of the boundary ditch and in upon the smooth, beautiful plain. And when the young fellow saw that, he gave a sigh, for he thought it was my death I was seeking.

And when I came half-way between the ditch and the well, a black soldier arose, like a great, hideous monster, up out of the long grass, and he took up a great sword to split my head, as I thought. And I heard behind me the scream that the young man on the road put out of him, with intense fear. No less than that was the fear that was on myself, for I had no weapon at all to defend myself. But I stooped for a good big stone that was under my foot, as big as my own fist, and I gave a choice throw of that stone at the terrible soldier. The stone hit him, as I thought, in the very middle of his forehead, and it went out through his head, as if he were nothing but a shadow. And on the instant the appearance and shape of the soldier were dim to me, but there was a shapeless thing there like a wreath of mist, and that mist melted, and it dispersed into the air, and there was nothing between myself and the well. Then I knew that he was not a soldier nor a warrior, but an unreal thing and a shadow, made by magic to frighten the people from the well. I went to the water, and no other thing hindered me. I bent down to the water and I drank my fill of it, and in my opinion it was as good as wine. I pulled a big red apple from the tree then and ate it, and it was as sweet in my mouth as honey. When I saw that, I called to the young man, and said to him "to come in to me, for there was nothing to prevent him." As soon as he perceived that, he came in over the ditch himself, and he in great fear, and he made for the well. He drank his fill out of it, and he ate

le n-a bacadh.” Com luath agus eug ré rin fá deana; táinig ré féin arthead tar an gclaidhe, agus é fá eagla mói, agus rinne ré ar an tobair. “Ól ré a fáit ar, agus d’it ré a fáit de na h-úblaib, agus fineamair riad le céile ar an bfeair bheadh bog, agus coruigeamair as caint. Agus d’fearruis mé dhé ainn na tíre rin, “óir” ar fá mire leir, “ir i an tír ir iongantaisge d’a bfuil ar an domhan i.”

Torais ré ann rin as innrint rgeula na tíre rin dam, agus dúbairt ré, “Tá an tír reo na h-oileán, agus do cruaisg Dia i amuis ann ran aigéin móir ar an taoib riad de’n domhan, an áit a gabann an grian cum a leaptan ann ran oirde. Agus ir i an tír ir áille agus ir glaire agus ir úire i d’a bfuil fá’n ngréin. Agus deir tura gur tír iongantac í, aet ni tuisgeann tu leat a h-iongantair go fóill. Agus tá trí ainmneada uirri, Banba agus Fóbla agus Éire.”

Nuair éalaid mé rin, do eug mé léim, agus buail mé mo ceann le géasán de’n éirinn, mar fáoil mé,—agus d’uiris mé.

Agus ar bporrait mo fáile dam, riú mé mo luide ar an gclaidhe ar taoib an bótar, iorí bail-ac-cliait agus bótar-na-bruighe, agus mo éara Diarmuid bán ‘s am’ fátao i m’ ear-na-caib le maide: “S méir duit beir dul a-baile,” aoir ré:

“Óra a Diarmuid,” ar fá mire, “ná bain liom: Ni fácaid mac mátar ariam a leicero d’ ailing agus connaic mire.” Agus leir rin d’innir mé mo bhuonglóir do, ó éir go deirleadh:

“Mairead! mo ghrá tu,” ar fá Diarmuid, nuair bí mé réir, “agus b’ fíor do bhuonglóir. Fáid agus fáile tu,” aoir ré.

“Cionnur rin?” ar fá mire, “minis dam é.”

“Ir ar éalaim na h-Éireann do bí tu gan don amhar,” ar fá Diarmuid, “aet do bí tu as riúbal, mar tá na h-Éireannais uile as riúbal, ar na bóitrib do rinne na Sacpanais le n-a gcuid oisge agus le n-a gcuid fáirín féin, agus rin bóitire nac réitir le Saedéal riúbal oirra gan cuirliugaó agus gan tuicim, gan doáir agus gan dólár. Aet má éiriseann riad bótar an tSacpanacair agus an Déaracair, agus iad do d’arthead ar a macaire bheadh fearmair féin ni beir riad as riúbal go cruaid ar fead an lae iomlán, mar an t-Éireannac boet rin do connaic tura, le leabuir agus le ruiréar d’fágail ran oirde; aet do macair fá dhó níor fáide, i leat an ama. Agus an tobair fíor-uirge rin do connaic tu, an tobair nac leigfead na gáirid d’ubá rin do na daoib d’ól ar, nac d’uisgeann tu gur tobair na glan-Saedeilge é rin, agus cia bé Éireannac óirar deoc ar, bíonn ré mar fíon in a beal, d’a neartugaó agus d’a fionnfuara. Agus an raigóir d’ub rin d’éirig iorí tura agus éirinn na h-úball, b’ é rin an fáirín Sacpanac, agus nuair buail tu

his fill of the apples, and we stretched back on the fine, soft grass together, and began to talk. And I asked him the name of that country; "for," said I to him, "it is the most extraordinary country of all there are in the world."

He began then to tell me the history of that country, and he said, "This country is an island, and God created it out in the great ocean on the western side of the world, the place where the sun goes to his bed in the night. And it is the most beautiful and the greenest and the freshest country of all under the sun. And you say it is an extraordinary country, but you do not know half its wonderfulness yet. And there are three names on it—Banba and Fódhla and Ireland."

When I heard that I gave a jump, and I struck my head against a branch of the tree, as I thought—and I awoke.

And when I opened my eyes, there I was lying on the ditch at the side of the road, between Dublin and Boharnabreena, and my friend Dermot "Bán" was poking me in the ribs with a stick.

"'Tis time for you to be going home," says he.

"Oro, Dermot," said I, "let me alone. No mother's son ever saw the like of such a vision as I have seen." And with that I told him my dream from beginning to end.

"Musha, man dear!" said Dermot, when I was done, "and your dream was true. A prophet and a poet you are," says he.

"How so?" said I. "Explain it to me."

"'Tis on the soil of Ireland you were without any doubt," said Dermot, "but you were walking, as all Irishmen are walking, on the roads which the English made with their own laws and with their own fashions, and those are roads that a Gael cannot walk on without stumbling and falling, without trouble and distress. But if they leave the road of Anglicisation and of English-speaking, and go in on their own fine, grassy plain, they will not be walking hard all day long like that poor Irishman you saw, to get a bed and a supper at night, but they would go twice as far in half the time. And that well of spring water that you saw, the well that those black sentries would not let the people drink from, don't you understand that that is the well of pure Irish, and whatever Irishman drinks a drink out of it, it is as wine in his mouth, strengthening him and cooling him. And that black sentry that got up between you and the apple-tree, that was the English Fashion, and when you struck him he went out of sight, like a mist, for fashions come like mist, and if a person defends himself from them they

é τ'ímētíz ré ar ámápc map ceó, óir tigeann na fáiríúin map ceó, agus má cōpnann duine é féin oípa ímētígeann ríad nár ceó arír. Agus na bláta bána, agus na h-úbla, do connaic tu ar an gcóinn áro álúinn, rin é an torad atá as fáir ar mácaíre na Saedaltácta, agus má fásann na Saedeil na bóitpe ír ar cúir na Sacranais íad le dul arteaé ar a dtalam féin ara, na h-úbla rin nár blar ríad le dá céad bliadán bainfid ríad arír go tiug íad. Agus as rin duic anoir, a Cíaoibín, map míni gim ré τ'áiríng," ar ré.

"M' anam a Úia, a Úiamuro," ar ra míre, "níl do ramail de mínígteoir ar talam na h-Éireann, agus an céad áiríng eile béirdear agam ír cugad-ra tiucear me. Ír fearr 'ná Daniel tu: Dhoirtuig oir anoir agus béirímo as dul a-baile."

ΤΑὸς ΣΑΒΑΙ

CAIBIDIL I.

Bí Ταὸς Ua Úroin 'na gába, agus bí a ceapóca ar taoib an bócair i n-áice le Úroicead na Seadaige, veic míle i dtaoib tair do Cill Áirne:

Ceapdaige maic do b'ead Ταὸς. Ní raib 'na párróirde féin, ná b'féirir i gCiarráide, fear do b'fárrí a cúirfead crúó fá capall ná clár ar céadóca. Adt map rin féin, ní raib Ταὸς gan a loctaid féin. Ír dóca nár táiníg riam lá donais ná mapgair ná feicfid Ταὸς ar ríad Cill Áirne, agus ír ró-annam a bí ré as teact abailé tráctóna gan veit rúgac go leor, nó b'féirir ar meirge. Dá ndéarrad don'ne le Ταὸς ar maidin lae an donais, "An bfuilir as dul go Cill Áirne inoiu, a Táirg?" "ré an fheadra a geobad ré, "Ní feadar," nó "b'féirir dom"—'ran am céadna as bualaó buille dá cárrí ar an iarrann nó ar an inneoin, com maic ír dá mbéad ré as ráó, "Ír móir atá ríor uait."

Nuair a bí lá an mapgair ann bí 'fíir as gac uile duine goe raib gñó aige ar an gceapócam go mb'foéarrí dō fuiréac ra bail dá mbaó maic leir a gñó veit déanta i gceairt. Ír iomda ríéal gpeannmáir a bí ar fuaid na párróirde timdeall Táirg agus a cúro oibpe maidin lae donais, map ar cúir ré cairnge i mbeo, lá, i gcapall Seagáin léit, agus map ar póil ré ar móir dtuatal clár a bí aige dá cúir ar céadóca le Domnall Ua Úruigín.

go away like mist again. And the white blossoms and the apples that you saw on the beautiful tall tree, that is the fruit that is growing on the Plain of Gaeldom, and if the Gaels leave the roads on which the English put them, to go back on their own land again—those apples which they did not taste for two hundred years they shall gather them again plentifully. And there is for you now, *Δ Ἐρμῶν*, how *I* interpret your dream,” said he.

“My soul to God, Dermot,” said I, “there isn’t your like of an interpreter on the soil of Ireland, and the next dream I have, ’tis to you I will come. You are better than Daniel. Hurry now, and we will be going home.”

TIM THE SMITH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

TIM O’BYRNE was a smith, and his forge was on the side of the road close to Giddagh Bridge, ten miles west of Killarney.

Tim was a good tradesman. There was not in his own parish, nor maybe in Kerry, a man who could better shoe a horse or put a board in a plow. But, for all that, Tim was not without his own faults. It is probable that there never came a fair or market day that Tim was not seen in the streets of Killarney, and it was very seldom he came home in the evening without being pretty merry, or perhaps drunk. If any one would ask Tim on the morning of a fair, “Are you going to Killarney to-day, Tim?” the answer he would get would be, “I don’t know,” or “Maybe I would”—at the same time striking a blow of his hammer on the iron or on the anvil, as much as if he were to say, “It is much you want knowledge” (How inquisitive you are).

When the fair day came, everyone who had business at the forge knew that he had better stay at home if he wanted a job done well. Many curious stories were through the parish about Tim and his work on a fair morning: how he had put a nail in the quick in a horse of Jack Liah, and how he bored altogether wrong a board he was putting in a plow for Daniel Breen.

Ȯi fefimeoir beas 'na c  nnairde i mb  al na Seadaige   ar  
 ainm d   M  c  al Cr  n, a  t n  r tug  d riam   ari a  t M  c  al na
 gCear. D  a mb  ad don g  n d   M  c  al na gCear ar an gceard-
 cain n   f  r  c  d don l   d   d  l ann a  t l   an donais n   an l  
 go raib '  ior aige go raib Tadhg d   d  l go C  il   irne n   go C  il
 Orlan.

San am po b'ioð mar'gato' C'ill A'irne ar an Sa'charn agur b'ioð
donac ann an ce'ao' luan do'n m'i, mar a'ta' anoir.

Marion lae donais bi Miceál ag an gceapócin cun próiníní
‘fagáil dá muca, agus connaic pé ná raib puinn le déanam ag
Taobh.

“ἰὴ τοῦτα, ἑαυτοῦ,” ἤρα Μιχαήλ, “ἔοι μὲν τοῦ ἀνὰ ἀνὰ.”

“D’féisoir dom,” arsa Tadhg: “Bí Seámuir Tálluínna ag fáil liom inné go mbéadh ré ag sa áil roir timcheall an t-aon uair déas, 7 dá mbad mairt liom out leir go bfaighinn marcairdeacht uaidh.”

“Má’r mar rin atá an rḡeál,” arsa Mícheál, “ní’l don mait
dom mo céadó a b’reit anuas cun é ‘cun i t’pne.”

“Ո՛ր, քո Երմին; լին չան չաւ, ճշր շա՛րքն ո՛ր Երմին
Երմին ինչո՞ւ չաւ ճշր ճո՛ղն Երմինն.”

Nuair a b'i Mícheál na gCleary ag dul a b'aire do char pé irtead éun tige fhuilb óis, feirmeoir beas eile b'i 'na doinnairde i n-aice le Mícheál réin.

“Că răbdare, a încredere?” arăta priub.

“Bior aS an gceapócaim aS féadaint an mbéad an gaba uilleam
i mbárac cun pionnai ‘cun im’ b’áca. Bí TaoS aS tatant oim
é ‘cun éitse inoiu mar ná raib móran le déanam aise.”

“Nac bfuil ré ag dul go Cill Áinne?”

“Cuala é as pát zo mbéat iacal ai an t-aral a cup zo Cill
Oristan a o'iarraio beagán suail.”

“Iy maic liom gur gabaíir irteac éagam. Bíor aS caint le Taobh aepugad iné, agus 'ré duháirt ré liom ná beac am aise don ní a déanam lem' céacra go tti Dia Céadadoin reo éagann. Tá an aimpir aS rleamnuagad uaim agus gan puinn déanta aSgam. 'Sé iy fearr dom a déanam mo céacra a bheit éuise anoir ó tá caoi aS an nSaba. Ní beiré don'ne aS teac éuise inoiu.”

Do d'eapais Míceál a píopa, agus d'íntiis ré air a baile.

Nuair d'fhás Mícheál an ceapóca, agus ó ná raib don ní eile le déanamh as Taobh cuair ré irteac cun é féin a bheirte 7 a glanad i gcomhair an donais. Ní raib ré acé leat-beairte nuair do cuir pílíib a ceann irteac an doir as ráb, "Dail ó Dia annro."

“Θία ὅ Μυίηε θυίτ,” ἀπρὰ τὰς, ἀέτ ní ó η-α ἐποιθε, μαρ βί

There was a little farmer living close to the Giddagh whose name was Michael Crone, but he was never called any other than Mick of the Tricks. If Tricky Mick had any job at the forge no day would satisfy him to go there but a fair day, or a day on which he knew Tim would be going to Killarney or Killorglin.

At this time the Killarney market was on a Saturday, and there used to be a fair the first Monday of the month, as now.

One fair morning Mick was at the forge to get nose rings for his pigs, and he saw that Tim had not much to do. "I suppose, Tim," says Mick, "you'll be at the fair?"

"Maybe I would," says Tim. "James Tailor was telling me he would be passing (east) about 11 o'clock, and if I liked to go with him I might have a lift from him."

"If that is the case," says Mick, "it is no use for me to bring down my plow to put it in order."

"No, indeed; I am without coal, and I must go for a little coal and some iron."

When Tricky Mick was going home he turned into the house of Phil Oge, a little farmer who lived close to Mick himself.

"Where were you, Mick?" says Phil.

"I was at the forge to see if the smith would be ready to-morrow to put pins in my harrow. Tim was pressing me to send to him to-day, as he had but little to do."

"Is he not going to Killarney?"

"I heard him say that he should send the donkey to Killorglin for a little coal."

"I am glad you came in to me. I was speaking to Tim yesterday, and he told me he could not do anything to my plow until next Wednesday. The time is slipping from me, and with little done. I had better take my plow to him now, as the smith has leisure. No one will be coming to him to-day."

Mick lit his pipe and went on home. When Mick left the forge, and since he had nothing else to do, Tim went in to shave and clean himself for the fair. He was but half-shaved when Phil struck his head in the door, saying, "God bless all here."

"God and Mary bless you," says Tim, but not from his heart, as he had a notion that Phil did not come without business. "I suppose you're going to town."

"Indeed I am not; I have something else to do besides street-walking," says Phil.

tuarim aige nár táinig Pilib san gnó; “ir dóca go bfuilir as dul ar an tppáir.”

“Nílim, go déimhin; tá a malairt de gnó agam ná ppáirigh-eaét,” arpa Pilib.

“Ir iomda lá beir tú ar daoib an teampaill, a Pilib.”

“Má ’reabó féin, ’ré ir ceart dom mo díceall a déanam an fáir atáim ar an raozal ro, 7 anoir baó maít liom dá gcuirfeá mo céacda i ttreo dam. Cím naé bfuil tú ró-gnótaé.”

“Ir truaig liom, a Pilib, naé féidir liom don ní a déanam leó’ céacda inoiu—níl don gual agam, agus tá iacall oim dul go Cill Áinne dá iarraio.”

“Ní gábaó duit don tmuibléir a beir ort mar gheall air rin; tá máilín gual ra trucaill agam.”

“Droic-éirí ort féin ir do céacda,” arpa Tadhg fá n-a fiac-laib. “Cad tá le déanam ar do céacda, a Pilib?”

“Tá clár a cup air, cupaio a cup ar an roc, 7 é ’cup beagán ra bpo. Teartuigeann beagán cupaioe ó bair an cóltair 7 caiteir bolta nua a déanam do’n faca.”

“Níl don cupaio agam aét don rmuicín amáin a gellar a cup ar pann-aicín do Seağan Séamuir,” arpa an gaba.

“Tá lán mo dótáin cupaioe agam-ra ra baile,” arpa Pilib: “Bí-re ag baint an trean-cláir do’n céacda; beaio-ra ar n-air leir an gcupaio san moill.”

“Duó maít liom, dá mb’féidir liom é, do gnó a déanam inoiu, aét do rgoil cor m’úir nód nuair a bíor ag cup iarainn ar poé le Seağan bpeac, agus beir iacall oim cor nua cup ann. Bíor cun cor a bpeit abailte liom inoiu ó’n donac.”

Fear beag canncapac do b’eab Pilib óg. Connaic ré go maít gur a d’iarráio leir-rgeil do déanam do bí Tadhg Saba, agus bí a cócal ag éirge:

“Sé mo tuarim, a Tadhg,” ar reiréan ra deiréab, “naé bfuil don fonn ort m’obair do déanam. Baó cóir go mbéab mo cuio airgí-re cóim maít le hairgeab mhiéil na gcleap, aét cím naé mar rin atá an rgeal, agus ó tá mo cor ar an mbótar tá gairne eile ’ra parróirde cóim maít leat-ra.”

“Déan do roga ruo; nílim-re a’ bpaic ar do cuio airgí, a rganróir! Beir leat do sean-céacda pé aic ir maít leat,’ ar’ an gaba:

“Ir maít é mo buideacap, a Tadhg; aét ir dóig liom go mb’féárr duit panamaint ’ra baile ná beir io’ mairpín laéaige ar ppáir Cill Áinne, ag caiteam do cóo’ airgí 7 do pláinte.”

“Ir cuma duit-re, i n-aicm an diabail! Ní hé do cuio airgí-re a bim ag caiteam, a rppuínlóigin. B’féidir naé é gac don gaba beab cóim bog leat ir bíor-ra ag déanam crúirde doo’

"You'll be many a day beside the church, Phil."

"Even so, I ought to do my best while in this world; and now I would like you to put my plow in order for me. I see you are not very busy."

"I am sorry, Phil; I cannot do anything to your plow to-day. I have no coal, and I am obliged to go to Killarney for it."

"You need not trouble about that, I have a bag of coal in the cart."

"Bad luck to you and your plow," says Tim, under his teeth. "What has to be done to your plow, Phil?"

"It wants a board, to steel the sock, and to put it a little in the sod. The point of the coulter wants a little steel, and you must make a new bolt for the rack."

"I have no steel but one little scrap I promised to to put on a furze spade for Jack James," says the smith.

"I have plenty of steel at home," says Phil. "You be taking the old board off the plow and I'll be back with the steel without delay."

"I would like if I could to do your job to-day, but the handle of my sledge split yesterday when I was putting tires on a wheel for Jack Brack, and I must put a new handle on it. I was going to bring home a handle from the fair."

Phil Oge was a cantankerous little man. He saw clearly that it was trying to make excuses Tim the Smith was, and his choler was rising.

"It is my opinion, Tim," says he at last, "that you have no intention of doing my work. One would think my money would be as good as Tricky Mick's; but I see that is not how the case stands, and as my foot is on the road, there are other smiths in the parish besides you."

"Do as you like; I'm not depending on your money, you fright. Take your old plow to where you please," said the smith.

"How well I am thanked, Tim, but I do think it would be better for you to stay at home than to be puddle-trotting on the streets of Killarney, spending your money and your health."

"You need not care a damn. It is not your money I am spending, you mean little creature. Maybe 'tis not every smith would be as easy with you as I have been, making shoes for your 'crock' out of your gathering of old iron. Be off now, and maybe you would pick up an old horseshoe on the road," and with that Tim shut the door.

fean-ghosa ar do bailiúgaó fean-iarrainn: Imtigh leat anoir; agus b'féidir go fágáí fean-éirí capall ar a' mbótar," agus leir rin do dún Caois an doiar.

Bí Pilib ag cur de gur bain ré amac ceapóca Áro-a'-Cluigín. B'é an gaba bí i n-Áro-a'-Cluigín fear ós a bí tamall maíó ó roin 'n-a príncipeac as Caois Saba. Ó d'fás ré Caois bí ré tamall dá aimirí i gCorcaigí 7 bliadain nó dó i nAibain. Buacail ciallmair do bí ann 7 ceapóide maíó. Eoghan Ua Laochairé do b'ainm dó: Ní maib móráin fáilte aige roim Pilib nuair do connaic ré é as teacé, agus ní mó 'ná rin bí aige roimhir nuair d'innir Pilib dó ar an gcairmiric do bí ioir é féin 7 an fean-gaba.

Dubairt an gaba ós le Pilib go maib easla air ná béad caoi aige ar don ní do déanam le n-a céacóca go dtí deiréad na reacémaine. Níor maíó leir Pilib d'eiteac, acé bí rúil aige ná béad Pilib fáirta le feiteam com fáda rin agus go mbéad ré as breic a céacóca leir ar n-air go dtí Caois nó go dtí gaba éigin eile, acé ní maib don maíó dó ann.

"Fágfao-ra annro mo céacóca," arfa Pilib, "dá mb'éigean dom fuireac leir go ceann coisctóir ó 'nóiu, 7 cap éir an doirde béil a fuairéar ó Caois Saba an lá ro ní baogal dó go b'ad aríur pinginn uaim-re."

"Anoir, a Pilib," arfa Eoghan, "cá a fíor asac go maíó nac bfuil Caois mó-buiréac díom-ra i tcaoiú teacé annro, agus ní'lim a máó acé an fírinne nuair a deirim go mb'feairí liom go móir ná fágfa-ra ceapóca Caois cun teacé cun mo ceapócan-ra."

"Ar an fírinne ir córa maíó a beic," arfa Pilib, "acé deirim leat muna mbéad don gaba eile ar ro go caíair Corcaige ná faigead Caois Ua Bpoin don ní le déanam uaim-re."

Bí a réarún féin as Eoghan Ua Laochairé. Ní maib do élainn as Caois Saba acé don ingean amáin. Ní maib rí acé 'n-a gearra-cailé as dul ar rgoil nuair do bí Eoghan 'n-a príncipeac as a hacair. Bí rí ana-éanamail ar Eoghan, agus níor b'áon iongnad é. Buacail gádmair rubáilceac do bí ann; níor b'féidir leir beic 'measg buacailí eile mar é féin 'ná beic i láir ríata páiríó agus gleó aca do cuirfead allairíor oir. Mar gheall air reo ní maib leanó 'ra baile gan beic ceanamail ar an nhaba ós, agus bíodair go léir go han-uaigneac nuair d'fás ré Caois Ua Bpoin: Da mó an t-uaignear do bí ar lleillí bis a' gaba 'ná ar don'ne eile nuair d'imtigh Eoghan, agus áoin rí go fuigead 'na díaró.

D'fár Neillí ruar 'n-a cailín deap gáirtamail. Do caillead a mácáir nuair bí rí reacé mbliadna déas d'aoir, agus ó báir a mácáir 'rí Neillí bí mar bean-tíge as Caois, agus ní mioré a máó go maib rí 'n-a mnaoi-tíge maíó: Ní maib ar pobal na Tuairce

Phil continued on his way till he came to the forge of Ard-a-Clugeen. The smith at Ard-a-Clugeen was a young man who had been a good while ago an apprentice with Tim the Smith. Since he left Tim he spent part of his time in Cork, and a year or two in Scotland. A sensible young man was he, and a good tradesman. Owen O'Leary was his name. He had not much welcome for Phil when he saw him coming, and he had less for him when Phil told him of the row between himself and the old smith. The young smith told Phil that he was afraid he would have no time to do anything to his plow until the end of the week. He did not like to refuse Phil, but he was hoping that Phil would not be satisfied to wait so long, and that he would be taking his plow back to Tim, or to some other smith, but it was all in vain.

"I'll leave my plow here," says Phil, "if I had to wait for it till this day fortnight; and after the abusive language I got to-day from Tim the Smith, from this day forward there is no chance of his ever again receiving a penny from me."

"Now, Phil," says Owen, "you know very well Tim is not too thankful to me for coming here, and I am but telling the truth when I say that I would much rather you did not leave Tim's forge to come to mine."

"It is the truth which should thrive ('Tis in the truth the luck ought to be)," says Phil; "but I tell you, that if there was not another smith from this to the city of Cork, Tim O'Byrne would get nothing to do from me."

Owen O'Leary had his own reasons. The only family Tim the Smith had was a daughter. She was but a little girl going to school when Owen was an apprentice with her father. She was very fond of Owen, and little wonder. He was an affectionate, soft-natured boy. He would as soon be in the midst of a pack of children, who would deafen you with their noise, as with other lads like himself. On this account there was not a child in the village who was not fond of the young smith, and they were all very lonesome when he left Tim O'Byrne. The smith's little Nelly was more lonely than anyone else when Owen went away, and she cried bitterly after him.

Nelly grew up to be a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother died when she was seventeen years of age, and from the death of her mother Nelly was housekeeper to Tim, and it is not amiss to say that she was a good housewife. There was not a man in the Tuogh flock who had a prettier stocking than Nelly's

feair ba deire rtocha 'nád achair Neillí, agus ar fion go raib Tadhg 'n-a saba, agus gan cpoiceann ró-geal air, ní raib léine an trág-airt féin níor gile 'nád a léine ar maidin Dia Domnaigh.

Ir beag an t-iongnadh nuair éainis Eoghan Ua Laoisair abairle go noubairt ré leir féin go mbéad Neillí ós mar mnaoi aige, agus ir dóig liom go raib rípe ar an aigneadh céadna, áct níor mar rin do'n tpean-saba. Ní raib don deabhad air cun cleamhnair do déanamh dá ingin, mar bí a píor aige go maít go mbéad ré an-leacliámach gan Neillí, áct i n-a aigneadh féin baó maít leir, dá mbéad fonn póirta uirru, go mbéad Séamur Tállíúra mar cliamain aige.

Bí feirim beag talmán ag Séamur, áct ba minice é Séamur ag an gceardócin, a píor 'n-a béal aige agus é ag réirdeadh na mbuilg do'n saba, nó a' bualaó dó nuair do bí Tadhg ag cur cruaid ar painn nó ag déanamh cruí do capall, 7, ar nór Tadhg féin, bí an-dúil aige i rriáirídeacht. Bí trí rabailíní bó aige agus cúpla colpac, 7 iad go léir ar cógáil ar teacht na Máirta. Ní raib Pilib i bfaó tar éir imcheacta nuair do bí Séamur Tállíúra agus a trucaill ag doras an saba.

"Bfuil tú ullam, a Tadhg?" arfa Séamur:

"Táim i ngiorraect dó," arfa Tadhg; "níl agam le déanamh áct mo bhróga do cur orm. Bhorcuig ort, a Neillí; tá an bhrós rin maít go leór anoir. Cá bfuil mo capabad? Ná bac leir a' rsgáctán. Anoir, a Séamur, táim ullam."

"Nac bfuil tura a' teacht linn, a Neillí?"

"Ní'lim, a Séamur, go fóill; b'féidir ar ball go rašainn féin le coir Máire Cróin, agus béir a' t-apal againn."

"Ir feairr duit teacht linn-ne. Dá olcar mo capall, ir feairr é 'nád arailín Máire."

"Go raib maít agat, a Séamur. Do gellar do Máire fuiread léi. Béam i n-am go leór i gCill Áirne; níl puinn le déanamh agam-ra ar an donac."

"Deacta dúine a toil," arfa Séamur, agus ar riúbal leó.

Nuair a bíodar tamall beag ar a' mbótar oubairt Tadhg le Séamur, "Ar buail Pilib ós umac?"

"Níor buail; cad 'n-a taob?"

"Bí ré annro tamall beag ó foin le n-a céadna. Do gellar dó, tá reachtmain ó foin, go mbéinn ullam Dia Céadaoin'; áct ní béad ré páirta gan teacht cugam ar maidin, agus mé tar éir micil na gCear do leigint abairle mar gell ar ná raib don gual agam. Bí gac ie read againn le 'n-a céile go rabamar araon feargac. D'áiríug Pilib a céadna leir, agus ir dóca ná béir rtaó leir go mbuailfeadh ré ceardóca Eogainín Uí Laoisair."

"Raib Miceál na gCear ag an gceardócin ar maidin inoiu?"

father, and though Tim was a smith, and without a very white skin, still the priest's alb on Sunday morning was no whiter than his Sunday shirt.

It is little wonder that when Owen O'Leary came home he said to himself that he would have young Nelly for a wife; and I think she was of the same mind; but such was not the case with the old smith. He was in no hurry to make a match for his daughter, for he knew very well he would be badly off without Nelly; but in his own mind he wished, if she had a notion of marrying, that he would have James Tailor for a son-in-law.

James had a little farm of land; but James was oftener at the forge, his pipe in his mouth, and he blowing the bellows for the smith, or sledging for him when Tim would be steeling a spade, or making shoes for horses, and like Tim himself he was very fond of street-walking. He had three little tatters of cows, and a couple of heifers that were lifting (ready to fall with hunger) on the coming of March.

Phil had not long gone when James Tailor and his cart were at the smith's door.

"Are you ready, Tim?" said James.

"I'm near it," says Tim. "I have but to put on my shoes. Hurry on, Nelly. That shoe is all right now. Where is my cravat? Never mind the looking-glass. Now, James, I am ready."

"Are you not coming, Nelly?"

"I am not, James, yet awhile. Maybe by and by I would go with Mary Crone, and we shall have the ass."

"You had better come with us. Bad as my horse is, he is better than Mary's little donkey."

"Thank you, James. I promised Mary to wait for her. We shall have time enough in Killarney. I have not much to do at the fair."

"Have your own way," says James, and away with them.

When they were a short time on the road Tim said to James, "Did you meet Phil Oge?"

"No. Why?"

"He was here awhile ago with his plow. I promised him a week ago that I should be ready on Wednesday, but he would not be content without coming to me this morning, and I after letting Tricky Mick home because I had no coal. We had every second word with each other until we were both angry,

“Πὰς ὁρῶντις τὰς εἰρὰ καὶ τὰς λεῖπας τοῦ πατρὸς οὐκ ἔστιν ὁ
 θεῶν ἐν τῇ ἐκείνῃ.”

“Bíodh geall,” arsa Séamur “suirab é Mícheál do cuip i
 gceann Ríuib teacht chuza.”

“Ar m’anam 7 san tpoic-ni ar m’anam, so mb’féidir so bfuil an ceart astat, agus má’r mar rin atá an rgeál nára raða so bfaighid Miceál toirid a dea-oirieada. Dubart le Miceál féin na raib don sual aham, agus tug Pillib máilin suail ’n-a tpucaill leir. San amhar ’ré Miceál bun a’ tubairte.”

“Ni cuppinn tairir é.”

“1p τοῖς ἑνὶ φῆν ἡδὲ βεῶ πέ γάρτα ἡδὲ βεῖτ ἀς θεῶν ἀν
μιορταίρ ἡμεῶς κομῶνται,” ἀπὸ τῶς.

“Ír fiór duit rin. Ar ealaíodir cao do dein pé ar Dómnall Ruadh? Bí Dómnall ag dul le roc go dtí ceapóca na Ceapáige nuair táinig Mícheál na gCleap ruar leir, agus é ag dul a d’iarraidh náil móna ó’n bpoirtac.

“ ‘Cá bfuil tú aís dul?’ arsa Mícheál.

“Τάιμ ας του λειρ ρεο γο οτι αν δεαρνθα cun ε cun bliupe
beaz 'ra bpo. Tamaoio ας tpeabao pairocin na gcloc, 7 ir
ana-deacair i tpeabao le roc atα beazan ar a bpo.”

“ ‘Χαίρ' το ροκ' ῥα τρυκαίη δαυρ τὰρ ἰρτεὰς ἐὺ πέιν. ἵρ μόρ
ἀν νί ἀηρό να μαρκαϊθεὰςτα.’

“‘So raib maic agat, a mÍicil; agus b'féidir ó táim leat-
lámae so brágrá an roc ag an gcearócaín; abair le Tomár é
dun fion-bheagán 'ra bróo.’

“ ‘Déanfaid é rin agus fáilte,’ arsa Miceál, agus d’iompaigh Domhnall Rua d’abairte. ‘Ach cao do dein an cleasaíde ácht a fadó leir a’ ngabá roc Domhnall do cup beagán eile ar an bfró, i rligiú go faib a céadó go móir níos meara ná bí ré.

“Lá eile bí Míceál a d'iarrairís rleasáin tál ar an nSorp mBuirde. Car ré irteac i nDoirar Séamuir Máoil. Bí Séamur 'n-a fuirde ar ríol ar aghair an doirair irteac as cur taoibín ar a bpois. Ó bí an lá go han-bhotallac, asur Séamur as cur allair de, do bain ré de féin a peirbuc asur éroc ré ar érucá é i rtaoib éiar do'n doirar. Do deairis Míceál a píop asur bí ré as gabáil dá cuir bheartaireadcta, mar ba gnátae leir. Táir éir leat-uair nó mar rin do dhuir ré píop i n-aice an doirair. D'fan ré as an doirar tamall beas asur a lám ar an leat-doirar. D'féac ré ar an gcrúca, as leigint air go raib náire air. ‘S amlaírd,’ ar reiréan, ‘do cuir Máire anonn mé féacaint a bfaeáinn iaraet na iurda rin (an peirbuc) cun ceairc do cur as sop ann.’

“Bí Séamur Maol ar deaigh-buile, agus léim pé 'n-a fúide, áit má léim bí Miceál imighe. Do cáit Séamur a cáirp leir,

and I suppose he will not stop now until he reaches Owney O'Leary's forge."

"Was Tricky Mick at the forge this morning?"

"Am I not after telling you that he was, to get something done to his plow?"

"I'll bet," says James, "that it is Mick put it into Phil's head to come to you?"

"On my soul, and not putting anything bad on my soul, I believe you are right, and if such is the case, I hope it won't be long until Mick gets the reward of his good works. I told Mick himself I had no coal, and Phil had a little bag of coal in the cart with him. Without doubt Mick is the root of the mischief."

"I would not put it past him."

"I think myself he would not be happy if he were not making mischief between neighbors," says Tim.

"'Tis true for you. Did you hear what he did to Daniel Roe? Daniel was going with a sock to the Cappagh forge, when Tricky Mick overtook him as he was going for a rail of turf to the bog."

"'Where are you going,' says Mick.

"'I am going with this to the forge, to put it a little bit 'in the sod.' We are plowing the little stony field, and it is very hard to plow it with a sock a little out of the sod."

"'Pitch the sock into the cart and come in yourself. It is a good thing to get the lift."

"'Thank you, Mick; and maybe, as I am very short of hands, you would leave the sock at the forge. Tell Tom to put it just a little in the sod."

"'I will do that and welcome,' says Mick, and Daniel turned home. But what did the trickster do, but tell the smith to put Daniel's sock a little more out of the sod, so that his plow was far worse than before.

"Another day Mick was looking for a slaan over at Fortbee. He turned into the house of James the Bald. James was sitting on a stool opposite the door putting a patch on his shoe. As the day was sultry and James sweating, he took off his wig and hung it on a hook behind the door. Mick lit his pipe, and he was, as usual, going on with his pranks. After half an hour or so he moved down near the door. He stayed at the door a little while, with his hand on the half-door. He looked at the hook, pretending that he was ashamed. 'It is how,' says he, 'Mary sent me over to see if I could get the

ἀέτ, ἰ ν-ιοναὶ Μιδίλ τοῦ βυαλαὶ λειρ ἀν γκαρῦρ, ὁ' αἰμπίς πέ κορκάν μόρ βί ἀρ ιαράετ ἀς ἃ μῖναοι ἐὺν οἷαν τοῦ ὁαῦγαδῶ: Ὑφὺλ Εὐόγαν ὕα λαογαίρε 'να ἐεαρῶαίγε μαίτ ? ”

“Cá b'fior d'ám-ra roin,” arya Tās, ἡ ní zo pó-mílir ; “ἀέτ ní ὀοίς λιὸμ ζυράβ ἐ φεάβᾱρ ἃ ἐεαρῶαίρεἀέτ’ ἀτᾱ ἀς ταρριὰς na ἠῶαοιὲ ἐὺίγε ; ’ρέ ἃ ἐὺρο βλαῶαίρ μεαλλανν ἰαὼ. Βί ἀν τεαγγα zo pleamain piam aige. Βαὼ ἐὺμα λιὸμ ὁᾱ ζευίρρεαὼ πέ ρυαρ ὁὼ πέιν ἀς Ὀροίεαὼ na leamna nó tíor ἀρ ἃ Mianur, ἀέτ ἰρ ὀοίς λιὸμ-ρα ζυρ μόρ ἀν náire ὁὼ τεαέτ ἡ ἐεαρῶα ὁὼ ἐὺρ ρυαρ ἐὼμ ἀἐὺμαίρ ὁαμ ἀγυρ τᾱ πέ ’noir.”

CAIBIOL II.

CAITARI NA ὈΑΟΙΝΕ ΑΡ ἃ ἐέίλε,
ἀέτ ní CAITARI NA ἐὺνιὸς ná na pléibte.

Nuair τοῦ βυαίλ ἀν βειρτ Cill Áinne β'εἰγεαν ὀοίβ ὀεὼς βεῖτ ἀα ἰ ὀοίς Séamuir Uí Ὑρῖγῖν 'ρα Spáio Nuair, ἀγυρ níor β'φαὼ ὀοίβ zo παῖβ ὅραον εἰλε ἀα ἰ Spáio na ζCearc nuair caraὼ οἷρα βειρτ nó τριῦρ εἰλε ἀγυρ ταρτ οἷρα. Ní παῖβ leat ἀν lae caitte nuair βί ἀν γαβα púgac zo leór.

Ní παῖβ Neilli ἰ β'φαὼ ἀρ ἃ' p'ráio ζυρ ἐὼνναίς pí ἃ ἡαῶαίρ ἀγυρ ἐ ἀρ leat-meirge. ἰρ ζαίρτο τοῦ βί pí πέιν ἀγυρ ἀν caillín eile ἀς ὀέανάμ ἃ ἡgnóta. Nuair τοῦ βίὼαίρ ὕλλαμ ἐὺν τεαέτ ἀβαίλε τοῦ ὀεἰν Neilli ἃ ὀίεαίλ ἃ ἡαῶαίρ τοῦ μεαλλαὼ léi, ἀέτ ní παῖβ μαίτεαρ ὀι βεῖτ ἃ ταῦαντ αἰρ ; ὁ'φαν πέ πέιν ἀγυρ Séamuir ἀρ ἀν p'ráio zo ὀοί τuitim na hoíðce ἀγυρ zo παῖβῶαίρ ἀραον ἀρ meirge nó ἰ ἡgioppaéτ ὀὼ.

Βί capailín beag cnearta ἀς Séamur Táillíúra. Βί ἀν βὼῶαίρ p'érō ἀγυρ ἀν οἰðce ζεαί, ἡ ὁᾱ mbéaὼ ἀν βειρτ párta λειρ ἀν méio τοῦ βί ὀίτα ἀα nuair p'ágῶαίρ p'ráio Cill Áinne βéaὼ ἀν p'zéaί zo maít ἀα, ἀέτ ní παῖβῶαίρ. Nuair tángῶαίρ zo Ὀροίεαὼ na leamna βί ὀεὼς le βεῖτ ἀα, ἡ nuair βί ἀν γαβα ἀς τεαέτ ἀμαὼ ἀρ ἀν ὀερucailí tuit πέ ἀρ p'leapz ἃ ὀpoma ἀρ ἀν mbῶῶαίρ, ἀγυρ 'φαν ἀμ ἐέαῶνα τοῦ ἐὺρ p'uo éigín ἀν capailí ἀρ p'íúbal. Éuaíð ἀν p'ot tpeapna láime táirōz. Ὀο p'greao ἀν p'ear βαέτ ἐὼμ ζέαρ pín ζυρ p'it na Ὀαοιὲ ἀμαὼ ἐὺίγε, ἀγυρ nuair ἐὼνναῶῶαίρ ἐ pínce ἀρ ἀν mbῶῶαίρ p'aoileῶῶαίρ zo παῖβ ἃ láim ὅp'pce, ἀέτ ní παῖβ.

Ὀα μόρ ἀν ní zo παῖβ ἀν ὀεῶῶαίρ 'n-a ἐὼμῖναίρε ἀρ τᾱοῖβ ἀν βὼῶαίρ ἀς Ὀροίεοῖν na Spioῶóige ; βί πέ ἀς baile. Tap éir p'écainc ἀρ láim ἀν γαβα 'ρέ ὀυδαιρτ ἀν ὀεῶῶαίρ, “Ní'l don ἐnáim ὅp'pce, ἀέτ βεῖρ πέ tamall zo mbéirō ζp'eiðm ἀγᾱτ ἀρ ἐαῦρ, ἃ táirōz.” Ὀο β'fior ὀόran ; βί ἀν γαβα p'áice ζαν don níð τοῦ ὀέανάμ μαρ ζεαίλ ἀρ ἃ láim:

loan of that thing (the wig) to set a hen hatching in it.' James the Bald was mad; he jumped up, but if he did Mick was gone. James threw the hammer after him, but instead of hitting Mick with the hammer, he struck a big pot which his wife had borrowed to dye wool in. Is Owen O'Leary a good tradesman?"

"How do I know?" says Tim, and not sweetly; "but I don't think it is the excellence of his workmanship that is drawing the people to him; his blarney, that coaxes. He has always the slipping tongue. I would not mind had he set up at Laune Bridge, or below at Meanus, but I do think it is a shame for him to come and set up his forge so near to me as it is now."

CHAPTER II.

"People meet, but hills and mountains don't."

When the two reached Killarney they must have a drink in James Breen's house in the new street, and it was not long until they had another drop in Hen-street, where they meet three others with a thirst on them. Half the day was not spent when the smith was tipsy enough.

Nelly was not long in town when she saw her father, and he half-drunk. Herself and the other girl were but a short time doing their business. When they were ready to come home Nelly did her best to coax her father with her, but it was useless trying to persuade him. Himself and James stayed in town till nightfall, and until they were both drunk, or near it.

James Tailor had a gentle little horse. The road was good and the night bright, and had the pair been satisfied with what they had drunk when they left the town of Killarney things would have been well with them, but they were not satisfied. When they came to Laune Bridge they were to have a drink, and when the smith was coming out of the cart he fell on the flat of his back on the road, while at the same time something caused the horse to move. The wheel passed over Tim's hand. The poor man screamed so bitterly that the people ran out to him, and when they saw him stretched on the road they thought his hand was broken, but it was not. It was a great matter (it was fortunate) that the doctor was living close to

Là'ri na bàrac tar éir lae an donais, agus daoine as teact go dtí ceáirda Tairòs bí ré buaidh go leor. Cuir ré ríeala cun Gàba na Ceapais bí an-muinteartha leir i gcóinnairde, as féadaint an gcuirfeadh ré a mac cuise ar feadh feachtmaine cun go mbéadh am aise ar fear éigin eile do foláir.

'Sé an preasra fuair an teachtair go rabhadar ró-leat-láimh ar an gCeapais, aet b'féidir i ndeireadh na feachtmaine go mbéadh an fear ós ábalta ar dul ar feadh lae nó dhó cun cabruíocht le Taòs.

"An rpreallairín ruíais," arsa Taòs, nuair a cuala ré cao dubairt a duine muinteartha, "tá fíor agham-ra go maith cao tá 'n-a ceann; aet béid an ríeal go cruaidh orm-ra nó rapócaid-ra é." Nuair cuala Eoghan Ua Laoisair cao do duit amach ar áirí Neilli níor b'fada go raib ré as doir tige an Gàba. Ní raib móran fáilte as Taòs roimh; aet rap ar fás ré an teinteán bí taob eile ar a' ríeal.

"I' rruas liom," arsa Eoghan, "cuira beir mar 'taoi, i gan don'ne aghat aet tú féin. An féidir liom-ra don ní do d'éanam duit?"

"Ní fearad," arsa Taòs; "i' doéa go bfuil do dhóit le d'éanam aghat féin, agus beir níor mó aghat anoir ó táim-re mar a bfuilim.

'An té bíonn fíor buailtear cor air,
Agus an té bíonn ruar óltar deoí air.'"

"Ní beir i b'fada fíor, le congnam Dé; agus mó lámh i' m'focal duit naé bfuil don traint orm-ra obair a bheir uait-re. Mar a bfuil don Gàba eile aghat fíor cuirfeadh-ra mo b'pinnitíeac agus gan móil."

"Go raib maith aghat," arsa Taòs, as cur láimhe rlan amach agus as bheir ríeim daingean ar lámh Eoghan.

Nuair bí an Gàba ós as imteact ruí Neilli ar lámh air agus adubairt "Mile beannaet ort. Bíor a' cuimneam ort; bí ríil agham leat, aet bí eagla orm dá dtiocfa féin i' go mbéadh m'áirí ró-íorígead leat, mar bí fíor agham go maith ná raib ré ró-buidead díot."

"Ní mó i' féidir liom a d'éanam, aet d'éanfa do dhíeall; agus tá 'r aghat-ra, a Neilli, go ndéanfainn móran ar do fion-ra."

"Táim go han-buidead díot, a Eoghan," arsa Neilli, i luirne 'n-a cionnaeab.

Cuaid an Gàba ós abairt 'r níor b'fada tar éir imteact' do go dtáinig Séamur Táillúra i' ríeac. Bí Neilli as an doir.

"Cannor tá t'áirí, a Neilli?"

little Spiddogue Bridge. He was at home. After looking at the smith's hand the doctor said "there was no bone broken, but it will be a while before you can handle a hammer, Tim." 'Twas true for him. The smith was three months without doing anything, owing to his hand.

Next morning after the fair, and people coming to Tim's forge, he was troubled enough. He sent a messenger to the Cappagh smith, who was always very friendly with him, to see if he would send his son to him for a week, until he had time to provide some other man.

The answer the messenger got was that they were very busy at Cappagh, but perhaps at the end of the week the young man might be able to go for a day or two to help Tim. "The little sooty sweep," says Tim, when he heard what his friend said, "I know what is in his head, but it will go hard with me or I'll be even with him."

When Owen O'Leary heard what had happened to Nelly's father it was not long until he was at the smith's door. Tim had not much welcome for him, but before he left the hearth there was another side to the story. "I am sorry," says Owen, "to see you as you are, with no one but yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't know," says Tim. "I suppose you have plenty to do yourself, and you will have more now since I am as I am."

"He that is down is trampled;
He that is up is toasted."

"You won't be long down, please God, and my hand and word to you, I do not covet the taking of your work from you. If you have no other smith yet, I will send my apprentice to you without delay."

"Thank you," says Tim, putting out his sound hand and firmly grasping the hand of Owen.

When the young smith was leaving Nelly caught him by the hand, saying, "A thousand blessings on you. I was thinking of you, but I feared that even if you did come my father would be too surly with you, for I know very well he was not too thankful to you."

"It is not much I can do, but I'll do my best, and you know, Nelly, I would do much for your sake."

"I am very grateful to you, Owen," says Nelly, and a blush on her countenance.

“Tá ’r aḡat ḡo maít cannoṛ tá ré, a Séamuir: Tá ré ’na luige ar a leabairḡ aḡur tá eagla oṛm ḡo mbéirḡ ré ann ḡo fóill: buail ruar cúige; táim-re aḡ oul a ’o’iarrairḡ cana uirge ó’n abainn.”

O’fan Séamuir tamall maít aḡur nuairḡ bí ré imtúḡte do ḡlaot-aíḡ Taoḡ ar Neillí cun ’deoc uirge ruairḡ do tabairt dó. “Suirḡ ar a’ ḡcaḡaoirḡ ḡo fóill, a Neillí, a cúro; tá ruo éigin aḡam le riáḡ leat.”

Do ruirḡ Neillí ar an ḡcaḡaoirḡ aḡ taoibḡ na leabḡa, aḡt ḡan cuinne aici cao do bí ’n-a ceann:

“Tá eagla oṛm ḡo mbéarḡ im’ mairtíneac,⁷ a Neillí, i n-eapball mo fáoḡail; aḡt baḡ cúma liom d’á b’feicinn turḡ aḡurḡ do teinteán féin aḡat: Ir d’óca d’á mbéarḡ ḡo faíḡinn-re cúinne uairḡ ann.”

“Táim fáṛta marḡ a b’ruilim,” arṛa Neillí; “aḡur ’oṡaoibḡ turḡ beirḡ ió’ mairtíneac, ní marḡ rinḡ a béirḡ an rḡeal aḡat, le congnaím d’é.”

“B’féirḡir rinḡ, a ḡráḡ; aḡt marḡ rinḡ féin baḡ maít liom d’á b’feicinn tú póṛta.”

“Ní’l don fonn póṛta oṛm-ra, a aḡairḡ, aḡur d’á mbéarḡ féin ní anoirḡ an t-am cun beirḡ aḡ cuimhneamḡ airḡ.”

“Táim-re oul i n-aoirḡ, aḡt baḡ m’óirḡ an fáramḡ aḡnirḡ oṛm é d’á mbéirḡ-ra i d’áit big féin: Tá feirḡm beaḡ deap aḡ Séamuir Táilliúra, ní’l cíor tṛom airḡ, 7 tá fíor aḡam náḡ b’ruil cailín eile ’ra párróirḡe do b’feairḡ le Séamurḡ a beirḡ marḡ mnaoi aḡe ’ná tú féin.”

“Táim an-buirḡeac do Séamur: Ní le hearbairḡ mná tige a béirḡ ré aḡ póṛaḡ; tugann a máḡairḡ aḡe d’orḡ na buairḡ aḡur leaḡann a b’feirḡríúrḡ an t-aioileac ar na pṛáṡaí. An bean-tṛeaḡṡa aṡá uairḡ anoirḡ?”

O’orḡail Taoḡ a rúile: Ní riabḡ don cuinne aḡe ná beaḡ a inḡean fáṛta le Séamurḡ do póṛaḡ. Uairḡ a n’oudbairt rí an t-anál d’e aḡur ní riabḡ’ fíor aḡe cao do b’feairḡa d’ó do riáḡ aḡt i ḡceann tamailḡ oudbairt ré—

“Saoilearḡ, a Neillí, ḡo riabairḡ féin aḡur Séamurḡ Táilliúra muinteairḡa ḡo leórḡ le céile.”

“Táimíḡ, arḡ fon náḡ b’ruilim rió-buirḡeac d’e ’oṡaoibḡ oibṛe an lae in’de.”

“ḡoo é an leigearḡ a bí aḡe airḡ?”

“D’á mbéarḡ ré ’ra baile aḡ tabairt aḡe d’á ḡnó féin, ’n-áit ba córa d’ó beirḡ, cíocrá-ra ab’bile liom-ra, aḡur ní béirḡeac marḡ aṡaoi in’oiu.”

“Taoi rió-ḡruairḡ ar Séamurḡ boctḡ, a Neillí: Cíḡeann tú ḡur minic a taḡann ré cun congnaím a tabairt doṛm-ra nuairḡ a bím

The young smith went home. It was not long after his departure when James Tailor came in. Nelly was at the door.

"How is your father, Nelly?"

"You know very well how he is, James. He is lying in bed. I fear he will be there awhile yet. Go up to him; I am going for a can of water to the river."

James stayed a good while, and when he was gone Tim called Nelly to bring him a drink of cold water. "Sit on the chair awhile, Nelly dear, I have something to say to you."

Nelly sat in the chair beside the bed, but without any notion what was in his head.

"I am afraid I shall be a cripple, Nelly, in the end of my life; but I would not mind if I saw you in possession of your own hearth. I suppose if you had it, I would get a corner from you in it."

"I am content as I am," says Nelly, "and as to your being a cripple, that is not how the case will be with you, with God's help."

"Maybe so, Nelly, my dear; but all the same, I wish I saw you married."

"I have no notion of marrying, father, and, even if I had, this is not the time to be thinking of it."

"I am getting into age, and it would be a great satisfaction to my mind if you were in your own place. James Tailor has a nice little farm, there is not a heavy rent on it, and I know that there is not another girl in the parish he would rather have for a wife than yourself."

"I am very thankful to James. It is not for want of a housekeeper he will marry; his mother minds the cows, and his sister spreads the manure on the potatoes. Is it a plow-woman he wants now?"

Tim opened his eyes. He had no notion that his daughter would not be ready to marry James. What she said took his breath away, and he did not know what he had better say, but after awhile he said—

"I thought, Nelly, that you and James were very friendly with each other."

"We are, though I am not too thankful to him as to the work of yesterday."

"How could he help it?"

as cur iarrainn ar poctuib nó nuair a bíonn obair tiom mar rin ioir lám' asam."

"B'fearra dó go mór aire a tabairt dá páirce beag talman. Nac minic ió' beal 'An té bíonn 'n-a d'rocfearbiread dó féin, bíonn ré 'na feirbiread mairt do na daoine eile.'"

"Iz beag a faoilead, a Neilli, ná déanfá fuo oim."

"Dad mairt liom fuo a déanam oit, a acair; acé mar a mbéid ar talam a' domain acé é féin amáin ní béinn mar céile aige Séamur Táillúra."

Le n-a linn rin d'fás Neilli an reómra, agus do sol ri go fuigead ar fearó tamall:

Nuair d'fás Séamur tead an gaba bí ré páirta go leór. Saoil ré ná raib anoir le déanam aige acé dul agus an "páircear" do bpeit abail leir cun Neilli an gaba do pórad. Bí ré san tobac agus éar ré irtead i riopa Seagán an leara cun bliúpe tobac do ceannad:

"An fíor," arfa Seagán an leara, "sur bpir an gaba a lám as tead ó Cill Áinne aréir?"

"Ní'l ré fíor agus ní'l ré bpeasac," arfa Séamur. "Ní'l a lám bpirte, acé tá ri goirtegte com mór rin go bfuil eagla oim ná béid don mairt ann go deó. Tá an fear boct buadarta go leór, acé 'ré an fuo iz mó tá cur air anoir, san Neilli beir pórt."

"B'fearra duit féin i pórad, a Séamur. Ní fuláir nó tá múipe beag airgid as Taós, agus tá Neilli 'n-a cailín ciallmair."

"B'féidir go b-pórpainn," arfa Séamur, agus d'imtíz ré air abail.

Lá ar na bárad bí ré leacta ar fuo na páiróirde go raib cleamnar déanta ioir Séamur 7 ingin an gaba.

Ar fearó reactmaine tar éir goirtegte láime Taós do dein Eogan Ua Laoaire agus a púntíreac obair an dá ceapócan cun go bfuair Taós gaba ós ó baile an Múilinn. Iz beag laete pít na reactmaine ná raib Eogan tamall as ceapócan Taós agus tamall beag as caint le Taós féin agus b'féidir le Neilli.

Nuair táinig an gaba eile ó baile an Múilinn d'iarr Taós ar Eogan tead anoir agus arís nuair a béad am aige, agus táinig go minic. Nuair bíod an beirt 7 duine aca ar gac taob do'n teine iz mó fuo do bíod aca as cur tré 'na céile, 7 Neilli i mbun a ngnóta féin timceall na cipóinead: Nuair fuair Eogan rgeala go raib cleamnar rocáir ioir Neilli agus Séamur Táillúra bí iongnad air, acé dúbairt ré leir féin má'r mar rin do bí an rgeal ná raib ré ceart do-ran a beir com minic irtead 'r amad i

"If he were at home attending to his own business, where he ought to be, you would have come home with me, and you would not be as you are to-day."

"You are too hard on poor James, Nelly. You see it is often he comes to give me help when I am putting tires on wheels, or when I have other similar heavy work on hands."

"It would be much better for him to mind his little bit of land. Have I not often heard from your own mouth, 'He who is a bad servant for himself is a good one for others'?"

"I little thought, Nelly, that you would not obey me."

"I would like to obey you, father; but if there was but him alone on the face of the earth, I would not be the partner of James Tailor." With that Nelly left the room, and she cried bitterly for awhile.

When James left the smith's house, he was satisfied enough. He thought that he had nothing to do but to go and bring home the lines in order to marry the smith's Nelly. He was without tobacco, and he turned into John of the Lis to buy a bit of tobacco.

"Is it true," said John of the Lis, "that the smith broke his hand coming from Killarney last night?"

"'Tisn't true and 'tisin't lying," said James. "His hand isn't broken, but it is hurt so much that I am afraid it will never be any use. The poor man is troubled enough, and the thing that is troubling him most is Nelly to be unmarried."

"You'd better marry her yourself, James. It isn't possible but Tim has a bit of money, and Nelly is a sensible girl."

"Maybe I would," said James, and went on home.

Next morning it was spread all over the parish that there was a match made between James and the smith's daughter. For a week after the injury to Tim's hand Owen and his apprentice did the work of the two forges until Tim got a young smith from Milltown. There were few days during the week that Owen wasn't at Tim's forge, and a little time talking to Tim himself, and maybe to Nelly.

When the other smith from Milltown came, Tim asked Owen to come now and again when he had time; and he often came, when the pair of them used to be one at each side of the fire. They used to discuss many things while Nelly was about her own business in the house. When Owen heard the news, that a match was settled between Nelly and James Tailor, he was surprised; but he said to himself, if that was the case, it wasn't right for himself to be in and out so often at the forge

οἷς na ceárhoáan: 'D'iméis lá nó 'dó mar reo 7 san tuar as
Eošan ar an gceárhoáan: Arpa Taòs le Neillí:

"A bfeaca tú Eošan inoiu nó inóé?"

"Ní feaca," arpa Neillí:

"Tá rúil ašam naé bfuil aon ní air: Ní raib re annro 'nir ó
ašrušao 'nóé; ní feadair cao tá á coimeádo."

"Ní'l fíor ašam-ra," ašubairt ríre, aét bí amhar aici, mar
euala rí ršéal an éleamhair:

Ír 'dóca ná raib Eošan ró-farfa i n'aigneao: Bí ponh ír faic-
cear air. Baó maic leir tuar do tabairt anonn go ceárhoáan
Taòs, aét mar rin féin bí beašán náire air géilleao go raib
buaðairt air. Bí ré as obair go dian, aét ba cuma 'dó beic
oíomaoín nó gnoéac, níor b'féoir leir póraó Neillí do cur ar
a ceann.

Trácnóna an tarra lá, nuair do bí veireao le hobair an lae
ašur an ceárhoáca dúnca, buail Eošan trearna na páirceanna;
ašur bí ré as cur de go 'dánis ré amac ar an mbótar i n-aice
tíge na ceárhoáan. Bí Neillí as an dorar.

"Cannor tá t'atair, a Neillí?" arpa Eošan:

"Tá ré 'oul i bfeabair. Tar irteac. Ní'l ré leat-uair ó bí
ré as caint oir: Bí iongnaó air go raðair cómh fada san bualaó
irteac cuige."

"Ní béao as 'oul irteac anoir, a Neillí. Ta deaðao oim."

"'N é rin Eošan, a Neillí?" ar' an šaba:

"'Sé, a atair."

"Cao 'n-a taob naé bfuil ré teacó irteac?"

"Deir ré go bfuil deaðao air, a atair."

"Abair leir teacó irteac: Tá gno ašam de."

Do buail Eošan irteac:

Arpa an šaba, "Cá raðair le reacómain? Bíor cun ršéala
cur anonn éušac féacaint cao a bí oir."

"Ó! ní raib ploc oim, aét go raðar an-gnoéac, ašur šur
řaoilear go mbéao ruo éigin eile búr šur tré 'n-a céile 'ná
řib a beic a cuimneam oim-ra."

"Aét go mbéao mo lám bacac řlán ašam ařír, ašur buideacar
le 'Dia tá rí 'oul cun cinn go maic, ní béao aon ní as cur buaó-
arfa ořainn."

"Go veimín, ní cúir buaóarfa an ršéal ašair, aét a malaric;
ašur go n-éirigó búr bpóraó lib," arpa Eošan, ašur toét 'n-a
cřoirde.

"Arú goó é an póraó?" arpa Taòs Šaba:

"Nac bfuil Neillí ašur Séamur Táillúra le beic póřta i
nóiaó an Čarraigir?"

"Řarraigš do Neillí féin an říor é nó bréas."

house. A day or two passed in this way without Owen taking a turn to the forge.

Says Tim to Nelly, "Did you see Owen to-day or yesterday?"

"I did not," says Nelly.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him. He wasn't here since 'ere yesterday. I don't know what's keeping him."

"I don't know," says she; but she had a suspicion, for she heard the tale of the match.

It is likely Owen wasn't very easy in his mind. He was between hope and fear. He would like to take a turn over to Tim's forge; but for all that, he was a little ashamed to admit his trouble of mind. He was working hard, but it was all the same to him whether idle or busy, he couldn't put Nelly's marriage out of his head.

On the evening of the second day, when the day's work was finished and the forge shut up, Owen went over across the fields, and was going ahead until he came out on the road close to the forge house. Nelly was at the door.

"How's your father, Nelly," says Owen.

"He's improving. Come in. It isn't half an hour since he was speaking of you. He was wondering you were so long without dropping in to him."

"I won't be going in now, Nelly, I'm in a hurry."

"Is that Owen, Nelly?" says the smith.

"'Tis, father."

"Why isn't he coming in?"

"He says he is in a hurry, father."

"Tell him to come in. I want him."

Owen walked in.

Says the smith, "Where have you been this week past? I was going to send over a message to see what was wrong with you."

"Oh, there wasn't a bit wrong with me, but that I was very busy, and that I thought you would have other things to bother you than for you to be thinking of me."

"Were my lame hand but better again, and, thank God, it is going on well, there would be nothing troubling me."

"Indeed, your case is not a case of trouble, but the opposite, and I hope the marriage will be prosperous," said Owen, with a load at his heart.

"Why, then, what marriage?" said Tim the Smith.

"Are not Nelly and James Tailor to be married after Lent?"

"Ask Nelly if it is truth or falsehood."

“An fíor é, a Neillí?”

“Ní’l, aSur ní béirò go deò,” arís Neillí, aSur amac an doirar léi.

Ar fearò tamail níor labair don’ne do’n beirt focal:

“B’féidir, a Tairòs,” arís Eòsan, “go ttabairfá Neillí dam-rá?”

“Sé ir fearra dúit an beirt rin a cup éicir féin?”

aSur do éirí, aSur ní gábad inniint cad é an fearra fuair ré ó Neillí. Bí an párróirde ag magad fá Séamur Táillíura; aet fuair ré rtoróigin beag ó Gleann na gCoileac ná raib ró-ós aet go raib fice púnt rppéirò aicir.

Τ Α Σ Ρ Δ.

allairí—deafness.

rabalíní bó—miserable cows.

Ar tógáil—“lifting,” not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.

ḡac ar a fearò or ḡac ie fearò—every second word, “one word borrowed another.”

ir ḡairíu = ir ḡairí = ir ḡoiríu—soon, very soon.

am m’anam—by my soul. The m is aspirated.

páiréar—dispensation from banns.

múirle beag airgíu—a little lump of money.

toet na éiríde—a load at his heart.

Sean-ḡroḡa—an old, worthless horse.

"Is it true, Nelly?"

"No, and it never will be," says Nelly, and out the door with her.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke a word.

"Maybe, Tim," says Owen, "you'd give Nelly to me?"

"You'd better put that question to herself."

And he did, and it is needless to tell the answer he got from Nelly.

The parish was laughing at James Tailor; but he got a little stump from Glennagolagh, who wasn't too young, but who had a fortune of twenty pounds.

ΔΙΤΡΙΣΕ ΑΝ ΡΕΔΩΡΑΙΣ:

Α ΡΙΣ ΤΑ ΑΡ ΝΕΙΜ 'Ρ Α ΕΡΥΤΑΙΣ ΔΩΔΑΜ,
'S Α ΕΥΡΕΑΡ ΕΑΡ Ι ΒΡΕΑΕΘ ΑΝ ΎΒΑΙΛ,
ΟΕ! ΡΣΡΕΑΘΑΙΜ ΟΡΤ ΑΝΟΙΡ, ΟΡ ΔΡΟ,
Ο ΙΡ ΛΕ ΤΟ ΣΡΑΡΑ ΤΑ ΜΕ ΑΣ ΡΥΙΛ.

ΤΑ ΜΕ Ι Ν-ΑΟΙΡ, Δ'Ρ ΤΟ ΕΡΪΟΝ ΜΟ ΒΛΑΤ,
ΙΡ ΙΟΜΘΑ ΙΑ ΜΕ ΑΣ ΤΟΥ ΑΜΥΣ',
ΤΟ ΤΥΤ ΜΕ Ι ΒΡΕΑΕΘ ΑΝΟΙΡ ΝΑΟΙ ΤΕΡΑΤ,
ΔΕΤ ΤΑ ΝΑ ΣΡΑΡΑ ΑΡ ΙΑΙΜ ΑΝ ΎΛΑΙΝ.

ΝΥΑΙΡ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΟΣ Β'ΟΙΕ ΙΑΘ ΜΟ ΤΡΕΙΤΕ,
ΒΥΘ ΜΟΡ ΜΟ ΡΡΕΙΡ Ι ΡΕΛΕΙΡ 'Ρ Ι Ν-ΕΑΕΡΑΝΝ,
Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΣΟ ΜΟΡ ΑΣ ΙΜΙΡΤ 'Ρ ΑΣ ΟΙ
ΑΡ ΜΑΙΟΙΝ ΘΩΜΝΑΙΣ ΝΑ ΤΡΙΑΙΛ ΕΥΜ ΔΙΡΡΙΝΝ:

ΝΙΟΡ Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΡΥΙΘΕ 'Ν ΑΙΕ ΕΑΙΛΙΝ ΟΙΣ
ΝΑ ΛΕ ΜΝΑΟΙ ΡΟΡΤΑ ΑΣ ΕΕΙΛΙΘΕΑΕΤ ΤΑΜΑΙΛ,
ΤΟ ΜΙΟΝΝΑΙΘ ΜΟΡΑ ΤΟ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΤΑΒΑΡΤΑ
ΑΣΥΡ ΤΡΥΙΡ ΝΟ ΡΟΙΤΕ ΝΙΟΡ ΛΕΙΣ ΜΕ ΕΑΡΜ:

ΡΕΑΕΘ ΑΝ ΎΒΑΙΛ, ΜΟ ΕΡΑΘ 'Ρ ΜΟ ΛΕΥΝ!
ΙΡ Ε ΜΙΛΛ ΑΝ ΡΑΟΓΑΙ ΜΑΡ ΓΕΑΙΛ ΑΡ ΒΕΙΡΤ!
Δ'Ρ Ο'Ρ ΕΟΙΡ ΑΝ ΕΡΑΘ ΑΤΑ ΜΙΡΕ ΡΙΟΡ,
ΜΥΝΑ ΒΡΟΙΡΡΙΘ ΙΟΡΑ ΑΡ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ ΒΟΕΤ.

ΙΡ ΟΡΜ, ΡΑΡΑΟΡ! ΤΑ ΝΑ ΕΟΙΡΕΑΕΘ ΜΟΡΑ,
ΔΕΤ ΤΙΛΙΤΟΕΑΘ ΤΟΙΘ ΜΑ ΜΑΙΡΥΜ ΤΑΜΑΙΛ,
ΣΑΕ ΝΙΘ ΒΥΑΙΛ ΑΝΥΑΡ ΑΡ ΜΟ ΕΟΛΑΙΝΝ ΡΟΡ,
Α ΡΙΣ ΝΑ ΣΙΟΙΡΕ 'ΣΥΡ ΕΑΡΡΕΤΑΙΣ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ.

* *Literally*: O King, who art in Heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my

RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

[From Douglas Hyde's edition of "Songs ascribed to Raftery," page 356.]

O King of Heaven, who didst create
The man who ate of that sad tree,
To Thee I cry, oh turn Thy face,
Show heavenly grace this day to me.*

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
And though in truth our sense be dull,
Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
Caught by the devil I went astray;
On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
But I sought, alas! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,
Each in her way was loved by me,
I shunned not the senses' sinful sway,
I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,
For my riotous appetite Christ alone
From His mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,
But grant to me time to repent the whole,
Still torture my body and bruise it sorely,
Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

Ο'έσλαις αν λά α'ρ νίον εός μέ αν ράλ;
 No sur iteaðf an bárr ann ar cuir tú^uúil;
 Δέτ α Δίπο-ρις αν έιριτ, ανοιρ μέρò mo έάρ;
 Α'ρ le rpuč na ngrára fluc mo fúil:

Ir le do grára do glan tú Mairé,
 Α'ρ ραοι tú Όάιθιò do rinne an διτρυγε,
 Do eus tú Maoire rlan ó'n mbátað,
 'S tá croctugað láioir sur ραοι tú an gaoiðe.

Mar ir peacač mé nač n'oeanna rčor;
 Ná rólar mór do Óia ná Muire,
 Δέτ ράč mo b'óin tá mo cóipeača róiam,
 Mar f'eóil mé an rčor ar an méar ir f'uiðe.

A Riς na Glóire tá lán de grára,
 'S tú junne beóir a'ρ f'ion de'n uirge;
 le beagán aráin do mar tú an rluaς,
 Oc! f'neapóail f'óir aςur r'lánaς mipe:

O a Íora Críort a o'fulainς an páir,
 Α'ρ do aðlačað, mar do bí tú úmal;
 Cuirim cuimrú* m'anama ar do rγάč,
 Α'ρ ar uair mo báir ná tabair dam cúl:

A Baintíogain p'árrčair, máčair a'ρ maiςvean;
 Szátán na ngrára, aingeal a'ρ naom,
 Cuirim coraint m'anama ar do lámh,
 O tós mo p'áirt, 'ρ beíð mé ραοι:

* "Cuimrú" i gConnačtaib, i n-áit "comairce," .7. róioinn.

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,
 The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by;
 O King of the Right, forgive my case,
 With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,
 And David was saved upon due repentance,
 And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
 —O Christ, upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store
 By holy lore, by Christ or Mary;
 I rushed my bark through the wildest sea,
 With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,
 Who madest wine of the common water,
 Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
 Must I be led to the pen of slaughter!

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
 Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
 I place myself in Thy gracious hands
 Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
 Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
 I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,
 And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud (*aliter* score) upon the longest finger (*i.e.*, put things off).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, oh, attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion and wast buried, because Thou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.

'Noir tá mé i n-aoir 'r ar bhuac an báir,
'S ir gearr an rpár go dtéigim i n-úir,
Aet ir gearr go deireannac ná go brát,
Aisur fuasraim náirt ar Rís na n'Óul:

Ir cuailte san máit mé i scoirnéall fáil.*
No ir cormúil le báo mé a éail a rtiúr,
Do bhirfiúe ardeac a n-áiríe carraig 'ra 'bfaig†
'S do beirdeac dá bátao 'rna tonntaib fuar.‡

A íora Críort a fuair bár Dia n-Doine,
A d'éirig áir aní do iug san loet,
Nac tú eug an trlige le aitirge do déanam,
'S nac beag an rmuaineac do rinnear ort!

Do tárla, ar dtúr, míle 'r oet sceud;
An píe go beact, i sceann an do-déag;
Ó'n am tuipling Críort do reub an seatao,
Go dti an bliadain a nvearnao Reachtúrais an aitirge.

* Aliter, "ir cuailte cori mé i n-éadan fáil," G.

† = fairrige. Aliter, "ar bhuac na trá."

‡ Aliter, "beirdeac 'sá bátao 'r a éailreac a rnaí"; aliter, "reol," aliter, "ríúbal"; aet d'aitirge mé an líne le comfuaim do déanam."

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary, refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps, "I proclaim that I am on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat

Now since I am come to the brink of death
And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,
And hast risen again without stain or spot,
Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,
Ah, why in my day have I sought it not !

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,
To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about Thee? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

AN CÚIS D'Á PLÉIR:

(Leir an Reachtúra.)

Éirighíde ruar tá 'n cúrra as teannaó uib,
 Bíod cloirdéam a'r pleas asuib i bpaobair seur,
 Ir gearr uaió an Cúis, tá 'n dáta caitte,
 Mar ríriod na hAbroail na naoim 'r an éleir;
 Tá an coinneall le múcaó tug lúiteir larta leir,
 Aet téiríó ar buir nglúnaib a'r iarrair aetuinge,
 Suiríó an tlan 'r béir an lá as na Catolcais,
 Tá an Mhuman tre laraó 'r an Chúir d'á pléir.

Tá 'n dá Chúige Múman ar riubal, 'r ni rtaofair
 So leasgar dóib deacmaó a'r cior dá réir,
 'S dá otugraide dóib congnaim a'r éire [do] fearam
 Uheir' gáiríóir las a'r sac bearna réir.
 Uheir' sail ar a g-cúl, a'r gan teac ar air aca,
 Agus 'Orangemen' bhuigste i sciúmar* sac baile 'gann
 Uheiteam a'r Júry† i deac cúirte as na Catolcais'
 Sacra na marb, 'r an éróim ar ghaeéal:

* Sgríobta "ingéoin" 'ran ms. mar labairtear i gConnactaib é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceart coitcionn aet veir an Reachtúra "Júry" le "comharó," no com-fuaim, do déanam le "cúl" agus "bhuigste."

* *Literally*: Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not-far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is expired, as have written the apostles, the saints, and the clergy. The candle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him, but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day shall be won by the Catholics, Munster is on fire, and Cúis dá plé—i.e., the cause is a-pleading.

† This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the tithe war did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new régime at Dublin Castle.

‡ Pronounced "*Koosh daw play*," which means "the cause a-pleading."

§ The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given

THE "CUÍS DÁ PLÉ."

(BY RAFTERY.)

(From "The Religious Songs of Connacht.")

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,*
 With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,
 For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,
 The time of the "FIVE"† is not far away.
 We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherans.
 Down on your *knees*, let us pray for the Southernns.
 God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics.
 Munster's afire and Cúis dá plé.‡

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces ;§
 It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay."||
 When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,
 The guards of England must fall away.
 Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,
 We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges ;
 We'll have jury and judge in the courts for Catholics,
 And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

them and [we were] to stand by Ireland the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galls (*i.e.*, English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

|| From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock, in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him, "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by." To which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted, "There is a great difference, sir, between tithes and rents; we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land anyway for them; but we get no value at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock, in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the "Life of Meagher," who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage and at the same time so good a specimen of

Béir d'gairinn faoi Chárú pléiríaca 'r cuirteacá,
 Ói a' r imirte a' r ríóirte 'o'á réir,
 Béir maiire 'sur bílét d'sur fáir ar éirannaió,
 Snuaó 'sur ríar d'sur ríóirte ar feur;
 Feiciríó ríó fáin a' r neam-áir ar Shacranaig',
 Áir náimáir le fáin d'sur leasáó a' r lear (?) orra,
 Teinnteaáca enám ann gáó áir d's na Catolcaig',
 'S nac rín i san brabac (?) an Chúir 'o'á pléir.

Ir iomóda fear breáí faoi an trát ro teilgíte*
 O Chorca go h-innir 'r go Baile Roirceí;
 d'sur buacailiríó bána le fáin d's imteaó
 O íráir Chille-Chainnig go "Danturí Báe."
 Áet iompócaíó an cáiríó 'r béir lám máit d'gairinn-ne
 Seapfáir an máó ar élar na h-imirte,
 'Oá breicirinn-re an pára o Rhorcláirge go Dóirra 'rpa
 Sheinnfínn go deimín an Chúir 'o'á pléir:

* Labairtear an focal ro mar "teilgíte." Ir focal coitíonnn i gConnacáirí é.
 Ir ionnann "bí ré teilgíte" d'sur "Chuaíó breiteammar na cúirte 'na d'gairíó."

Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it—

"Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,
 Than the peelers *groping* among the rocks,
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,
 Their fine long *noses* and ears cut off!
 Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,
 May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,
 But all that's past is but a *token*,
 To what we'll *show them* at Slieve-na-man!"

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,*
 Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,
 Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,
 Dew on the grass through the live-long day.†
 We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,
 Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,
 Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,
 Kindling the chorus of *Cúis dá plé.*

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining
 From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,
 And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying
 From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.
 But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand again,
 Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,
 Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,
 It is I who shall lilt for you the *Cúis dá plé.*‡

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the tithe war: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him, "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was, "'Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

* By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every art, (*i.e.*, point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and nothing over, the *Cúis dá plé.*

† The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish peasant.

‡ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea, and White Boys wandering, and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn, and we shall have a good hand; the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on them [*i.e.*, them driven to fly] from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the *Cúis dá plé.*

Éirighíde ruar; a'r gluairíde uile;

Téiríde ar an gcnoc agus glacaig buir ngleur,
 As Dia tá na spáira a'r béir pé 'n buir gcuirdeacta;

Bíod' agaiú meirneac, ir bpeadg an rgeul é.

Snótócair rib an lá ann sac áirí de Shacpanaig',

Buailir an clár 'r béir na cáirdaí teact eugaib,

Ólaidé ar lámh, anoir, pláinte Raifteirí,

'S é cuirpead' úaíú baili ar an gCúir o'á pléir.

* Rise up and proceed all of you, come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage; it is a fine story [I have to tell you], ye shall gain the

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay;
God is around us and in our company,
Be not afraid of their might this day.
Our band is victorious, their cards are valueless,
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,
Now drink ye in chorus, "Long life to Raftery,"
For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.*

day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery; it is he who would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.

IS FADA O CUIREAD SÍOS;

(Leir an Reachtúir.)

Ir fada ó cuiread ríor go dtuicfadh ré 'ran traoḡal
 Go ndóirctíde fuil 'r go ndeunfaíde rléúcta,
 Do réir mar rḡríob na naoim l mbliadain an naoi* cá 'n
 baḡal

Má gélillimid do'n rḡriortúir naomta:
 An balla deuntar fuar ni fanann ré a bfaḡ fuar,
 Sḡriortann ré ó'n oíoc—"foundation,"
 Aét an áit a nḡeacáir an t-aol ni cōríócair cloc ar cōiróe';
 Tá an cārraig faoi 'na ruidē naē bpleurḡfaíde.

Ir ríorruide rean an Chúirt do raoilead tabairt anuar
 Aét 'ré mearaim-re gur nio naē réirí,
 Tá naoim reardar le n-a bfuac aḡur Cúirt [do] ceur an rluas
 A'r congḡócair ríad na h-uain le céile:
 Adaltranur 'r oíúir do tōraig an rḡeul ar oíúir,
 Aḡur hannhaoi an t-Oét do tḡeig a céile,
 Aét oíḡalatar ríe a'r ruais ar "Orangemen" go luac
 Naē bfuair aruam an "consecration."

* Ir corḡúil go raib an tḡean-cārraingíreacḡ reo i g-cuimhne aḡ an Reachtúir.

Nuair cāillfear an leóimān a neart
 'S an fótanān breac a bríḡ,
 Seinnfíó an éláirreacḡ go binn binn
 Toir a h-oét aḡur a naoi.

Ir corḡúil go mearḡann re an rḡríobcúir aḡur rean-cārraingíreacḡta le
 céile! Labairtear "baḡal" mar "baoiḡeal" ann ro, aét "naomta" mar
 "naémta." Dá bḡoirfeadh ré o'á rann deunfaḡ ré "baéḡal" de "baḡal"
 aḡur "naomta" de "naomta"!

* No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated :—

"When the tawny Lion shall lose its strength,
 And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,
 Sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length,
 Between the Eight and the Nine."

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID ?

(BY ANTHONY RAFTERY, OF THE CO. MAYO.)

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,
 And blood flow red like a river?
 In the year of the "NINE," when the crimson moon shall shine,
 (It stands written in the Scripture for ever).
 The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt
 Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,
 But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide
 and time,
 As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.†

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport ;
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather?
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,
 And to gather all his lambs in, together.
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation ;
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,
 Never favored by our Lord's consecration.‡

Literally : "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle his vigor, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gaels would score a point in the 29th year."

† *Literally* : It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we submit to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it forever; the rock is under it settled, which shall not burst.

‡ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible, St. Peter is at its brink (*i.e.*, by its side), and Christ, whom the multitude crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but vengeance, running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who never got the consecration.

A g éiríge daoib 'r a g lúide, rnuáiníodó ar an rí;
 Do éiríge ar fad an cine daonna,
 Ir iomda cor 'ran ngeaite, aet ni lia 'na 'ran traogal;
 'Sur ir beas an daoi le' bfuigimír réirteac:
 Irebél do faoil an eaglaíe cábaire faoi ólige
 A g cur anagair an beata naomta,
 Tá rí i ngeibionn ríor a'r lúiteir le n-a taoib,
 'S íoc go cruaid faoi an "reformation." *

A Dha, nae móir an ríor an dteam do faoil ar nógad
 Go mbuó éigin dóib a bóta do féunaó,
 A'r William do tionrghain gleó a'r do cuir na Gaedil o'a
 otreoir
 Ni feicirí ríad níor mó é gtearta:
 Bainfeair clog 'ran Róim, béir teinnce cnám a'r ceól;
 Ann 'r gac beas a gsur [gac] móir tré éirinn,
 O táinig Seoirre i gcróin tá Oiangemen faoi bhrón;
 A'r gan neart aca a ríon do féirteac:

A fíora éurta i gcrann ná feuc ar lár an dteam
 Náir díol an bean d'oil tu ar don cor,
 Aet lúiteir 'r a ólige cam 'r an bunaó éirídear ann
 Nae oic an ceart go bfuigíoir géillead.
 Má'r ríor do Oiangemen ní'l maic do'n cléir i gcaint
 'Sa éroctugad ar rúo le léigead a g éirinn
 Sur eugdeir piongail 'r feall a gsur clipead claimne Gall
 O'iompais an bíobla anonn 'ran mbéarla:

* Tá uíl móir a g an neactúrac, mar éiomio, ann rna foelaib ára-glóracá
 galloa ro éroctugear i n-"aetion" (= "éirinn"). Na ceuo éiríde oe na
 Gaedalaib do ríor i mbeurla rugad na foela ro arteaó ann 'r gac rann,
 beas-nae!

* On rising up of you and on your lying down, think ye upon the King
 who created, throughout, the human race; there is many a change in
 the wind, but not more plentiful than are in the world, and it is a little
 way through which we might find rescue. Isabel (i.e., Elizabeth), who
 thought to bring the Church under law, opposing the holy life, she is
 down in chains, and Luther at her side paying dearly for the Reformation.

Whene'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,
 And practise all his virtues—we need them—
 This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast ;
 From a small thing may arise our freedom.
 Elizabeth, who thought Faith might be sold and bought,
 And who harassed all the just of the nation,
 In chains she now is tied with Luther at her side,
 They are paying for their "Reformation."*

Dear God! but this is play! they thought to burn and slay,
 But their courage ebbs away down to zero ;
 Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,
 They shall never again see that hero.
 A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,
 With bonfires, and music, and cheering,
 Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,
 They run cold in every bone—they are fearing! †

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold Thy bride,
 Do not see us set aside we beseech Thee ;
 But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,
 Shall their impious petitions reach Thee !
 The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,
 Insulting us since Luther's arrival ;
 May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame
 Of turning into English the Bible.‡

+ Oh, God! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote? And William, who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Erin. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

‡ O Jesus crucified on tree, do not see the people put down who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration ; but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.

Chualaid mé, munab bheug, go dtiocfaid ré ran tréagal
 Go g-cuirfidhe máisirctir léigin ann gac cúinne,
 Ní bfuil 'ran gcár aet rheim* as meallaid uainn an tréio
 Agus diúltaisid do ghnótaisid lúiteir;
 Creidid do'n éléir 'r ná téidid ar malairt féir;
 No caillid ríb Mac Dé 'r a cúmácta,
 'S an long ro cuaid a léig (?) má téideann ríb ann de léim
 Iompócaid rí a'r béid ríb fúite:

Altasid le Dia, tá an t-aéir bairctir ríar,
 'S congócaid ré ar na caoréid gáirda,
 An ríocht i g-cat ná i ngliac náir díol an páir ariam
 Agus reappaid ré anasaid búrcáig a'r Dálais.
 Tá Clanna Gall 'n ár n-oidis mar bheidead maopa alla ar ríad
 Bheid' as iarraid an t-uan do goir o'n máctair.
 Aet [r] O Ceallais deunfaid a briaodac san cú san eac san
 ríuan
 Le toil a'r cúmáct ríg na n-ghára:

Ní'l fígeadóir láun na bheide ná ghearaid anóidais a laé
 Nac mbionn as piocad bheug ar úgdaí,
 A mbíobla ar bárr a méar, as deapbúga' ran éiteac,
 Aet iocfaid ríad i ndeire cúire.
 Fear san maóac san léigean a míngear dáoib an rgeul,
 Raipetir o'éirt le ar' duómad,
 '[S] d'eir go flaitear Dé nac raicad neac go h-eug
 Bheidéar as plé le leabhaib lúiteir:

*= An focal béarla "scheme."

* I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in the case but a scheme deceiving the flock from us, and refuse ye the works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass, [i.e., remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?), if ye go into it of a leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,
And to train up the spy and suborner.
Our clergy's word is good, oh seek no other food,
Our church has God's own arm round her;
But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,
It shall turn in the sea and founder.*

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,
Set fast in our midst as a nail is;
'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clan was not for sleep,
He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.†
The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,
They seek to tear the lamb from the mother;
But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,
Till we see them fall to tear one another.‡

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,
They read learned authors now!—cause for laughter—
Their Bible on their lips and at their finger tips!
But they'll pay for it all hereafter.
A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,
Raftery, whose heart in him is burning,
Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go
On the strength of their Luther's learning.§

* The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

† Render thanks to God, Father Bartley (*i.e.*, Bartholomew) is in the West, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"], and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon the mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother; but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

§ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their Bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring; but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Raftery, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

malluḡað an bōeir ar saccanaib;
(leir an "nḡeagān ḡlar.")

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoiru
An uair 'r an lá
Δ bḡeicḡimiro Sacraua
leagta ar lár!

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoiru
An lá 'ḡur an uair,
Δ bḡeicḡimiro i
Δ'r a cḡoirde-re ḡo ruar.

ḡo ruar Δ'r ḡo cḡapta,
'S i cḡairōte ḡan bḡiḡ;
ḡan cor ann a lámāib
ḡan cor ann a cḡoirde:

ḡainḡioḡain bī innti;
ḡainḡioḡain ḡan bḡón;
Δct bainḡimiro oi-re
ḡo fōil a cḡóin.

ḡeíð an ḡainḡioḡain álunn
ḡo cḡairōte Δ'r ḡo ōúbae,
Óir ḡeobaíð rí cúitiuḡað
An lá rin, Δ'r luac;

Luac na fola
Do ōóir rí 'na rḡut;
Fuil na bḡear bán
Δḡur fuil na bḡear ōub;

Luac na ḡcḡoirde rin
Do bḡir rí ḡo tiuḡ,
Cḡoirōte bī bán
Δḡur cḡoirōte bī ōub:

Luac na ḡcnám
Tá ō'á mbánuḡað anōiú,
Cnámā na mḡán
Δḡur cnámā na nḡub:

Luac an ocaḡair
Cuir rí ar bonn,
Luac na bḡiaḡḡar
ḡḡaíil rí le fonn.

THE CURSE OF THE BOERS ON ENGLAND.

(TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY)

O God, may it come shortly,
 The hour and this day,
 When we shall see England
 Utterly overthrown.

O God, may it shortly come,
 This day and this hour,
 When we shall see her
 And her heart turned cold.

It is she was a Queen,
 A Queen without sorrow ;
 But we will take from her,
 One day her Crown.

That Queen that was beautiful
 Will be tormented and darkened,
 For she will get her reward
 In that day, and her wage.

Her wage for the blood
 She poured out on the streams ;
 Blood of the white man,
 Blood of the black man.

Her wage for those hearts
 That she broke in the end ;
 Hearts of the white man,
 Hearts of the black man.

Her wage for the bones
 That are whitening to-day ;
 Bones of the white man,
 Bones of the black man.

Her wage for the hunger
 That she put on foot ;
 Her wage for the fever,
 That is an old tale with her.

Luac na mbaintreabac

Ů'fás rí san rí,

Luac na nḡairḡiḋeac

Ḥuir rí an bioir.

Luac na nḡilleacṫa

Ů'fás rí fá cṫaḋ,

Luac na nḡibirṫeac

Ḥair rí an fán.

Luac na n-Inṫianaḋ

(ṫruaḡ a ḡcár),

Luac na n-Ḍirṫiceac

Ḥuir rí cum báir.

Luac na n-Ḥireannaḋ

Ḥear rí an cṫoir,

Luac ḡac cimir

Ů'á nḡearṇaib rí rḡuor.

Luac na milliún

Ůo lúb rí 'r Ůo ḡuir,

Luac na milliún

fá ocuir anoir.

Ḍ ṫḡearṇa ḡo ṫuitir

An mullaḋ a cinn

Mallaḋ na nḡaoine

Ůo cuit le n-a linn.

Mallaḋ na ruarac

Ḍ'r mallaḋ na mbeaḡ,

Mallaḋ na n-anḡṫann,

Ḍ'r mallaḋ na laḡ.

Ni éirṫeann an ṫḡearṇa

le mallaḋ na mór,

Ḍcṫ éirṫir Sé cṫirḋe

le orṇa faoi Ůeoir.

Ḥirṫir Sé cṫirḋe

le caoineaḋ na mboḋ,

'S ṫá caointe na miltir

Ů'á rḡaoiteaḋ anocṫ.

Her wage for the white villages
She has left without men ;
Her wage for the brave men
She has put to the sword.

Her wage for the orphans
She has left under pain ;
Her wage for the exiles
She has spent with wandering.

For the people of India
(Pitiful is their case) ;
For the people of Africa
She has put to death.

For the people of Ireland,
Nailed to the cross ;
Wage for each people
Her hand has destroyed.

Her wage for the thousands
She deceived and she broke ;
Her wage for the thousands
Finding death at this hour.

O Lord, let there fall
Straight down on her head
The curse of the peoples
That have fallen with us.

The curse of the mean,
And the curse of the small,
The curse of the weak
And the curse of the low.

The Lord does not listen
To the curse of the strong,
But He will listen
To sighs and to tears.

He will always listen
To the crying of the poor,
And the crying of thousands
Is abroad to-night.

Éireócaíó na caointe
 So Dia, tá fuar,
 Ní fada go rroirfirí
 Sác mallacé Δ éluar.

Béiró cúmáct; an lá rí
 Δs sác uile d'eór
 Long-cosairó do bátaó
 'S an bfairrige móir.

Δsur tuicfiró, marí mallacé,
 So triom ar an luét
 D'fás airíic 'na fárac
 Δ'r b'oraisg go boét.

CÚMA ÉRÍDE CHAILÍN:

Donnéaó ua Dargáin d'airíur, 7 taós ua Donnéada do éuir ríor.

Δ Dómnaili Óis, má téiríur ear fairrige
 Beir mé féin leat, ír na déin do dearmad,
 Ír béiró astat féirín lá donaisg ír marzairó,
 Ír ingean Ríog Sreige máir céile leaptá astat.

Má téiríur-re anonn tá comaréta astat oir;
 Tá cúl fionn astat dá fíil glara astat
 Tá cocán déas íó' cúl buirde bacallac,
 Marí béaó béal-na-bó nó mór i ngairraite:

Ír déirdeanac aréir do labair an zadar oir;
 Do labair an naorzac 'ra' curraicín doimín oir;
 Ír tu íó' "caosairde donair" ar fuo na scoillte;
 'S go labair gan céile go b'at go b'fagair me:

Do zeallair dam-ra, astat d'innirí b'reas dam;
 So mbeiréa romam-ra Δs c'íó na zcaorac;
 Do leigear feao astat trí céao glaoúac éuizat,
 'S ní b'uarar ann acé uan Δ' méiríó.

Do zeallair dam-ra, ní ba deacair duit,
 Longear óir fá émann-reoil airzío;
 Tá baile déas do bailtib marzairó;
 Ír cúiré b'reas aolóa coir taob na fairrige.

That crying will rise up
To God that is above ;
It is not long till every curse
Comes to His ears.

Every single tear
Shall have power in that day,
To whelm a warship
In the great deep.

And they shall fall for a curse
Heavily upon the people
Who have left Africa a waste
And the Boers in poverty.

1901.

THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART.

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it ; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you ; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods ; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked ; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast ; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

Do gheallair dam-ra, ní nár b'féidir,
 So dtiubhrá laimhinne do éirícean éirí dam;
 So dtiubhrá bróga do éirícean éan dam;
 Ir culaí do'n trío da ba daoire i nÉirinn.

A Domhnall óig, b'féidir duit mire aghat
 'Ná bean uasal uaidheac iomarcaac;
 Do éirífeann bó aghat do-ghéanainn cuigean duit;
 Ir, dá mbaí do' é, do buailfeann buille leat.

Oc, ocón, aghat ní le hocpar,
 Uiréarba bíó, oíge, ná corlata;
 Fá ndearr dam-ra beic tanairde triucailda;
 Aét ghráó fíí óig ir é bheoir do follur me!

Ir moé ar maroin do éonnac-ra an t-óigfeair
 Ar muin éapail aghat ghabáil an bóchair;
 Níor dhúir pé liom ir níor éirí pé ríoró orí;
 'S ar mo éapad abairte dam 'r ead do góilear mo bóchair.

'Nuair éiríom-re féin go Tobair an Uairí,
 Suirí ríor aghat déanam buadarca,
 Nuair éim an raogal ir ná feicim mo buadarca;
 So raib ríáil an ómair i mbairí a ghráda:

Síó é an Domhnac do éugar ghráó duit,
 An Domhnac díreac roim Domhnac Cárga;
 Ir mire ar mo glúinib a' léigead na páire,
 'S ead bí mo dá fíil a ríor-éabairt an ghráó' duit.

Ó! aóé, a máirín, tabair mé féin do,
 Ir tabair a bfuil aghat do'n traogal go léir do;
 Éirí féin aghat iarrad déirce,
 Aghat ná gab ríar ná amair im' éiríam:

Dubairt mo máirín liom gan labairt leat
 Inniu ná i mbairéac ná Dia Domhnac,
 Ir oíle an tráé do éug rí roga dam;
 'S é "dúnaí an doirí é tar éirí na roga."

Tá mo éiríde-re com dúb le háirne,
 Nó le gual dúb a béad i gceárcáin,
 Nó le bonn bróige béad ar hallaib bána;
 'S gur éirí líonn dúb díom or cionn mó fláinte:

Dó bainir roir díom, ir do bainir ríar díom,
 Do bainir roimam, ir do bainir im' díad díom,
 Do bainir ghealac, ir do bainir grian díom,
 'S ir ró-móir m'eacla gur bainir Dia díom!

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish ; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird ; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall óg, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady : I would milk the cow ; I would bring help to you ; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened ; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse ; he did not come to me ; he made nothing of me ; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble ; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you ; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion ; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O, aya ! my mother, give myself to him ; and give him all that you have in the world ; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come back and forward looking for me.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day, or to-morrow, or on the Sunday ; it was a bad time she took for telling me that ; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge ; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls ; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me ; you have taken the west from me ; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me ; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me !

BÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG:

(Le Donncað Mac Conmáda.)

Beir beannaðt óm' éiríðe go tír na h-Éireann;
 bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG!
 Cum a maireann de fíolrað l' a' r' Éirí,
 Ar bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG.
 An áit úo 'nar b'aoibinn binn-ghut éan,
 Mar íáim-éruit éaoín aS caoineað Sáoðal;
 'Sé mo éar a beit míle míle i gcéin,
 Ó bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG.

Bíðeann barra bog ríim ar éaoín-énoic Éireann,
 bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG!
 'S ír fearra ná 'n tír ro díe Sác pléibe ann,
 bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG!
 Dob áro a coillte 'r ba díreac péir,
 'S a mbíat mar aol ar máoilinn zeus;
 Tá Srað aS mo éiríðe i m'íntinn féin
 Do bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG:

Tá Sarrá líonmar i dtír na h-Éireann,
 bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG!
 A' r' fearaéoin Sroide ná claoiríreac ceuota
 Ar bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG!
 m' fadóirre éiríðe 'r mo cuimne rseut,
 Iao aS Sallapoic ríor fá Sreim, mo leun;
 'S a mbailte d'á roinn fá éior go daor,
 bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG!

I' rairring 'r ír móir íao cruaca na h-Éireann;
 bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG!
 A Scur meala 'Sur uacair a'Sluiréac 'na rlaoda;
 Ar bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG:
 Raéar mé ar cuairt no ír luac mo fáoðal,
 Do'n talam beas fuaire pin ír dual do Sáoðal!
 'S go mb'fearra liom 'ná duair dá uairleac é
 Beit ar bÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG.

* Composed whilst the poet was in exile, on the Continent (at Hamburg), during the penal régime. The name Eiré (Ireland) is dissyllabic and may be pronounced as "eyrie." The bard was born at Cratloe, Clare County, about 1710, and outlived the century. In spite of the penal laws against education, he succeeded in acquiring, at home and

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE.

(BY DONCATH MAC CONMARA. CIRCA 1736.*)

(Translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall.")

Air: "Uileacan Dub O."

Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land!

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,

Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—

And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail

The Fair Hills of Eiré O.

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,

Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,

The love of my heart!—O my very soul's delight!

The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive—

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe

To think that each chief is now a vassal low,

And my Country divided amongst the Foreign Foe—

The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,

The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,

To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,

Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail—

For the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

on the Continent, a mastery of classic and foreign languages. Besides short poems, he wrote a mock-heroic *Æneid*, detailing his adventures. In his old age he became blind, and the Irish teachers and pupils in Waterford, with old-time liberality and appreciativeness, laid a tribute on themselves for his maintenance.

Sgairpeann an t-ruict ar gheamhar agus fear ann;
 Ar bán-chnoic Éireann óg;
 Agus tagaid rin ubla cumha ar geugaid ann;
 Ar bán-chnoic Éireann óg;
 Bíolar agus rama i ngleannaid ceo
 'S na rrocta 'ran trampa a' labhairt ar neoin;
 A' r uirge na Siúire a' bhuict 'na flóig,
 Ar bán-chnoic Éireann óg;

Ir orgailte fáilteac an áit rin Éire,
 Bán-chnoic Éireann óg!
 Agus torad na pláinte a mbárr na déire,
 A mbán-chnoic Éireann óg;
 Ba binne 'ná meura ar téadaid ceoil,
 Seinn 'sur géimpead a laos 'r a mbó,
 Agus taitneam na gréine orda dorad 'r óg
 Ar bán-chnoic Éireann óg.

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,
Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,
While the great River-voices roll their music grand
Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above
The Fair Hills of Eiré O!
More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold
Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—
Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old.
'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

SEADHNA:

(Coir na teinead: pēs, nōra, Sobnuic, Sile beag, Cáit ní bhuaćalla).

Nōra. A pēs, innir rgeul dūinn:

pēs. b'ait liom rin! Innir féin rgeul:

Sob. Ní'l don maic innti, a pēs; b'feair linn do rgeul-ra:

Sile. Déin, a pēs; beidmí ana-rocair:

pēs. Nac maic náir fanair rocair aréir, 'nuair bí "Maora na n-Ocť Cor" agam dá innirint!

Sile. Mar rin ní rcaorad Cáit ní bhuaćalla ac am' ppiocad:

Cáit. Thugair d'éiteac! Ní raðar-ra ad' ppiocad, a cáit léin!

Sob. Ná bac í féin, a Cáit; ní raib doinne' dá ppiocad ac í dá leigint uirreí.

Sile. Do bí, artoin; agus muna mbeidead go raib, ní liug-fainn.

Nōra. Abair le pēs nac liugfair anoir, a Shile, 7 inneorad ri rgeul dūinn.

Sile. Ní liugrad, a pēs, pé ruo imteocad oim:

pēs. Má'r ead, ruig annro am' aice, i otreo ná feorad doinne' tú ppiocad gan fior dom.

Cáit. Bidead geall go bppiocad an cat í. A toice big, beidead rgeul bpeag againn, muna mbeidead tú féin 7 do cuio liugraige.

Sob. Éirt; a Cháit, no cuirfir ag sul í, 7 beidmí gan rgeul: Má cuirtear fearis ar pēs, ní inneorad ri don rgeul anoct: Sead anoir, a pēs, tá gac doinne' ciuin, ag brat ar rgeul uait:

pēs. Bí fear ann rad ó, 7 ir é ainm do bí air, Seadhna; 7 sneuride bead é; bí tig beag dear clúctmar aise, ais bun cuic, ar taob na foitine; bí cataoir fúgán aise do dein pé féin do féin, 7 ba gnát leir ruide innti um tráctnóna, 'nuair bidead obair an lae cpiocnuigte; 7 'nuair fuidead pé innti; bidead pé ar a fártact: Bí mealbós mine aise, ar cpiocad i n-aoe na teinead; 7 anoir 7 arir cuirtead pé a lám innti, 7 tógaó pé lán a duinn de'n min, 7 bidead dá cogaint ar a fuaimnear: Bí crann uball ag fáir ar an otaob amuic de doipur aise, 7 'nuair bidead tarit air, ó beit ag cogaint na mine, cuirtead pé lám 'ra crann ran, 7 tógaó pé ceann de 'rna h-ublaib, 7 d'itead pé é—

Sile. O a Thiarcair! a pñeg, náir dear é!

pēs. Ciaco, an cataoir, nó an min, nó an t-uball, ba dear?

Sile. An t-uball, gan ampur!

SEADNA'S THREE WISHES.

FROM SEADNA (SHAYNA), BY FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

(BY THE FIRESIDE—PEG, NORA, GOBNET, LITTLE SHEILA,
KATE BUCKLEY.)

NORA.—Peg, tell us a story.

PEG.—I'd like that. Tell a story yourself.

GOBNET.—She is no good, Peg; we prefer your story.

SHEILA.—Do, Peg; we will be very quiet.

PEG.—How well you did not keep quiet last night, when I was telling "The dog with the eight legs."

SHEILA.—Because Kate Buckley would not stop, but pinching me.

KATE.—You lie! I was not pinching you, you little hag!

GOB.—Don't mind her, Kate. There was no one pinching her, but she pretending it.

SHEILA.—But there was; and only that there was I would not screech.

NORA.—Tell Peg that you won't screech now, and she will tell us a story.

SHEILA.—I won't screech now, Peg, whatever will happen to me.

PEG.—Well, then, sit here near me so that no one can pinch unknown to me.

KATE.—I'll engage the cat will pinch her. You little hussy, we would have a fine story but for yourself and your screeching.

GOB.—Whist! Kate, or you'll make her cry, and we'll be without a story. If Peg is made angry she will not tell a story to-night. There, now, Peg, everyone is mute, expecting a story from you.

PEG.—There was a man long ago and the name that was on him was Seadhna, and he was a shoemaker. He had a nice well-sheltered little house at the foot of a hill, on the side of the shelter. He had a chair of *soogauns* which he himself made for himself, and it was usual with him to sit in it in the evening when the work of the day used to be completed, and when he sat in it he was quite at his ease. He had a *malvoque* of meal hanging up near the fire, and now and then he used to put his hand into it and take a fist-full of the meal, and be chewing at his leisure. He had an apple-tree growing outside his door, and when he used to be thirsty from chewing the meal, he used to put his hand into that tree and take one of the apples and eat it.

Cáit: B'féarr liom-ra an mín; ní bainfeadh an t-uball an t-ocpar de duine.

Sob. B'féarr liom-ra an cátaoir; 7 cuirpinn peg i n-a fuíde innti, aís inntint na rgeul.

Peg. Iy maic cum plámair tú, a Sobnuic.

Sob. Iy fearr cum na rgeul túra, a Pheg. Cionnur d'íméig le Seadhna?

Peg. Lá dá raib ré ag déanamh brós, tug re ré ndeara ná raib a tuille leatair aise, ná a tuille rnaíte, ná a tuille céipead; bí an taoibín déirdeanaí fuar, 7 an speim déirdeanaí curta; 7 níorb fúlair do dul 7 adbar do folácar pul a bfeudraí ré a tuille brós do déanamh.

Do gluaire ré ar maidin, 7 bí trí ríllinge 'n-a póca, 7 ní raib ré aet míle ó'n dtig 'nuair buail duine boet uime, aís iarraíó déirce. "Tabair dom déirce ar ron an tSlánuigteora, 7 le h-anmannaió do márb, 7 tar ceann do fláinte," ar an duine boet. Thug Seadhna rílling do, 7 annran ní raib aise aet dá rílling. Dubairt ré leir féin go mbféidir go ndéanfaí an dá rílling a gnó.

Ní raib ré aet míle eile ó baile 'nuair buail bean boet uime, 7 i cor-noctuiéte. "Tabair dom congnad éigin," ar riri, "ar ron an tSlánuigteora, 7 le h-anmannaió do márb, 7 tar ceann do fláinte." Do glac triuaige dí é, 7 tug ré rílling dí, 7 d'íméig rí. Do bí don rílling amáin annpoin aise, aet do tiomáin ré leir, a bpat air go mbuailfeadh rianr éigin uime do cuirfeadh ar a cumur a gnó a déanamh. Níorb fáda sup caraíó air leaib 7 é ag sul le fuact 7 le h-ocpar. "Ar ron an tSlánuigteora," ar an leaib, "tabair dom puó éigin le n-ite." Bí tís órta i ngar dóib, 7 do cuair Seadhna irtead ann, 7 ceannuig ré bric aráin 7 tug ré cum an leaib é. 'Nuair fuair an leaib an t-arán d'átruis a deaib; d'fár ré fuar i n-áirde, 7 do lar folar iongantad 'n-a fúilíó 7 'n-a ceanaícaib, i dtreo go dtáinic ríannraíó ar Sheadhna.

Sile. Dia linn! a Peg, iy dóca sup tuic Seadhna boet i luige.

Peg. Níorb tuic; aet má'r ead, ba díceall dó. Chom luat agur d'feud ré labairt, dubairt ré: "Cad é an raídar duine túra?" agur iy é rreagha fuair ré: "A Sheadhna, tá Dia buidead díot. Ainéal iread mire. Iy mé an triomaíó h-ainéal sup tugair déirce do anvui ar ron an tSlánuigteora, 7 anoir tá trí guide agat le ríáil ó Dia na glóire. Iarr ar Dia don trí guide iy toil leat, 7 geobair iad; aet tá don comairle amáin agamra le tabairt duit,—ná dearmuid an Trícaire."

SHEILA.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

PEG.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

SHEILA.—The apple, to be sure.

KATE.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

GOB.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

PEG.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

GOB.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

PEG.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna gave him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stage house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

SHEILA.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

PEG.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna, God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have

“Asgur an n-deirgur liom go b'faisgead mo ghuide?” arsa Seadhna: “Deirgur, gan amhar,” ar' an t-aingeal. “Tá go maic,” arsa Seadhna, “tá cataoir beag deas fúgán agam 'ra baile, 7 an uile dhaitcín a tagann artea, ní fuláir leir ruide innte. An ceo duine eile a fuidir innte, aet mé féin, go sceanlaib ré innte!” “Faise, faise! a Sheadhna,” ar' an t-aingeal; “rin ghuide b'fais imtighthe gan tairbe. Tá dá ceann eile agat, 7 ná dearmuid an Trócaire.” “Tá,” arsa Seadhna, “mealbóigín mine agam 'ra baile, 7 an uile dhaitcín a tagann artea, ní fuláir leir a doirn a fáta innte. An ceo duine eile a cuirir lám 'ra mealbóigín rin, aet mé féin, go sceanlaib ré innte,—feuc!” “O a Sheadhna, a Sheadhna, ní'l fars agat!” ar' an t-aingeal: “Ní'l agat anoir aet don ghuide amáin eile. Iarr Trócaire Dé do t'anam.” “O, ir fíor duit,” arsa Seadhna, “ba dóbair dom é dearmuid. Tá crann beag uball agam i leat-taobh mo doir, 7 an uile dhaitcín a tagann an treo, ní fuláir leir a lám do cup i n-áirde 7 uball do rtaib 7 do b'fais leir. An ceo duine eile aet mé féin, a cuirir lám a lám 'ra crann roin, go sceanlaib ré ann—O! a dhaoine!” ar reirean, as r'faisgead ar gháirde, “nac agam a beir an r'póit oir!”

'Nuair táinig ré ar na tritib, o'feuc ré ruar 7 bí an t-aingeal imtighthe. Dein ré a maetnam air féin ar fead tamail maic, il ré deirgead fíar eall, duibair ré leir féin: “feuc anoir, ní'l don amadán i n-éirinn ir mó ioná mé! Dá mbeirgead tritib ceangailte agam um an taca ro, duine 'ra' cataoir, duine 'ra' mealbóigín, 7 duine 'ra' crann, cat é an maic do deanfar ran doirn 7 mé i b'fais ó baile, gan bia, gan deoc, gan aig sead?” Ní túirge bí an méir rin cainte fáirde aig ná tu, ré fé n-deira ór a cómair amac, 'ran aic a faib an t-aingeal-fair fada caol dub, 7 é as glinneamaint air, 7 teine c'fear as teac ar a dá fúil 'n-a r'faiscáib nime. Bí dá adair air mar beirgead ar pócán fadair, 7 meigioll fada liat-fóir fad air; eirboll mar beirgead ar madao ruar, 7 crúb ar cóir leir mar crúb tairb. Do leat a beir 7 a dá fúil ar Sheadhna, 7 do rtaib a caint. I scean tamail do labair an fear dub. “A Sheadhna,” ar reirean, “ní fad duit don eagla do beir oir póim-amra; ní'lim ar tí do díogbála. Ba mian liom tairbe éigin do deanam duit, dá nglactá mo cómaire. Do cloirar tú, anoir beag, dá fad go fadair gan bia, gan deoc, gan aig sead. Tiub-fainn-re aig sead do dóctair duit ar don cóingíoll beag amáin.” “Asgur s'faisgead tré lár do r'faisc!” arsa Seadhna, 7 táinig a caint dó; “ná feurá an méir rin do fad gan duine do millead le' cuir glinneamna, pé h-é tú féin?” “Ir cuma duit cia h-é mé, aet beirgead an oirgead aig sead duit anoir asgur ceannócaib

three wishes to get from the God of Glory. Ask now of God any three wishes you please, and you will get them. But I have one advice to give you. Don't forget Mercy." "And do you tell me that I shall get my wish?" said Seadhna. "I do, certainly," said the angel. "Very well," said Seadhna. "I have a nice little *soogaun* chair at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to sit in it. The next person that will sit in it, except myself, that he may cling in it!" "Oh, fie, fie! Seadhna," said the angel; "there is a beautiful wish gone without good. You have two more. Don't forget Mercy!" "I have," said Seadhna, "a little *malvogue* of meal at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to stick his fist into it. The next person that puts his hand into that *malvogue*, except myself, that he may cling in it, see!" "Oh, Seadhna, Seadhna, my son, you have not an atom of sense! you have now but one wish more. Ask the Mercy of God for your soul." "Oh, that's true for you," said Seadhna, "I was near forgetting it. I have a little apple-tree near my door and every *dalteen* that comes the way makes it a point to put up his hand and to pluck an apple and carry it away with him. The next other person, except myself, that will put his hand into that tree, that he may cling in it!—Oh! people!" said he, bursting out laughing, "is'nt it I that will have the amusement at them!"

When he came out of his laughing fits and looked up, the angel was gone. He made his reflection for a considerable time, and at long last he said to himself, "See now, there is not a fool in Ireland greater than I! If there were three people stuck by this time, one in the chair, one in the *malvogue*, and one in the tree, what good would that do for me and I far from home, without food, without drink, without money?"

No sooner had he that much talk uttered than he observed opposite him, in the place where the angel had been, a long, slight, black man and he staring at him, and electric fire coming out of his two eyes in venomous sparks. There were two horns on him, as there would be on a he-goat, and a long, coarse, greyish-blue beard, a tail as there would be on a fox, and a hoof on one of his feet like a bull's hoof. Seadhna's mouth and his two eyes opened wide upon him, and his speech stopped. After a while the black man spoke: "Seadhna," said he, "you need not have any dread of me. I am not bent on your harm. I should wish to do you some good if you would accept my advice. I heard you just now say that you were without food, without drink, without money. I would

an oirleadh leatdair a'gus doimeadhaidh a'gus obaidh cù go ceann t'hi mbliadhain n'oeus, ar an fcoingiolle ro—go 't'ioceirair liom an uair rin ? ”

“ A'gus m'ad p'èiridigim leat, c'ad f'admaoird an uair rin ? ” “ C'ad beas duit an c'airt rin do c'uir, 'nuair b'èir an leatdair 'ioighe 7 b'èiridh a'gus gl'adiread ? ” “ T'ad f'admaoird—b'èir a'gus, f'admaoird an t'adiread. ” “ T'ad f'admaoird—f'admaoird ! ” “ Do c'uir an fear d'ub a l'ad 'n-a p'oca, 7 t'admaoird f'admaoird m'ad, 7 ar an f'admaoird do leis f'admaoird ar a b'air c'airn beas d'òr b'eadh b'èir. ”

“ F'ad ! ” ar f'admaoird ; 7 rin f'ad a l'ad 7 c'uir f'ad an c'airn de p'ioraidh gl'admaoird gl'admaoird f'ad f'admaoird Sheadhna b'èir. “ Do rin Seadhna a d'ad l'ad, 7 do leatdair a d'ad l'admaoird cum an òr. ” “ Go p'èir ! ” ar' an fear d'ub, a'gus t'admaoird an òr c'uir a'gus a'gus ; “ n'èir an f'admaoird d'èir f'ad. ” “ B'èir 'n-a f'admaoird ! ” ar'ad Seadhna.

“ F'ad t'ad ? ” ar' an fear d'ub. “ F'ad t'ad, ” ar'ad Seadhna.

“ D'ad b'èir na m'ionn ? ” ar' an fear d'ub. “ D'ad b'èir na m'ionn, ” ar'ad Seadhna.

[An oirde na d'ad rin.]

N'òr: Seadh !—a p'ad—t'admaoird annro—d'ad—t'ad f'admaoird òr—b'èir a'gus f'ad—b'èir e'admaoird òr—go m'berd'ad an f'admaoird ar f'admaoird f'admaoird, 7 go m'berd'ad c'uir de c'admaoird a'gus.

P'ad. Am' b'èir f'ad go b'admaoird leat, a N'òr, a l'admaoird. N'èir i b'ad o t'admaoird f'admaoird.

F'ad. Mar rin do b'èir c'uir a'gus d'admaoird, 7 b'èir d'admaoird f'admaoird f'admaoird leir an im go b'èir an f'admaoird, 7 'nuair b'èir a'gus t'admaoird a b'èir an c'admaoird, do t'ad an oirde òr, 7 f'admaoird d'uit f'admaoird p'admaoird a'gus. B'èir a'gus c'uir f'admaoird ar Seadhna 7 ar an òr 7 ar an b'èir n'oeus, 7 ar na f'admaoird b'èir a'gus t'admaoird ar a f'admaoird, 7 m'èir a'gus f'admaoird a m'berd'admaoird, 'nuair t'admaoird mo ceann 7 c'ad do c'irinn d'èir an f'admaoird 'n-a f'admaoird ar m' a'gus a'gus

give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "*You are sharp-witted. Look!*" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisite glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (*shrines: hence oaths*) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(NEXT NIGHT.)

NORA.—There!—Peg—we are here—again—. There's a *saothar* on me—. I was running. I was afraid—that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

PEG.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobnet came.

GOB.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Beul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

—An Æollán! ar an gceud amáire dá dtugair air, do tiubraimn an leabair go raib aðarca air!

Nóra. A diamaire, a Æobnuir, éir do beul, 7 ná bí dár mboðrað leo' Æollánaib 7 leo' aðarcaib. Aðarca ar an nÆollán! feuc air rin!

Æob. B'éidir, dá mberóteá féin ann, sup beas an fonn magair do beróeas ort.

Site. Feuc anoir! cia atá as coris an rgeil? B'éidir go gcuirfeas Cáit ní buacalla oim-ra é.

Cáit. Ní cuirfid, a Site. Táir do' cáilín maic anocht, 7 tá ana-cion asam ort. Mo Æráð í rin! Mo Æráð am' éiríde iriis í!

Site. Seað go díreac! fan go mberó fearis ort! 7 b'éidir ná déarfá "Mo Æráð í rin!"

Nóra. Seo, reo! rtaoair, a cáilíníde. Mire 7 mo Æollán ra ndéar an obair reo. Cait uair an rtoca roin, a Æeg, 7 rgaol cuiginn an rgeul. An bfuair Seaðna an rparán? Ir iomda duine bí i rioct rparáin d'fagáil 7 nac bfuair.

Æeg. Com luac 7 dubairt Seaðna an focal, "dar bús na mionn!" do táinig atpuasó gne ar an bfeair ndub. Do noct ré a fiacla ríor 7 truar, 7 ir ias do bí go dlúite ar a céile. Táinig róro crónáin ar a beul, 7 do teip ar Seaðna a deunam amac cia 'co as gáiríde bí ré nó as rparanntuagad. Ac 'nuair d'feuc ré ruar roir an dá fúil air, ba dóbair go dtuicfadh an rparannas ceudna air a táinig air i rtorac. Do tuig ré go maic nac as gáiríde bí an díolmuineac. Ní feacair ré ruam roime rin don dá fúil ba meara 'ná ias, don feucaint ba mall-uigte 'ná an feucaint do bí aco, don clár eudain com dúir, com rpoé-aigeanra leir an gclár eudain do bí ór a gcionn. Níor labair ré, 7 do rin' ré a díceall gan a leigint air sup tug ré fé ndeara an rparanntuagad. Le n-a linn rin, do leis an fear dub an t-ór amac arís ar a bair, 7 do cómairim.

"Seo!" ar reirean, "a Seaðna: Sin céas punt asat ar an gceud rílling tugair uair inoiu. An bfuilir díolta?"

"Ir móir an bpeir í!" arpa Seaðna: "Dad cóir go bfuilim."

"Cóir nó eugcóir," ar' an fear dub, "an bfuilir díolta?" 7 do gheupis 7 do bporuis ar an rparanntuagad.

"Ó! táim díolta, táim díolta!" arpa Seaðna, "go raib maic asat-ra."

"Seo! má 'reac," ar reirean: "Sin céas eile asat ar an dapa rílling tugair uair inoiu."

"Sin í an rílling tugair do'n mnaoi a bí cor-noctuisge."

"Sin í an rílling tugair do'n mnaoi uapail ceudna."

I raised my head, and what should I see but the thing standing out overright me—the *Gollan*! On the first look I gave it I'd swear there were horns on it.

NORA.—Oyewisha, Gobnet, whist your mouth, and don't be bothering us with your *Gollans* and your horns. Horns on a *Gollan*! Look at that!

GOB.—Maybe if you were there yourself, 'tis little of the inclination of fun would be on you.

SHEILA.—See, now! who is stopping the story? Maybe Kate Buckley would put it on me.

KATE.—I will not, Sheila; you are a good girl to-night. I am very fond of you. My darling she is! My darling in my heart within she is!

SHEILA.—Yes, indeed! Wait till you are angry, and maybe then you would not say “my darling she is.”

NORA.—Come, come! stop, girls. I and my *Gollan* are the cause of this work. Throw away that stocking, Peg, and let us have the story. Did Seadhna get the purse? Many a person was on the point of getting a purse, and did not.

PEG.—As soon as Seadhna uttered the words—“By the virtue of the Holy Things!” a change of apearance came on the black man. He bared his teeth above and below, and it is they that were clenched upon each other. A sort of low sound came out of his mouth, and it failed Seadhna to make out whether it was laughing he was or growling. But when he looked up between the two eyes on him, the same terror was near coming on him that came on him at first. He understood well that it was not laughing the “lad” was. He never before then saw any two eyes that were worse than they, any look that was more malignant than the look they had, any forehead as evil-minded as the forehead that was above them. He did not speak, and he did his best to pretend that he did not notice the growling. At the same time the black man let the gold out again on his palm and counted it.

“Here!” said he, “Seadhna, there are a hundred pounds for you for the first shilling you gave away to-day. Are you paid?”

“I should think I am.”

“Right or wrong!” said the black man, “are you paid?” and the growling became sharper and quicker.

“Oh! I am paid, I am paid,” said Seadhna, “thank you!”

“Here! if so,” said he, “there is another hundred for you, for the second shilling you gave away to-day.”

“Ma ba bean uapal í, cao do beir cor-noéctuiḡte í, 7 cao do beir ví mo ṙḡilling do bpeit uaim-re, 7 ḡan aḡam aét ṙḡilling eile i n-a diaiḡ?”

“Má ba bean uapal í! Dá mberdeao a fíor aḡat! Sin í an bean uapal do mill mipe!”

Le linn na bṑocal rain do ráḡ do, do táinig cṑit éor 7 lám aṑ, do ṙtao an ṑpanntán, do luis a éeann riap aṑ a múineál, ṡṑeuc ré ruar inṑ a’ ṙpéir, táinig ṑmuc báir aṑ 7 elóḡ cuirṑ aṑ a éeannaéaiḡ:

‘Nuair éonnaic Seathna an iompáil lí rin, táinig ionḡnaḡ a éṑoide aṑ:

“Ní fuláir,” aṑ reiréan, ḡo neamḡuireac, “nó ní hé reo an éeao uair aḡat aḡ aṑreacṡain teacṡ táirṑi riṡḡo:

Do léim an fear dub: Do buail ré buille dá éṑuib aṑ an ṡtalam, i ṡṑreo ḡur éṑit an ṑḡo do ví fé éoir Seathna.

“Cíorṑḡao oṑt!” aṑṑ eiréan: “Éirṡ do beul no baḡṡar tú!”

“ḡabaim páṑṡún aḡat, a ṡuine uapail!” aṑṑa Seathna, ḡo moḡamail, “éapap ḡo mb’ éioir ḡur bṑaon beaḡ do ví ólṡa aḡat, ṡṑráḡ ṑ ḡur éḡair éeao punt maṑ málaṑṡ aṑ ṙḡilling ṡam.”

“Cíubṑainn—7 reacṡ ḡeáo dá ṡṡioṡṑḡo liom bainṡ ó’n ṡṡaṑḡe do rin’ an ṙḡilling éeaoṡa, aét ’nuair éḡair uait í aṑ ron an ṡḡlánuḡṡeḡṑa, ní féioir a ṡaṑḡe do lot éoiréce.”

“Aḡur,” aṑṑa Seathna, “cao íṑ ḡáḡ an maṡ do lot? Ná fuil fé éom maṡ aḡao ṡaṑḡe na ṙḡillinge úo ṡṑáḡbáil maṑ ṡá ré?”

“ṡá an iomaḡ cainte aḡat—an iomaḡ aṑ ṑao: Dúbaṑṡ leat do beul ṡ’ éirṡeacṡ. Seo! rin é an ṑṑaṑán aṑ ṑao aḡat,” aṑṑ an fear dub.

“Ní héioir, a ṡuine uapail,” aṑṑa Seathna; “ná berdeao ṡaoiṡin na haimṑíṑe ann. Íṑ iomaḡ lá i ṡṑṑí bliáḡnaṑḡ ṡeáḡ; Íṑ iomaḡ bṑóḡ berdeao ṡeunta aḡ ṡuine i ḡcaṡeam an méio rin aṑṑíṑe, 7 íṑ iomaḡ cuma i n-a n-oṑṑeao ṙḡilling ṡo.”

“Ná bíṡḡ ceirṡ oṑt,” aṑṑ an fear dub, aḡ cuṑ ṑmṡṡa ḡáṑíṑe aṑ. “ṡaṑṑainḡ aṑ éom ḡeup i nḡíṑinn 7 íṑ maṡ leat é: Beirḡ fé éom teann an lá ṡéirdeanac 7 ṡá fé inṡiu: Ní beirḡ puinn ḡnóṡa aḡat ṡe aṑ rain amaé.”

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was barefooted."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that this is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me a hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ever."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

“NÍ AR DÍDA A BUIÓEACAS.”

‘Do tarrfaig Diairmuro a dúiríin dubh donnn ar a póca, 7 do fín cuige í, 7 d’imtiú 7 do éuaib reirean annsan go meatalacán teinead do bí ar bharri na trága, beirear ar meacán airi 7 réirdear, réirdear í go tréan tiúg tearuibe; aét dá tréine a aná 7 da tiúga a réirdear, ní maib maib do ann; réirdear arí 7 arí eile níor tréine, níor tiúga, níor tearuibe ná ceana, aét do bí a gno ‘n-a fárae air, mar do bí an tear ion éas anr an rpréig; beirear ar rpréig eile 7 réirdear fúiti go feargac fuinneamail fíochmar, 7 a fúite ar dearglarad, 7 réiteanna a múníl cómh atuighe rin go rabhadar i neac a bpléargta: ‘dob’ fánae do a réirdear ámh. Beirear ar an rpréig 7 caitear irteac i gcoimleatan an éuaín í, as má, “Go réirdear mátaí an áirdeirdeora tú mar teimr!” 7 tugtar buille dá coir deir do’n éuir eile do’n teimr 7 rcairdear ar fuo an báin í. ‘Do connaic an éuir eile é díreac donnn le n-a linn rin, 7 do cuireadar don ulae-gáirteig amáin arca do tóspad na maib ar a n-uaisib. Éirigir uile—an méir a’r nac maib i n-a. rearm díob—7 tagair i n-a tícioll, as lúbarraig le leatan-gáir 7 as rcairtear ar a lán-tícioll. Beirear duine ar rpréig, duine eile ar rpréig eile, 7 mar roin díob riar ríor go hearball tícioll, an beas 7 an móir, an t-ós 7 an t-aorta; 7 reo as réirdear íad, ar énaí a noicill; as tnút le teimr 7 tear do éur arí i n-gac rpréig, 7 é riar orra; do bpiú gur rgar teodac le gac rmeacair díob beas nac o lúib laeair.

“Acá teine im’ rpréig-re,” arpa neac éigin:

“Séir leat a buacail!” arpa Domnall: “Cá bfuil tú?—réir leat go rtagad éúgat.”

‘Do léim ré de lúit-phreib 7 táinic i n-a aice—“Séir! réir, a diabail!” ar reirion, “7 ná leis an rmeacair ion eug—réir!—ar do báir réir!”

‘Do léig an buacail rcairca 7 do rtop de’n tréirdear:

“Tairbeáin orú, a diabail!” ar reirion.

‘Do éuit an buacail ar báinib gáir; beirior féin ar an rpréig, le amplad 7 air éun gail, dógair a órós 7 caitear an rpréig uad d’iarrac: éuit rí ar an mbán; níor bpiú rí ámaet: Cuirear a órós i n-a béal le coir na piopa:

“Tarrfaig! tarrfaig anoir!” arpa áillteoir éigin i n-a mearg:

‘Do bí ré ar buile,—beirior ar an rpréig le n-a láim éle, 7

THE THANKFULNESS OF DERMOT.

BY PATRICK O'LEARY.

DERMOT drew his dark-brown *dudeen* from his pocket and handed it to him, and he went then to a smouldering fire which was at the top of the strand. He catches a dying coal of fire out of it and blows, blows it strong, quick, fierce; but though strong his breath, and though quick his blowing, it was in vain for him. He blows again and again stronger, quicker, fiercer than before, but his labour was of no avail, for the heat had died in the ember. He seizes another ember and blows it angrily, livelily, wrathfully, his two eyes flaming, and the veins of his neck swelled to such an extent that they were ready to burst; his blowing was to no purpose, however. He catches the ember and flings it into the centre of the harbour, saying, "May the devil's mother blow you for a fire!" and deals a blow of his right leg to the rest of the fire and scatters it about the *bawn*. The others saw him just at that very moment, and they raised one wild, ringing shout that would wake the dead out of their graves. They all rise—such of them as were not standing—and they gather round him, breaking their sides with broad mirth, and laughing their level best. One catches up an ember, another another, and so on of all the rest from first to last, small and big, young and old, and they set to blowing as well as ever they could, fain to put fire and heat again into each ember, and it impossible, for warmth had parted from each little coal of them all but a few.

"There is fire in my coal," said someone.

"Blow on, my boy!" said Donal. "Where are you?—blow on till I come to you."

He jumped quickly and came to his side. "Blow! blow, you devil!" says he; "and don't let the little ember die—blow!—for your life, blow!"

The boy laughed and stopped blowing.

"Fetch it to me, aroo, you devil!" says he.

The boy burst into a fit of insuppressible laughter; himself seizes the coal through greed and burning desire for a smoke; he burns his thumb and throws down the coal all of a sudden. It fell on the *bawn*; but it did not break though. He puts his thumb in his mouth along with the pipe.

"Smoke! smoke now!" says some arch fellow in the crowd.

He was raging mad. He seizes a coal with his left hand and blows it so furious that sparks flew from it. He blows

réirdear cóm hairtinnead roin i sup rphéad rí: Séirdear arís 7 léimear rmeadaíto do'n dearg-laraíu irtead i n-a uct, mar do bí burllac a léinead ar leatad, 7 doḡar é láirnead. Do con-
ḡaib ré ḡreim ar an rphéis ámh, 7 brúḡar an laraíu ríor i mbéal na píopa 7 tarrhaigear, tarrhaigear; tarrhaigear, ar cuma sup ḡeárr 50 maib deatad aḡ éiríḡe 50 50rm ḡlórmhar n-a flamaírcíob of cionn a éinn.

Annran do bí ré ar a toil: Do fúir na daoine 50 léir aḡ bpeitniḡad ar an múr aḡ luarḡad of a ḡcómair, 7 é aḡ teact irtead 50 mear: Do bí Dómnall aḡ dúirad a píopa 7 ḡan don duine aḡ cup éiríḡe ná uair: Níor b'fada sup éiríḡe rtaile dá píopa ámaect, do tarrhaig ré i dár ndóis ar énámh a dícll, aect níor b'fú dúit feucaint ar an nḡal beas báir do bí aḡ teact amad airti. Annran do cupi ré rḡruḡal ar féin, ir róibeas ná'r ceangail a béal íoctair dá béal uactair le doic tarrhaigte aect ní maib bpiḡ i n-a ḡno.

“Faḡbad duine éirín réiteoir dom—ar ron Dé faḡbad!” ar reirion, 7 do luis ré níor dúluisḡe ar an darrac; i n-aḡaíb beir aḡ baint an tralaacair ar poll na píopa, ir amlaíb bí re aḡ a dainḡniḡad ann—ḡan coinne leir ḡan aímhear. Faoi deiríob, 'nuair do fuaíu ré an réan rḡarḡa le n-a faoḡar, 7 50 maib aḡ doul de, dá tréine luis re éiríḡe, do tḡs ré an dúir ar a béal, 7 do ḡlaíob 50 hairtinnead ar duine éirín, réiteoir d'faḡbáil do. D'imtíḡ tríúr nó ceatrar de buacailiríob 50 ruis páirce do bí lán de tráiténiríob, aect do bí ré rceannḡ maí uair-rani. D'fan reirion aḡ feitíom orra 50 dciocraíobí ear n-air, anoir aḡ cup na píopa ion a béal, 7 arís aḡ a baint ar, 7 arís eile aḡ ráḡad a lúirín innti d'feucaint a maib moḡáil an teair imtíḡe airti: 'Nuair do éuair fúil ear feiteamántar aise, do léim ré féin ear clorbe irtead; reo aḡ cuarḡad é anonn 'r anall, 7 bíor ar a fúilíob le faḡairc cun faḡbála, dá mb'féiríu. Do bí maí ion áiríom air fá ceann tamail—fuaíu ré bpoḡ cuibeapac reamhar, 7 do ráḡuig i ḡeró na píopa é 50 tapair. Annran éuḡ ré foḡa faoi n-a tarrac, aect d'fan an bpoḡ mar a bí, 7 ní corri-ócad ar a lúiríacáib. Do tréall ré an at-uair, aect b'é an rḡéal céadna é. I ndeiríob rḡarḡa do, bpiu an tráiténín 50 cailíte air, irḡi i ḡeró na píopa. Do léim ré i n-a éairíu buile ear clorbe, ní maib fúlaḡ (=fulang) na foróne aise, 7 do éair an dúir fao a upcaíu amad annran múir móir. Ní maib méam ar donnead le heaḡla bpiuighe, mar do bí toḡa an eolair aca 50 léir ar Dómnall, 7 cad é an faḡar b'ead é, 'nuair do beiréad ré amuig leir féin. D' fan na daoine 50 léir i n-a fúirde 50

again, and a spark of the red flame jumps into his breast, for the front of his shirt was open, and it burns him immediately. He kept his hold on the coal though. He bruises the flame down into the mouth of the pipe, and draws, draws, draws, in a manner that soon smoke was rising blue and glorious in wreaths above his head.

Now was he perfectly happy. All the people sat looking at the seaweed rocking right before them, while it was coming in fast. Donal was smoking his pipe, and nobody interfering with him. But it was not long till his pipe grew sulky; he pulled it, of course, as best he could, but it would not be worth your while to look at the little dying fume that was coming out of it. He then put a long neck on himself, the lower lip all but adhered to his upper lip through the strain of pulling, but his work was to no purpose.

"Let someone get a '*cleaner*' for me—for God's sake, let him!" says he, and he applied himself more earnestly to pulling, but instead of taking the dirt out of the hole of the pipe, he was only fastening it in it—unwittingly, of course. At last, when he found success separated from his labour, and that he was failing, though energetically he set about it, he took the *diuid* out of his mouth, and called furiously to somebody to fetch him a '*cleaner*.' Three or four boys went to a field that was full of *trahneens*, but it was a good distance from him. He remained behind waiting till they should come back, now putting the pipe in his mouth, again taking it out, and again thrusting his little finger into it to ascertain whether the feeling of heat had left it. When at length he could bear this waiting no longer, he himself jumped in over a fence, he commences searching hither and thither, and his eyes blazing through madness for finding, if possible. Luck was his in a little while. He got a pretty thick *brobh* and shoved it quickly into the tube of the pipe. He then tried to pull it back, but the *brobh* remained as it was, and would not move from its place. He tried again, but it was the very same as before. In the end of the pulling, the *trahneen* meanly broke *on him* inside in the tube of the pipe. He jumped out over the fence blazing mad; he could not keep his passion in check, and he threw the *diuid* as far as he could cast it into the great sea. There was not a tittle out of anybody for fear of a quarrel, for they all knew Donal full well, and what manner of man he was when he would happen to be ill at ease within himself.

ceann réaltaí, 7 ar an bfeadh go bí an múr as dhuibh leir an t-éirí go bog rí. Táinig don tonn amháin, i ndeireadh na dála, do líon an cuan ruar go baic le múr ríogógaic fada deas. Do bheadh Dómnall i n-a coilg-earraí 7 do éirí é féin ar a ghrúga anuar ar éirí do'n múr 7 do bí as a réitíocht le fuirre, nuair seo irtead tonn eile, do éirí lea'rtuar de 7 rí ra feuto reiríon cuimhneam ar don-ní (adé ar an múr) do ríuab ar léi amac é ríu ríu fead. Do béic 7 do ríuab ar éirí, íoct ní ríu bheir dea-dáir ar donne—nío ná b'iongnadó—dul b'íntar a éiríte cun eiríon do ríuab.

“Cuimhíar iarrtaí ar éirí ruar go tíg Dáirmuad léit,” arfa ríuab ríuab.

“Beirtear re báite ríu a ríuabíre lea'rtuige ruar,” arfa ríuab ríuab.

“Cuir an ríuab amac 7 b'feuto go n'greamócaí ré é,” arfa Mícheál óg.

Le n-a linn ríu do lúig an báiteadán 7 do gíaoirí i n-aíu a éirí 'ra gíuad as iarrtaí cabra, as ríu, “Ar ríu Dé 7 ríu mé! ríu mé! a d'aoine, ríu mé! ó a Dia, táim báite! ríu mé, ríu mé órú!” Níu ríu ré do beir as callaíuóct mar ríu, mar do bí uéad maí aige.

“Ráda 7 ríuab amac éirí,” arfa Dáirmuad Mac Amíaoib.

“Ná teiríu,” arfa na d'aoine go léir i n-aon béal.

“Ráda,” ar reiríon: “Ní beirtear a éiríleas as feudaint ar an ríu amuig, as ríuabíl báir ar ar gíuabíu.”

Ríu Mícheál Meata ruar ar b'íuab a léinead 7 d'ubairt, “Máire, go d'eoim ní ríuab, ír fada ruar go gíuabíuócainn ar éirí lúgaint amac éirí.”

“Bog díom,” arfa Dáirmuad, “bog do gíuab díom.”

“Ní bogfa,” arfa Mícheál Meata, “ní beas a b'íuab cailíte 7 ríu-re íríg.” D'íuab donn do béic Dómnall de d'íuabíuab amuig. “Ní' donne' cailíte ríu,” arfa Dáirmuad. “Bog díom, a d'eoim leat, bog díom;” adé ní bogfa. Do ríuab reiríon é féin uad 7 do éirí de a éirí éiríuig 7 do léim írtead 'ran ríuab 7 'ran ríuab; do ríuab amac cun Dómnall do bí beas naé cabraí 7 do ríuab írtead leir é ar éirí éirí go ríu an t-éirí. Táir Dómnall i laige 'mar ar go d'áinig ar an t-áinig tíuab 7 d' éirí inní go ceann i b'íuab. Nuair táinig ré éirí féin, d'ubairt d'aoine éirí leir gíuab éirí do b'íuabíuab do b'íuab le Dia i d'áob ná b'íuab é;

All the people remained sitting for some time, and during that time the seaweed was drawing near the strand slowly and gradually. One wave came at long-last which filled the harbour up to the brim with branchy, long, red seaweed. Donal jumped to his feet, and flung himself on his hunkers down on a heap of seaweed, and was freeing it in a great fuss, when in comes another wave which went above him, and before he could think of anything (except the seaweed) it swept him clear out. He screamed and shrieked for help, but there wasn't too much haste on anybody—a thing not to be wondered at—to go at the peril of his life in order to save him.

“Let us send up for a rope to Dermot Liath's,” said Pierce Power.

“He would be drowned before one would reach half-way up,” says Paddy Buidhe.

“Put out the rake, and perhaps he would catch on to it,” says Mick Oge.

Just then, the drowning man screeched and called with erect head, and at the highest pitch of his voice, imploring aid, saying, “For God's sake and save me! save me! O men, save me! O God, I am drowned! save me, save me, oroo!” He never stopped but calling thus, as loud as he could, for he was long-winded.

“I'll go and swim out to him him,” says Dermot MacAuliffe.

“Don't,” said all the people in one voice.

“I will,” said he. “I won't be any longer looking at him there outside, dying before our very eyes.”

Meehawl Meata seized him by the bosom of his shirt, and said, “Wisha faith you won't. It is long, indeed, till I'd think of letting you out to him.”

“Let me go,” says Dermot MacAuliffe; “loose your hold of me.”

“I won't,” says Meehawl Meata; “there is enough lost, and let you stay inside.” Just then Donal screamed with a shrill shriek outside. “There's nobody lost yet,” says Dermot; “let me go, I tell you, let me go,” but he wouldn't. He tore himself from him, divested himself of his clothes, and jumped into the sea and into the seaweed, swam out to Donal, who was nearly exhausted, and dragged him with him, some way or other, to the beach. Donal fell into a faint just as he reached the dry ground, and remained in it a long time. When he came to himself, somebody said to him that he ought to

“Ná bí im bódrao,” ar reirion; “má táim rábáilte; ní ar Día a buirdeachar, mar ní móir do bí pé im éiríam; d’fásrao annrao amuis mé go mbeirínn báitte, múcta, 7 ir beas an gearraduaid do cuirpeao pé ar aileir, geallaim-re duit; áct beirdeao buirdeao do Dáirmaid MacAmhlaoib, an fear glan glánta, cuairt i n-eineas a cáilte cun mé faoraó. A! a duine, má táim rábáilte;

ní ar Día a buirdeachar!”

SEATRÚN CÉITINN:

[Leir an Aclaí O Duinnín.]

Ní’l don ugdar do pinne an oirde le Céitinn cum léigeanh ir liciugeact do consbáil beo i mearg na n-daoineao, go móir-móir daoine leata mhoza. Níor b’eao sup reiríob Seatrún reandao ríó-beact, ríó-cinnite, áct sup cuir pé le céile i n-don bolg amáin na tuairisíde do bí le fagbáil ar éirínn in na rean-leabhaib. Ní raib tuairis eile le fagbáil com deap; com fuinnite ir do leat pé ar fuair na tíre. Ní raib doinne ’n-a reoláire fozanta ná raib eolap aise ar rtáir Céitinn, ir ní raib críochnuasó déanta ar reoláire i reoil go mbeao macramáil déanta aise do’n “b’fomar feara.” I mearg na d’cuatac rimpíde ní leomrao doinne amrao do cuir ar an gcunntar tuzann Céitinn ar gabáil na héirdeann le paríolan, ir leir an gcuro eile do’n treib rin tar leir. Ní leomrao doinne réanao sup créim-eao faddeal glar le natar nime, ir sup éneapuis Maoir a éneao ’ran éisirt le feartaib Dé: bíodao na daoine realbuisce d’fírinne na rgeal rain, ir bí a n-ur-móir ’n-a mbéal aca, ir ní raib dán ná laoir san tagairt éisín dor na móir-fairisíob ar ar tráct Céitinn: ir dóig linn muna mbeao sup ríríobao an “fomar feara” ná beao cuimne na rean-airíre, ná ainmeada na rean-flait, ná éacta na leomán leat com abairt i n-aigheao na n-daoineao ir bíodao leic-céao bliadan ó foim.

Ir fíor, go deimín, go raib na neite reo i leabhaib eile ar ar éog Seatrún iao, áct ní’l ur-móir dor na leabhaib reo le fagbáil i noiu. Do cáilleamair iao, ir tá an “fomar feara” ’n-ar mearg, san focal, san liciir ag ceartabáil uair. Tamail ó foim ir ar éisín do bí duine uairt i gcúigeao Muihan ná raib a macramáil do’n “fomar feara” go ceanamáil i scoiméao aise. Bí

return thanks to God since he was not drowned. "Don't be bothering me," says he; "if I am saved, God is not to be thanked for it, for 'tisn't much He was in my care; He would leave me there outside till I'd be drowned and suffocated, and it is little it would affect Him, I assure you; but I will be thankful to Dermot MacAuliffe, the good, decent man, who in the face of his being lost went to save me. Why, man alive, if I am saved,

God is not to be thanked for it!"

GEOFFREY KEATING.

Extract from "Irish Prose," by Rev. PATRICK S. DINEEN.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent, and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips, and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written, the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time

fé a5 na daoineib bocta com maic leir na huairlib. I r cuimin linn féin ri5eadóir boct do mair i nIarctar Ciarrpaide, nár mór i rceannta dóctain na hoirdce do bí 'n-a feild, do cairbeáin dom a macraimail do Céitinn go ceanamail; carpa i linn-éadac, ir 5an oul a5 páirce breic air, ná díogbáil ar bit do déanam dó. Da 5eall le leabair naomta é ar a meap, ir níor díomaoim do bí an leabair pain, mar ir blarta cruinn do bí tuairis5 ar 5ac leatnac de i 5ceann an fi5eadóra, a5ur ba deacair áiteam air go raib focaí acé fírinne 'ran méid do r5ríob Céitinn ar fenniuir fear-pao, ar p'artolan, ir an cúro eile aca. Tá cuimne Céitinn fóir i meap5 daoinead nár léi5, ir ná fearcaí riam a cúro raotair. Ir dói5 leir a lán go raib oraoideacé éigin ar an nduine, nó 5ur ó neam do táinig fé cum cunntar ar rean do tabairt dúinn. Ní mór an t-ion5nac 5ur éireo na daoine nár duine daonna Seatrún. Do éireib 5allba do b'eac é, acé 'n-a diaíó rin bí fé ioir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Catoiliceac ó érioidelamaic, Sagaric; Doctúir Diaðacra do b'eac é. fear léi5eannta i lairion ir i leabairib na n-áitneac do b'eac é, ir caic fé a lán dá raogal 'ran b'fainc: Acé 'nuair d'fíll fé a baile tug fé é féin ruar ar rao d'obair na heaglaire le díogair ion5antai5 5ur cuinead ruagairc neata air, ir 5ur b'éigean dó oul i b'polac i 5cumair doilb i n5leann Eatarlac. Ir é an ruo ir ion5antai5 i mbeac-aíó Seatrún go b'ruair fé uain ir caoi ar na leabair do tearcuic5 uair i 5cói a fearcair, do bailu5ac an fáio do bí fán ir ruag-airc air. Do fíubail fé go Connaictaib ir go Doire, acé ní mór do meap do bí a5 fearaib Ulaíó ná a5 Connaictaib air. I 5cionn trí nó ceatair do bliadantair bí an "fopur feara" go léir curta i 5ceann a céile aige (1631). Do r5ríob fé fóir dá leabair diaíó, "Eocair Sgiat an Airpinn," a5ur "Trí bioir-5aoite an báir."

Dála an "fopair feara," tornuigeann fé ó'n b'fiorcópac, ir tagann anuar go 1200. Tá fé lán do fear-pannair i n-a mbaili5-teap ainmeaca na rceac do táinig go héirinn, ir i n-a 5cuirteap le céile na héacra do bain leo. Tá a b'fíll i b'píóir de, leir, annro ir annró múcta le ainmeacair taoireac ir flait ir a 5craob 5einealac: Níor ceap Seatrún don nio ó n-a meabair féin; 5ac a rceugann fé dúinn—na r5ealca, na heactraide, na 5abá-lair, na héacra ar muir ir ar tír—ruair fé iao go léir i fearleabairib do bí fá meap a5 ollamairib ir fáirib: Ní rinne fé acé iao do cur le céile ir d'aontu5ac. Da mbeac fé a5 áit-r5ríobac na neiteac rin i n'ioi, a5ur a aigneac lán do léi5eann na haimpíre reo, ní'l deapmaíó ná go 5cuirfeac fé a lán díob i leat-taoib, do b'pí5 ná bainneann ríao le fíir-fearcair. Acé do

back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry, who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity, a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa," it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there overcrowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself; what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has

reiríob ré an “fópur feara” tá geall le trí céad bliadan ó roin, agus ní hionghnád ná faib an oiread pain amhair i dtaoib fírinne na n-éadé ro an trád pain: Agus ir mar an gcéadna atá an rgeal ag tíoréaib eile: Tá a lán éadé ir eadétra i reanchar na Rómá do éireo na Románaisg go hiomlán i n-aimpír ùirgí ir Oibíob—ná fuil ionnta déc úir rgealta na ùrilead. Ar an nór gcéadna ní géilleann don rgeoláire anoir d’éadéaib Henngirt ir Horra agus dá leitéoiríob d’éadéaibíob i reanchar na ùreataine:

Adé ’n-a díarí rin, ní ceart a dearmad go mbíonn bunadar fírinne inr na rgealtaib reo do gnát. Níor éim na filíde rgeal ar dtúir gan deallraim éigin do beir air—*nec fingunt omnia Crete*—cioró go gcuirtear leir i rí na mbliadan, i dtreo ná haitheocharíde é fá deiread. B’ole an bail ar trí ná beir úir-rgealta do’n tragar pain cuinnighe ir meargta tríó a cuir reanchar. Ba comhará é ná faib file ná fáir le rinrearaib i mearg a daoinead, ir náir móir aca a cáil ná a glóir.

Ir álainn an díon-ùrillac a cuireann Seatrún le n-a “fópur feara.” O tead an dara Henrí anall éugainn ir roime, níor gab ror ná ruaimnear na hugdair SAGRANNAISG déc ag cur ríor bréaga ir rgealta aithre ar ar ndútear. Giorroio de Banna, Stanthuprt, Camden, Hanmer, ir an treab pain uile—ní faib uata déc rínn do cur fá éoir ar dtúir, ir ó teir rin oíra, rínn do marlugaó i rártaib fallra. Agus tar éir ar ùreann do baint dínn, ba bréaguisge ir ba tarcairnighe do bíodar ’ná ruam. Do tug Seatrún fáta ’ran díon-ùrillac le fuinneam ir le feirg. Do ríol ré ar a céile an ráiméir marluigheac do cur an Bannac ’n-a leabair, níor fáir ré ruinn do Stanthuprt gan réabaó, ir ríom é curraing a láime ar Camden ir ar Spenreir. Go deimín ir geall le gairgídeac móir éigin é—le Coin éulainn nó áicill—a cuir airm gléarta ’n-a láim, éadae pláta ó mulla cinn go ríogíob air, ir é ag gabáil le díograir ir le dian-feirg ar na daoimí beaga ro do dearbuisge éiteac i gcoinnib a dúteair, ir do marluig a muinntear. Dá mbead ré ar marcean i ndiu, tabairpáó ré raobair bata dor na reancharíob atá anoir fá móir-meir, ar fíroude ir ar íllac ámlaom, ir ar Hume.

Adéir ré ’n-a díon-ùrillac:—

“Ní’l ríairíde dá ríríobann ar éirínn nac ag iarrair locta agus toibéime do tabairt do rean-íallais agus do íadealaib bíó; bíob a fáidnuire rin ar an teir do beir Cambrenrír, Spenreir, Stanthuprt, Hanmer, Camden, Banníob, Morron, Dabir, Campion, agus íac nuad-íall eile dá ríríobann uirte ó

done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa," almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognise it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia* with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits; heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia*:—

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not

foin amaí, ionnup supabé nór beagnaí an bhríompolláin 'do ghní
 ag ríriobad ar éireannaíab . : : : ir é do ghní cnomad
 ar béaraib fo-áoinead agus caillead mbeas n-úir-íreal ar
 'otabairt maí-ghníom na n-uairt i n-dearmad, agus an méir a
 báinear nír na rean-ghaídealaib 'do bí ag áitiugad an oileáin reo
 nua ngabáitair na rean-ghail," 7c.

Ir minic a goirtear an heorodur gaídealaí ar Seatrún,
 agus ir deimhin sup móir a bfuil 'do éoríalead eatorra araon.
 Tá caint Seatrún deas, rimplíde, mílir-briatíac, mar caint
 "Aíar an tSeandair." Séanaí araon baot-foail, neamh-
 briogmáir, neamh-faíomeamla, aet 'n-a n-ionad atá fuinneam ir
 tatad i ngad líne dá ríatáib. Cuipio araon irtead na húir-
 ríealta báinear le n-a 'otír, gan amhar 'do cúir ar a bfuinne.
 B'é heorodur an céad ríatíde 'do cúir reandair na n-ghíeasí
 n-easair ir i gcuinneas, agus eíod sup b'fada 'n-a díad 'do
 ríriob ré, b'é Céitinn an céad reandairde 'd'orúis ir 'do éarúis
 i ríad, ir i n-easair reandair na n-ghaídeal. 'Do bain na ríide—
 na ghíeasí ir na Románais—á lán ar ríatáib heorodur, agus
 'ran gcuma gceadna tús Céitinn innbeas a n'ótáin 'd'or na
 ríidib gaídealaí, 'd'áodagán Ua Ríatáil, 'do Séagán Cláirí
 Mac Domnáil, ir 'd'Éogan Ruad. Aet ní feicimí 'd'íogmair i
 'otad na ríinne, ná fearg cum namad a tíre ar an n-ghíeasí
 Bíonn ré cuin, ríatí, réim i gcuinnide i meas ríatí ir úir-
 ríeal, *et quidquid Græcia mendax audet in historiis*, aet ní léigead
 an gaídealaí fuinne 'do éarí ná 'do cáil a tíre le n-a deasg
 namad.

Obar léiganta, deimhin ir ead "Tí Bior-ghaíde an Báir,"
 lán 'do ríuaintib díad ir 'do máctnam faíomeamair ar an
 beadair daonna, ir ar a éríoc: Ir iongantad ar éis ré ar rean-
 uídearaib ir ar oibreacáib na naom, agus ir blarta tá an obair
 ar fad poinnite i leabaraib agus i n-áltaib. Aet ir tnom, laíom-
 eamair an caint atá ann ó túir go deiread, bíod go bfuil rí
 larta ruar annro ir annró le ríeal beas gheannmair mar an
 eadtra rain ar "Mac Reccan."

Obar an-léiganta i ndíadad ir i nóranais na heaglaire ir
 ead "Eóair Sgíad an Aírinn." Ní léir dúinn don uídear eile
 cúir ar an oiread rain 'do túairíag ar neicib báinear leir an
 Aírreann, com bead, com cinnte rin i leabair dá méir. Aet
 'n-a teannta rain, tá an caint com rimplíde, com gheannta, com
 binn, com briogmair rain, gan baot-foail ná ríidib carra sup
 fupairte 'd'áinnead é léigead sup i n'íu:

endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility and everything relating to old Irish who were the inhabitants of this island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan O'Rahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with astonishing fulness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled

Ó aimir Céitinn anuas níor ragnabhad a lán do phór bunadaraí. Do cuirteadh ábhar eacairíde le céile agus rásaísa ar gníomharthaí aca, agus ní mór 'n-a dtéannaí rian. Do luigeadar na hughairí Saedéalaca ar panna do mhártaí, ir ba mílir, doibinn a fhuir doán ir amháin.

Sóir nó fíar ir fearr an baile—An Cneamhaire.

(Le n-úna ní fáirceallais.)

Ní raib an rinneoiríeact i b'ad ar riubal nuair fleannuis an Cneamhaire amac uata a san-fíor dóib.

Suar an capán leir as déanaí ar taoib na n-ailltearad do'n oileán. Thiomáin ré air go dtí go raib ré ar bair na tulca. Do rtao ré annsin. Sé gur t'rean láirir an fear é, do bí an doir as teannad go daingean air, 7 níor mírde dó a rait do leigean.

Bhí an gealaí go háro 'ra r'éir, agus do b'féirir an t-oileán agus an fáirge d'féirir go glan roiléir.

Do b'áluinn ciúin an t-amhaire do bí or a comair amac, aet irtis i gcroide an t'rean-fíar do bí anrao ar riubal. B'amlaíó náir airis ré a com deap ir do fámluis an doiman i n-a timéioill. Ní raib a fíor aet as Dia amáin cao do bí 'sa fuaíad.

Chraíó ré a lámha or cionn a cinn, agus adubhairt or áro:

"Liom féin ir ead é! Liom-ra amáin! Ní fuil éan-baint as duine ar bit eile leir. D'iocar go maíó ar—go dian-maíó!"

Ar a'áir leir air as riubal agus as ríar-riubal, díreao ir dá mbéad 'n-a aigheao rtoirín a croide do laíóugaó ar an nóir roin.

Níor b'faoa dó as imteact mar rin go dtí go raib ré i ngar do na hailtearadaió.

Annpoin do rtao ré go hobann, mar ba dóis leir go gualairó ré suí duine éigin. Chuir ré cluar le héirteact air féin, agus do b'amlaíó d'éir a'as d'amirir go raib ré cinnite 'n-a taoib. Suí mna as caoi do b'ead é, san só.

Ar mbreathnugaó dó ar an áir ar a dtáinís an fuaim. ba léir dó, r'atam beas uair, duine éigean leagta leir an gclaire.

Dhruir ré leir an áit, agus d'airis ré san moill gur b'i máire bhán do bí ann roime.

Ní raib a fíor áit duine ná daonraíde do beir i n-a haice, agus do p'ead rí le neart r'geoin nuair do leas ré a lámh ar a ceann.

expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.

EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST.

FROM "AN CNEAMHAIRE."

By UNA NÍ FHAIRCHEALLAIGH.

(Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.)

THE dancing had not long begun when the Cneamhaire slipped out unnoticed.

Up the path he went towards the cliff side of the island. Still onwards until he was on the top of the height. He paused there. Though a strong, stout man, age was pressing on him, and he had, perforce, to rest.

The moon was high in the sky, and the island and the sea could be plainly seen. The scene before him was beautiful and calm, but within the heart of the old man a storm was raging. Thus it was he did not notice how beautiful the world seemed about him. God only knew what was oppressing him.

He waved his arms above his head and spoke aloud:

"It is my own! Mine alone! Nobody else has any claim to it. I paid well for it—right well."

On he went again, walking, ever walking, just as if he had it in his mind thus to subdue the storm in his heart.

He was not long walking at that rate until he drew near to the cliffs.

Then he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard somebody's voice. He set himself to listen, and after a short space of time he was certain of it. The voice of a woman crying, that it was, without doubt.

When he looked towards the place whence the sound came he saw clearly somebody leaning against the fence.

He drew near, and perceived at once that it was Máire Bhán who was there before him.

“ Nà corruis, a leanaid: Nà bíod faicéar ort; cor ar bit ! ”

Ní dubhairt Máire focal; agus seo ar aghaid é le n-a cuio cainte:

“ Ní ceart duit; a Mháire; a ríóir, beit amuis i n-donraic 7 an oirde atá ann: Tá an comhuadar as fuireacht leat 'ra scir-din.”

Ní mearrad éinnead sup b'é an Cneamhaire do bí as cainte:

“ Ué ! a Shéamair ! an tura atá ann ? Nà bac liom ! Cait-prò mé leigint dom' cuio bhrón: Uéad níor fearr dá bárr i gceann tamail.”

“ Aét dubhradar liom, a Mháire, sup tú féin ar cionntac leir an turar 7 an airdear seo: Tuise nac bhranpá as do mádar 'ra mbaile 7 as Peadar fáda ! ”

“ Tuise, a n-eaó ? tá fáé go leór leir; muir; aét cia an máit beit as caint anoir ? ” Ar an toirt, do síl na deóra léiti 7 érom sí ar shul ariú:

Níor cuir an Cneamhaire irtead uirri an fáid do lean sí ar beit as caoi, aét nuair d'éirís sí níor ciúine ar ball d'farrpuis ré di cia an fáé dí beit as imteacht ar éireann:

“ Nà ceil orm éin-éad do'n píunne ” ar' reirean fá deóid: “ Cao faoi ndeara go bfuil tú as imteacht uainn ? ”

“ Do bús go bfuil earbaid aigisio orm ” ar' an cailín boét:

“ An t-airgead ! an t-airgead ! ” ar' an Cneamhaire go neam-foisdeac, “ 'S é an rgeal céadna é i gcomhairde ; aét bíod 'fior asat, a cailín, go bfuil a lán ruadai 'ra domhan níor fearr i bpad 'ná an t-airgead féin.”

Ní eus Máire freasra ar bit ari, do bí an oirdear roin iongan-tair uirri:

“ Nac bfuil Peadar asat ! ” ar' reirean “ agus nac leór duit é rin ? ”

“ Tá—Peadar—agam ; ir fíor duit é, “ ar'ra Máire i ndeir-eaó na dálaé, “ aét—ní tuigim tú: Nac bfuil dúil asat féin 'ran airgead ? Gabaim pároun asat, a Shéamair ; ní 'zá éarad leat atáim, cor ar bit.”

“ Ní fuil focal b'éirge ann, a ingean ó: Ir móir i mo dúil 'ran airgead le leat-céad bliadan, aét ní raib an rgeal mar rin agam riam. Uhi lá eile agam. Uhi mé ós 7 bíor i ngráó com maít leat-ra, 7 b'féidir níor domhne 'ná mar atáir-re: Uhiór boét, 7 bí ríre boét, freirín: D'fágbar mo céad rlan aici 7 do baili-gear liom go haimeriocá le capnán aigisio do cur ar muin a céile 7 le bean uaral do déanam dom' rpéir-bean: D'imtígear liom riar sup ríroicéar lartar na Stát n-dontuigte: Chaítear poinnt bliadanta ann 7 d'éirís an raozal liom go seal: Ir

She did not know that there was man or mortal near her, and she started in affright when he laid his hand on her head:

"Do not stir, child. Don't be the least afraid."

Máire did not say a word, and he proceeded:

"It is not right for you, Máire a stóir, to be out alone this night. The company are watching for you in the kitchen."

Nobody would think it was the Cneamhaire who was talking.

"Och! Séamas! Is it you that is in it? Don't mind me! I must give way to my sorrow. I shall be the better of it after a little."

"But they told me, Máire, that it is you yourself are accountable for this journey. Why would you not stay at home with your mother and with Peadar Fada?"

"Why is it? There is plenty of reason for it; but what is the use of talking now?" Her tears fell on the moment and she began to cry again.

The Cneamhaire did not disturb her whilst she wept, but when she grew calmer by-and-by, he asked her why she was leaving Ireland.

"Don't conceal one scrap of the truth from me," he said at last. "What is the cause of your leaving us?"

"Because I am in want of money," said the poor girl.

"Money! money!" said the Cneamhaire impatiently. "The same story always; but know, girl, that there are plenty of things in the world better far even than money."

Máire was so surprised that she did not answer him.

"Have you not Peadar," he said, "and is not that enough for you?"

"I have—Peadar—it is true for you," said Máire at long last; "but—I don't understand you. Don't you yourself care for money? Forgive me, Séamus; it is not upraising you with it I am at all."

"There is not a word of lie in it, girl. I have been eager for money for the past fifty years; but it was not so with me always. I was once otherwise. I was young, and I was in love as well as you. I was poor, and she was poor also. I bade her a long farewell, and I took myself off to America to put some money together, and to make my sweetheart a lady. I moved on till I reached the west of the United States. I spent some years there, and the world throve with me. I used seldom get a letter from Ireland, except, now and again, a couple of words from her, to say she was well, or the like of that.

Once, a year went by, and never a word from her. I could

annam a gheibinn leitiú ó Éirinn aet amáin cúpla focal anoir 7 ariú uaiti-rian 'gá náð go raib rí go maí, agus a leitéirí rín.

"Don uair amáin éuaíó bliathain éarainn 7 san focal agam uaiti. Níor b'féidir liom a fulang beic san tuairisg uirri, 7 ó éarla an t-am rín go raib roinnt maíe ariúio i dtairisg agam, tús mé agaird ar an mbaile ariú. Oé? mo léan géar ir mo lomaí luain! ní raib roimam aet a huais. 'San uais éeáona cuiréad na comurraim uilis nae móir, bliathain na gorta. Sait-eaó irteae le céile iao i n-éan-poll amáin.

"Ó a Dha na ngráta! i ag fagbáil báir leir an oenar ar éaoib an bócair 7 mire i b'ead uaiti 7 san rmearóio eólaí agam ar a cáir! Sire san ruo le cur i n-a beal aici 7 mire eall i n-áimeirioeá, mo róca lán go beal o'airgead."

Do fámluig éadon an tfean-íir go milítead fa íolar na geat-áige. O'iompuig ré uaiti beagán 7 érom ré ar amáre amae éar an b'airisge ó éuaíó.

Uhi a íior ag Máire go raib ré ag oéanam mapanta ar uais móir bliathna na gortaí éuar i gCondae Mhuigéó 7 níor leis rí focal ar lár. Í n-a leabair rín, ir amlaíó go ruig rí ar láim ariú. O'airisg rí fuar san b'isg san fuinneam í.

Uhi an eailín ag bailéiré aet ní ruact na hoirde fa n'oeapa é. Níor b'é an Cneamairé do bí or a comair aet eairébre o'éirig éuici ar laeteannraib a óige.

"A Shéamair boict! a Shéamair boict!" ar' ríre or íreail: Níor éuir an rean-fear éan-tíuim innti, aet o'fan ré ag amáre amae do éaoib an Dha Dheinn Déas san corraige ar.

Uhiódar mar rín ar fead tamail maíe aimirie.

"b'féidir gupab é an fáe go b'fuit dúil agam 'ran ariugead," ar' an Cneamairé fa o'eiréad, "gup íocar com o'aoi rín ar: bíonn an t-airgead mar fuit or comair mo o'á fúil—go dearg, go dearg i gcomhairde. Ir mar rín a éim-re é."

Do érom Máire a ceann íior 7 róis rí a láim. O'airisg Séamar oéor ag tuicim léiti.

Uhiódar araon i n-a o'ort go ceann tamail:

"Ní imteóga ar an oileán, cor ar bit," ar'ra Máire go haibró.

"Ní imteóga tú, an n-eaó? An é rín a n-abriann tú? aet an o'uigeann tú 'n-a éaric méad na boctanaeéta a bear ag goill-eaó ort annreo, má fanair?"

"Ní fuit duine 'ra o'oman a tuigeannr níor fearr 'na mire com t'rom 7 a bíonnr an gannra 7 an boctanaeet ag gabáil do muinntir áriann—aet 'n-a o'iaíó rín féin fanrao 'ra mbaile i n-áinn oé."

not bear to be without tidings of her, and since it happened, that time, that I had a good deal of money saved, I faced for home. Och! my sharp sorrow and my lasting woe! I found only her grave before me. In the same grave nearly all the neighbours were buried, the famine year. They were all cast into the one hole."

"Oh! God of Grace! she dying with hunger by the side of the road, and I far from her, without a gleam of knowledge as to her state! She without anything to put in her mouth, and I beyond in America, my pocket chock-full with money!"

The face of the old man looked wan in the light of the moon. He turned from her a little and gazed out over the sea to the north.

Máire knew that he was thinking deeply of the big grave of the famine year up in County Mayo, and she never let slip a word. Instead, she took hold of his hand. She felt it cold and nerveless and clammy.

The girl was trembling, but not from the coldness of the night. It was not the Cneamhaire who was before her, but a ghost which came to her from the days of his youth.

"Poor Séamas! poor Séamas!" she said softly. The old man did not heed her, but continued to look towards the Twelve Pins without ever stirring.

Thus they remained for a long while.

"Perhaps the reason I have such a desire for money," said the Cneamhaire at last, "is because I paid for it so dearly. Money is like blood before my two eyes—red, red, always. That is how I see it."

Máire bent her head and kissed his hand. Séamas felt a tear falling from her.

They were both silent for a time.

"I shall not leave the island at all," said Máire hastily.

"You will not go, is it, Is that what you say? But do you rightly understand the greatness of the poverty that will weigh on you if you stay?"

"There is no one in the world understands better than I do how heavy want and poverty lie on the people of Aran; but, even so, I shall stay at home, with the help of God."

"It is well," said the Cneamhaire.

* * * * *

The next morning the island folk went eastwards, one by

“Tá go maí, ar’ an Cneamhaire.”

* * * * *

Ar maidin lá ar n-a bárad éuaðdar muinntear an oileáin i n-oidiú a céile roir go dtí an fánán: Bhí na cupaca i gcóir cum na gcailíní do bí le dul ear leat do bheir ar borio an long-
gaile.

“Tuige go bfuil tura ag caoinead?” arsa Peadar fada nuair d’arouig Máire bhán a suir com maí le cá: “Ir muiro-
ne a bheir ag caoinead in do oiaú.”

“Táim ag caoinead i n-oidiú na gcailíní atá ar tí imtead, uainn,” arsa Máire.

“An dá ríuib atá tú, a Mháire? ‘Ar n-ó,’ ní ceart duit beir ag fonmair fúm inoiu 7 ualaad ar mo éroirde.”

“Ní ag déanam fonmair’ fút atáim, mui. Tá m’innninn rocair agam ar fanad leat, cibé boet rairbhír tú, nó cibé an fairo a cairfimid beir ag feiteam le n-a céile.”

Ní éreirfead Peadar a cluara féin:

“Ir ag magad fúm atá tú, tá mé ag ceapad?”

“Ní head go deimín! Ní déanfaínn a leicéir oir ar an domán.”

“Cereim tú anoir, mui. Adt ní tuigim an rgeal cor ar bit. Cao a tug oir an t-actarpuad innninn’ reo?”

“Airling a bí agam aréir, a Pheadair, nó bhonglóir, mar adéarad. Shaoilear go raib tura io’ sean-fear éroirde gan fuinneam i do gágarib ná gáad o’éinne’ i do éroirde. Bhí tú io’ iargaire comportamail annro. Bhí mire t’éir aimeirioad, clóca ríora oim 7 hata gléarta go deat le ríibíní agur a leicéirí eile, aigead mo dótaint im’ rparán agam 7 ‘é uile éineál maoin’ im’ feilb. Bhíor-ra ag gabáit ruar an bóirín i n-aice na roilg’ 7 mé ag tead a baile: Capad dam annrín tú, adt níor aitin tú mé, cor ar bit.”

“‘Mire Máire bhán,’ adubhar leat.

“‘Ní tú,’ arsa tura go feargac; ‘ní tú go deimín. Bhí Máire—mo Mháire re—i n-a cailín ós fíactmair, agur cao mar geadl oir-ra? Sean-bean portamail gánda tú atá córuigte mar péacóis i n-oioblaicib ríóil. Ní tura Máire go deimín.’

“D’féadar ríor i bpoil uirge a bí taoib liom 7 do b’e rin an céad uair d’airigear mé féin aorua gánda; bí an ceart agat.

“‘Ir mire Máire bhán,’ adubhar arir.

“D’féad tú oim annrín ioir an dá fúil 7 an fad a bíor mar don leat níor tóg tú do fúile díom.

“‘Ir amlaio adoir tú,’ arsa tura, ‘adn ní éreirim tú—ní tura an Mháire a otugar gáad dí fad ó. Thíor ‘ran roilg úo b’fearr

one, towards the slip. The curachs were ready to bring the girls who were going abroad on board the steamer.

"Why are you 'caoining'?" said Peadar Fada, when Máire Bhán raised her voice like the others. "It is we who shall be 'caoining' after you."

"I am 'caoining' for the girls who are about to leave us," said Máire.

"Are you serious, Máire? In troth, it is not right for you to make fun of me to-day and a load on my heart."

"It is not making fun of you I am, maiseadh. I have my mind made up to stay with you, whether you are rich or poor, or however long we must wait for each other."

Peadar would not believe his own ears.

"It is making fun of me you are, I am thinking."

"It is not indeed! I would not do the like on you for the world."

"I believe you now, indeed! But I don't understand the story a bit. What caused you this change of mind?"

"A vision I had last night, Peadar, or a dream, as you might say. I thought that you had become an old, contrary man, without energy in your limbs, or love to anyone in your heart. You were a comfortable fisherman here. I had come back from America. I had a silk cloak on me, and a hat beautifully decked with ribbons and such like things, with plenty of money in my purse and every kind of means in my possession. You were going up the lane near the graveyard when I was on my way home. I met you there, but you did not recognise me at all."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said. 'You are not,' you replied angrily; 'not you, indeed. Máire—my Máire—was a fine young girl; and what about you? A proud, ugly, old woman, titivated like a peacock in silken rags! You are not Máire Bhán indeed.'"

"I looked down in a pool of water beside me, and that was the first time I noticed myself old and ugly. You were right."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said again.

"You looked at me then between the two eyes, and as long as I was with you you did not lift your eyes from me.

"'So you say, but I don't believe,' you said. 'You are not the Máire I loved long ago. Down in the graveyard yonder I would rather her to be than to resemble you now. I don't know you at all.' And saying that, you went off. I was

liom í 'beir 'nád beir mar tura anoir: Ní aithníim tú cor ar bit.' Agus 'gá m'ad rin, ar go b'ad leat: Bhíor fágta im' donairán go b'ad. Sin í an b'ionglóir a bí agam: Nac airt-eac é?"

"Ní fuil tú ro' fearn-bean fóir, a nín! Do b'agmairac an b'ionglóir d'ad-ra í, cibé r'géal é. Agus, an n-abrann tú, a Mháire, gur b'ionglóir a tug ort fanact 'ra mbaile?"

Níor mear Máire gur ceart d'í r'géal an Chneamháire d'innrinc san ceat aici uaird: Mar rin adubairt rí:—

"É rin agus n'ad eile."

"Buirdeacair mór do 'Dhia," arfa fearar:

* * * * *

"Nac mór an t-iongantair nac mbéiteá ag b'ad le do díol m'ad 'fagbáil?" adubairt adair pheadair leir cúpla lá i n-a d'air rin. "Nac fear d'atamail an cailín í Máire Chatac, in-gean na baintreabhaige tair i gCionn an Bhaile?"

Chuir fearar cluar le héirteact air féin: Dá m'ad gur tuit an grian anuar ar an r'péir ní cuirfead ré níor mó iongantair air

Ní m'ad ré i n-innín oiread le focal do m'ad:

"Tá ré i n-am do Cháit, r'péir, cur fúit i n-áit d'í féin. Ní m'ad beirt m'ad r'péir le céile i n-éin-teac amáin. Cat é do mear ar Mhac Uí 'Dhonncaoda: Ní fuil fóir talman aige, act mar rin féin, 'ar noo', i r b'ead láróir an buacail é: Daoine macánta a b'ead iad a f'ead r'innirí n'ime."

Níor f'ead fearar focal do cur ar, agus níor tug ré r'air na ceirte cuige 'nád ar éan-cóir: Go d'aimin, níor tug act an oiread le ceap b'adige, mar adéirad, act dá m'ad ré do l'adair 'ra reomra beag taobh tair do'n éiróir r'atam beag i n-a d'air rin i r d'ad go d'cuigead ré an t-ionglóir go dianmair. I r fearn-focal é, agus i r f'oir, go d'airbeánann r'aditín t'ad na gaoite.

Ar ball nuair do bí an t-air óg t'oir ar an Muirbeac, reo é an Chneamháire i rteac cum adair pheadair agus m'ad aige i n-a láim.

Seo é ag tairmair lán a g'laice do píoraib óir amac ar an m'ad, agus ag airam t'í píor punnt ar an gclár or a comair, agus reo é fóir 'gá m'ad, agus é ag f'adain go glinn g'air ar an b'ear eile:

"Ní cuiríod Tomár Sheagáin Ruairí bair a méir r'atige ar mo cur airgo go d'ad. Dar f'ad, ní cuiríod: I r do'n g'ad agus do'n óige adám 'gá t'adair:

left alone, deserted and in sadness. That is the dream I had. Is it not strange?"

"You are not an old woman yet, a ruin! It was a lucky dream for me anyhow. And, do you say, Máire, that it was a dream caused you to stay at home?"

Máire did not think herself justified in telling the Cneamhaire's story without leave from him; so she answered:

"That and other things."

"Great thanks be to God!" said Peadar.

* * * * *

"Isn't it a great wonder you wouldn't be looking out to get a wife to suit you," said Peadar's father to him a couple of days later. "Isn't Máire Chatach, the daughter of the widow over in Cronn-an-Bhaile, a nice, good-looking girl?"

Peadar set himself to listen. If the sun fell down out of the sky it would not surprise him more. He was unable to say as much as a word.

"It is time for Cáit, too, to settle down in a place of her own. Two mistresses would not go well together in one house. What do you think of young Mac Donnchadha? He has not a sod of land, but, even so, he is a fine, strong boy. Honest people they were, his seven generations before him."

Peadar could not get out a word, and he did not understand the state of the question at all. In truth, he did not, any more than a shoemaker's last, as one might say; but if he were present in the little room beyond the kitchen afterwards, it is likely that he would understand the whole matter right well. It is an old proverb, and it is a true one, which says that a straw shows how the wind blows.

By-and-by, when the young people were down in the muirbheach, the Cneamhaire comes in to Peadar's father and a bag in his hand.

He draws the full of his hand of gold pieces from the bag, and counting out sixty pounds on the table before him, he says, looking steadily and sharply at the other man:

"Tomás Sheaghán Ruaidhri will never put the top of his dirty finger on my money. By heavens, he'll not. It is to love and to youth I am giving it."

AN UAIH.

SIOGA AR AN “NĠIOBLACÁN.”

(ĠĠRRĠEAL LE TOMÁR O N-DOĠA.)

“Bior aš pēacaint timceall orm an faio do bi pé aš caint, aš bneacnušað ar an peompa ašur an čaol ’n-a paib pé cupča le čéile ašur ’šá pīafpuiže im’ aigneað pēin cā bfuair pé na rūsām ar fao nuair duðairt pé :

“Tā tū aš vēanaš ionganair dem’ teašlac ašur dem’ aicill-ivēacč: Nāc vear-lāmac an vaine me ?”

“’Seað, ar m’ pocal ; acč cā bfuair na rūsām šo leir ? Ašur mā’r uaiš acā annro, ar nōōiž nī paib éin-čaal leir an mbočān ro i n-ēan-čor.”

“Inneorair mire vuit ar ball ; acč an mb’ait leat an uaiš ar fao v’ feircint ?”

“V’ait liom,” arpa mire, “acč tā pé pō-luat pōr an čor do cupr pūm.”

“Nī’l, pīoc,” ar reirean, “com faoa ir tā pé peo ašat,” ašur čōš pé maide cpoire o’n šcūinne ašur pīn pé čuŋam é.

“Rašamaoio amac šo pōill šo bfeicpīo tū mo pīošačč-ra ar fao,” ar pé.

“Acč cā bfuair an maide cpoire ?” arpa mire leir:

“Čuipear le čéile i an faio do bi tū v’ čovlað. Šað i leit annro anoir ašur tabair aipe v’o’n čor.”

Čōš pé an trillreān o’n mbōrō ašur v’ oršail pé vōpar beaš taoð leir an tealac ašur čuaðmar araoñ irčeač: Nī faoa mé a leičēro ve paðairc o’n lā pušað me šo včī rin ašur nī faoa mé paðairc mar é ó pōin: Vī an peōmpa beaš vēanta šo vīpeac šlan ar an šcaol čēaðna i paib an ceann eile, acč vō bi pé lionta ruar šo včī an vōpar le harpaib ve šac cineāl, ašur vīoðar šo leir com šlan ašur com poillreac pōin ir šur baineaðar an paðairc vīom, nač mōp, nuair vō čuaðar irčeač ar včūr. Vīoðar ar cpočað aige ōr cionn a čéile ar na ballaib čarč timceall an treōmpa com faoa ir b’fēivōir leir pūiže v’ pāšail vōib—šunnai šearpa ašur pīorčail šo leōp, ašur a lān ve člarōmčib ašur ve vāigneitib—ašur vī curo eile aca cpačeta i nšpōšānaib ar an ūrlar: Vī ūrpnēir beaš, innedīn ašur ūrlirī šaðann i šcūinne; ašur binnre ašur ūrlirī pīūinėara i šcūinne eile. Vī an pēar ašur an ait aš éipūže nīor airtčiže šac éan-nōimint.

“Ir vōiž liom šo bfuilim pā ōpaovēacč,” arpa mire, nuair vō čōšar lān mo pūl vē’n treōmpa.

“Nī’lir, māire, i n-ēan-čor,” arpa an “Šioblacān.”

THE CAVERN.

From the Novel "An Gioblachán," by Tomás O h-Aodha,
(*i.e.*, Thomas Hayes).

I WAS looking round me, while he was speaking, examining the room and the manner in which it was constructed, and asking myself in my own mind where did he get all the hay-ropes, when he said:

"You are making a wonder of my dwelling and of my skill. Am I not a handy man?"

"You are, on my word; but where did you get all the hay-ropes? And if this is a cavern, there was certainly no necessity for the cabin at all."

"I'll tell you by-and-by; but would you wish to see the cavern entirely?"

"I would, indeed," I said, "but it is too soon yet to put the foot under me."

"Not a bit," he replied, "while you have this," and he took a crutch from the corner and handed it to me.

"We shall go out awhile," he said, "until you see my entire kingdom."

"But where did you get the crutch?" I said to him.

"I put it together while you were asleep. Come hither now and take care of the foot."

He took the lamp from the table, opened a little door beside the hearth, and we both went in. I did not see a sight like what I saw since I was born till then, nor did I see a sight like it since. The little room was made exactly in the same way as the other one, but it was filled to the door with arms of every description, and they were all so clean and so bright that they almost dazzled me when I entered first. They were hanging above each other, on the walls round the room, as far as he could find room for them—muskets and pistols in plenty, and many swords and bayonets—and others were stacked in heaps on the floor. There was a little furnace, an anvil, and a smith's tools in one corner, and a bench and a joiner's tools in another corner. The man and the place were getting stranger every moment.

"I think I am under some enchantment," said I, when I had taken the full of my eye of the room.

"You are not, indeed," said the Gioblachán.

He took up one of the guns and rubbed it affectionately with his hand.

“Do tóg ré ruar ceann de na sunnaib agus do cuimil ré 3 go cineálta le n-a láim:

“féad,” ar peirean, “nac deap an úirlir i rin: táinig sí ó Ameriocá agus do cuirfeadh sí piléar tré duine nác móir míle ó baile; aet éirimio an cúro eile aca arís. Sab i leir annro.”

“O’forsaíl ré doapar eile agus bagair ré amac orm. Níor féadap mo lám o’ feircint bí ré com doirca roin. Níor cuim-nígear go rabamap inr an uaim agus nuair o’ féadap aniac duápar.

“Ué, nac doirca i an oirde!”

Leis an “Sioblaacán” rmut gáire ar:

“Nac doirca i an oirde,” arpa sut taob amuis díom: “há! há!” arpa sut eile. Annroin do labair beirt nó tríúr eile i n-éinfeacht níor fuide amac, “Ué! nac doirca”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—“nac”—“nac doirca”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—agus mar rin leó as rsiúireadh agus deánam mazaib fúm go raib an áit lan ruar de gútannab. Bíodap éior fúm, tuar or mo cionn, ar m’asair amac agus ar zac taob díom: “O’ iméigeadap uaim i ndiaib a céile agus o’ írligeadap rá deiradh ar nór na raib ionnta aet riorapnac as creataib i gcúinnib na huamá.

Deir mire gur bain ré preab aram. Táinig rzanntap orm ar otúr agus ’na diaib rin táinig iongantap agus uatbár an traozail orm, ar nór náir féadap corruige ar an áit ’n-a rabap im fearam ar feadh cúis nóiminte. “Do bagair an “Sioblaacán” írtead orm.

“Mac-alla,” arpa mire, nuair bí an doapar dúnta aige:

“’Seadh,” ar ré, “nac breag é?”

“Níor arigear nam poime reo éan-ruo mar é aet éan-uair amáin; aet ní raib teacht ruar ar bit leir reo aige. Tá an uaim go han-móir ír dóca.”

“Bí cinnte de rin. Táir id’ fearam anoir ar bhuac gáza uatbáraige agus má tá éan-óirleac amáin ann, tá ré ór cionn míle trois i ndoimneacht. Ná téigir iú-fada amac nuair a beadh as tairbeant na huamá duir, nó b’féidir go bfuigthead dúdán id’ ceann; coinnis taob tíar díom-ra agus ní beir daozal ar bit ort.”

Tóg ré rlipeós giúmaire agus cuir ré rgoilt beas ’na héadail le tuais. Annroin ruair ré rop barrais agus pocruis ré írtead ’ran rgoilt é agus éar ré an barrac i mbacall mar beadh méarós ar barr na rlipeóise. Nuair bí ré pocruighe go daingean aise, túm ré an rlipeós agus an barrac i brota oia agus o’fás ré ann iad go raib an oia rúighe írtead go maic ionnta. Tuair rá ndeara lom-láirtead go raib ré as deánam tóirre cun na huamá do tairbeant dam:

"Look," said he, "is not that a pretty tool? It came from America, and it would put a bullet through a person almost a mile from home; but we'll see the remainder again. Come over here."

He opened another door, and he motioned me out. I could not see my hand it was so dark. I did not recollect that we were in a cavern when I looked out, and I said:

"Ugh! is it not a dark night?"

The Gioblachán let a little laugh out of him.

"Is it not a dark night!" said a voice outside me. "Ha! ha!" said another voice. Then two or three spoke together further out. "Ugh! is it not"—"Ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Is it not"—"Is it not a dark"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—and so on with them, mimicking and making fun of me till the place was filled with voices. They were beneath me and over my head; they were directly in front of me and on both sides. They faded away one after the other, and they lowered at last so that there was not in them but a whisper, trembling in the corners of the cavern.

I say that I was startled. Fright came on me at first, and afterwards the wonder and awe of the world came on me, so that I could not stir from the place in which I was standing for five minutes. The Gioblachán beckoned me inside.

"An echo," said I, when he had closed the door.

"Yes," said he, "is it not fine?"

"I never before heard anything like it except once, but it could not come near this at all. The cavern is very large, I suppose."

"Be sure of that. You are standing now on the brink of an awful chasm, and if it's an inch, it's over a thousand feet in depth. Do not go too far out when I am showing you the cavern, or perhaps you might get a reeling in your head. Keep behind me and there will be no fear of you."

He took a chip of pinewood, and put a split in its end with a hatchet. Then he got a wisp of tow and fixed it into the split, and twisted it into a knob just like a ball on the top of the chip. When it was firmly fixed, he dipped the chip and the tow into a pot of oil, and left them there until the oil was well soaked into them. I observed directly that he was making a torch in order to show me the cavern.

"This will give us sufficient light now," he said, and he

“Tiubraid ré seo rolar ár ndótaint dúinn anoir,” ar ré, agus cuir ré teine leir. Cuathmar amac go bpuac na gága arís. Gac cori do cuireamar dinn do cuir an mac-alla fheadra ear air cuíaimn. D’ árdúis an “Sioblaacán” an tóirre ór a éionn ar nór go bfuiginn iadarc maic ar an uaim, agus do fear ré go dána amac ar bpuac an puill. Ní d’éanfaínn féin é dá bfuiginn míle púnt; áct, ar ndóig, mar a’veir an sean-focal—“Neatn na taitige méaduiġeann ré an taircuirne.”

Cé go dtug an tóirre roluir bheadh uair níor féadar iud ar bit d’ fheircint áct amáin ioinnt beag de’n earraig ór mo éionn agus ar gac taobh díom. Amac uainn ní raib ann áct dorcadar tnom tiug agus ir dóig liom féin náir deín an tóirre áct é do méaduġad. Bí ré com tiug roin gur faoilear go mb’ féoir liom é gearrad le rġin, no mām de tógaint im’ láim. Bíor as fíarfuige díom féin, an fáir do bíor as féadaint amac, cad do bí roluighe taobh ear de’n dorcadar, agus do bí ré com diamáir gíademaíl rin gur cuir ré uaebár im éroide.

“Ní’l iomarca le fheircint amac uainn no taobh ear dinn,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “áct tairbeánraid mé duit anoir doimneact an puill.” Cuaird ré ar a gúimib.

“Luig ríor agus tairraing amac go bpuac na cairrige,” ar reirean, “táim éun an tóirre do cáiteam ríor.”

Luigear ríor mar d’ órdúis ré agus d’ruidear amac go haircad go raib mo éann ear bpuac na gága. Do deín ré féin an iud céadna. Cáit ré an tóirre amac uair agus ríor agus ríor leir trío an dorcadar. Bíor as brae gac éan-nóimint go mbuailfead ré an tóin áct níor buail; agus níor tairbeán ré éan-iud dúinn. Bíor as fíre air go dtí ná raib ann áct ríreac. Táinig pian im’ rúilb agus d’údán im’ éann ó beic as féadaint air, agus do éirtear go ríoir. Fá deiread do cáilleamar iadarc air ar fad.

“Anoir, cad veir tú,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” irteac im’ éluair nuair bí an tóirre iméighe ar iadarc:

“Leig dam go fóill,” arra mire, “go gcuirfid mé leitead na cairrige ioir mé féin agus an poll uaebárac úo.” Agus do cuadar as lapadail irteac ran mboacán: Ní leigfead an eagla dam éirge im’ fearam go iadarc irtig, agus bíor mar d’uine do bead i n-áirde ar luargán. Táinig an “Sioblaacán” irteac im’ d’aird agus dún ré an dorar.

“Ir airdeac agus ir millteac an áit i seo,” arra mire, “agus tá gheim im’ éroide le huabár.”

“Bíor féin mar rin ar dtúr,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “agus i b’ad níor meara ná tá cura anoir, mar ir beag náir cuitear irteac ar mullaic mo éinn ran gág an tairna huair do tángar

set fire to it. We went out to the brink of the chasm again. Every stir we made the echo sent us back an answer. The Gioblachán raised the torch over his head, so as that I would get a good view of the cavern, and he stood out boldly on the edge of the chasm. I would not do it myself if I got a thousand pounds; but, no doubt, as the proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Though the torch gave fine light, I could not see a thing, except a portion of the rock above me and at each side. Out from us there was nothing but a heavy, thick darkness, and I believe myself the torch only increased it. It was so dense that I thought it possible to cut it with a knife, or to take a handful of it in my hand. I was asking myself while I was looking out what was hidden behind the darkness; for it was so hideously gloomy that it filled my heart with terror.

"There is not much to be seen in front of us or above us," said the Gioblachán; "but I shall show you the depth of the chasm now."

He went on his knees.

"Lie down and draw out to the edge of the rock," said he "I am about to fling down the torch."

I lay down as he ordered, and moved out carefully till my head was over the brink of the chasm. He did the same thing himself. He threw the torch out from him and down, down with it through the darkness. I was expecting every moment that it would strike the bottom, but it did not, and it showed us nothing. I was watching it till there was in it but a spark. A pain came in my eyes and a reeling in my head from being looking at it, and I trembled to the marrow. At last we lost sight of it altogether.

"Now what do you say?" said the Gioblachán into my ear when the torch had disappeared.

"Let me be awhile," said I, "until I put the breadth of the rock between myself and that dreadful hole," and I went crawling into the cabin. The fear would not allow me to rise until I was inside, and I felt like one who would be on a swing. The Gioblachán came in after me and shut the door.

"This is a strange and dreadful place," I said, "and there is a 'lite' in my heart with terror."

"I was like that first," said the Gioblachán, "and far worse than you are now, for it is little but I fell head foremost into the chasm the second time I came here; but I am used to it now and do not mind it."

annro; áct tã taitiçe ašam aip anoir ašur nĩ cuipim ruim aip biť ann."

Tõs ré anuap bõša ašur raišearo do bi aige ran mbotãn aš
nã

"Tairbeãnpairõ mé leiteao na šãša õuit anoir."

Fuair ré mãm bairpailš ašur ear ré aip biop na raišoe é ašur ðein ré tõiipre ðe map do ðein ré ðe'n tĩpĩreõĩš poĩme rin. Nuair bi a ðõćaint ola ruišce aš an mbairpac, do cuip ré teine leir ašur ð'oršail ré an ðorap. "Féac amac anoir," aip ré ašur ršaoil ré uairõ é tĩpõ an ðorćaoap leir an mbõša. Cuairõ an tĩraišearo ašur an rop bairpailš aip laparõ šo poillreac amac, b'fĩroip cėao rlat, šan an taoõ ćall do bualaõ; ašur annroin do ćlaonuiš ré pĩor i nũairõ a ćėile ašur ćuit ré map do ćuit an tõiipre, ašur i šceann tamail do pluĩgearõ i nũoimneacť na šãša é šan éan-puõ do ćairbeãnt õũinn. Nĩ mĩpoe a rĩã šup mėaoũĩš ré reo an mėao ionšantair do bi im' ćpoidė ćeana.

Cuip ré rćol taoõ amuiš ðe'n ðorap. "Šuirõ pĩor annro šo pĩol," aip reĩrean, "šo šcuĩpĩrõ ćũ aiťne aip an šcuĩoeacťain a bĩonn annro ašam šo minic."

AN MAC ALLA:

Ruš ré aip ćeann ðe na šunnaĩb ašur cuip ré pĩleĩp ann: Šul a rĩalb a pĩor ašam cao do bi šã ðėanam aĩše ð' ārũuiš ré an šunna ašur ćait ré upćap aip.

"Compaĩše ðė ćušainn," aipra mĩre, ašur do pĩreabar im řearam leir an ngeit do bain ré aram. Šaoileap šo rĩalb an rĩlab aš tuitim ipťeac opainn. ð'ėĩpĩš an mac alla map blaõm tõiĩpĩĩše, ašur bi an fuaim ćom huacťbãpac poim šup mĩoťuišgear an ćairpailš aš ćpĩťeao řũm. ð'imćĩš ré uainn ašur ćainĩš ré aip aip arĩp ašur arĩp eile, aip nĩp šup b'ėĩšĩn ðam mo mėaracća do ćup im' ćluaralb ćun an "řuaille buaille" do ćongbãĩť amac. Aip oťũp bi ré ćom boĩb bagarĩťac leir an tõiĩpĩĩš; annroin bi ré šo šarĩb šlušarĩac řa map beao fuaim na řairĩĩše aš bĩpĩreao šo tĩpom aip ćloćap rĩlãša; ašur n-a ðĩarõ rin bi ré an-ćoramail leir an břuaim do ćĩucřao ó ćlarĩoe aš tuitim, no ó ćřĩucailĩĩb do beao aš šabãĩť ćap bĩćap šarĩb; ašur tĩpõ an břoťřĩom ašur an tĩpũrćap šo leĩp ćainĩš ćušainn fuaim map pĩlearpšao šunnaĩ mĩp i břao uainn. Ćait an "šĩoblacãn" a ðõ nĩ a tĩpĩ ð'upćapĩalb eile ašur bi řonn aip leanamaint ðo'n šnõ, áct ð'ĩarpap aip a ćabairć řuar. Bi an mac alla šo nan-břeas aip řao áct bi mo ðõćaint ašam ðe an uair rin šo hãĩpĩťe. Áct nĩ

He took down a bow-and-arrow, which he had in the cabin, saying :

“ I shall show you the breadth of the chasm now.”

He got a handful of tow, and wound it round the point of the arrow, and made a torch of it, as he did of the pinewood chip previously. When it had soaked a sufficient quantity of oil he set fire to it, and opened the door.

“ Look out now,” said he, and he sent the torch away through the darkness by means of the bow. The arrow, with the wisp of tow lighting brightly, went out, perhaps, a hundred yards without striking the other side; then it inclined downwards gradually, and fell as the torch did, and after awhile it was swallowed in the depths of the chasm without showing anything to us. It is unnecessary to say that this increased the wonder which was already in my heart.

He placed a stool outside the door.

“ Sit down here awhile,” said he, “ until you make the acquaintance of the company I have, often here.”

THE ECHO.

FROM “AN GIOBLACHÁN,” BY THOMAS HAYES.

He took one of the guns and put a cartridge in it. Before I knew what he was about he raised the gun and fired a shot.

“ The protection of God to us!” said I, and I jumped to my feet with the start he gave me. I thought the mountain was falling in on us. The echo arose like a burst of thunder, and the sound was so awful that I felt the rock trembling beneath me. It faded away and came back, again and again, so that it was necessary for me to put my fingers in my ears to keep out the roar of it. At first it was as fiercely threatening as thunder, then it was roughly rumbling, just like the sound of the sea breaking heavily on a stony shore, and afterwards it closely resembled the sound that would arise from the falling of a dry wall, or from carts going over a rough road; and through all the clamour and confusion came a noise like the explosion of big guns far away. The Gioblachán fired two or three other shots, and he was inclined to continue the business, but I asked him to desist. The echo was very fine indeed, but I had got quite enough of it, for this time at all

faib an “Sioblaacán” páirta fóir. Tóg ré anuas fíoil bí ar crioctad, de’n balla, agus cuir ré i gcóir í.

“An dtaitneann ceól leat?” ar reirean:

“Taitneann go maith,” arsa mire, “tá rpéir mhór agham ann i gcomnuide.”

“Má’r mar rin atá an rgeal,” ar ré, “geobair tú ceól anoir nó siamh.”

“Má tá ré mar an ceól do tug an mac alla uair ó éianair ná bac leir.”

“Éir,” ar reirean, as leisint gáire ar, “agus tabair do bpeit nuair táim criochnuighe.”

Tornuig ré as reinm, agus dá mbéinn as caint go ceann reacht-mainne ní féadfaínn tuaragbáil ceart do tabairt ar an gcóirfeinn d’éirigh ran uaim. B’áluinn an beirleatódair an “Sioblaacán” agus bí ré ’n-a cúmar, “ó neart na taitighe,” ir dóca, ceól do buaint ar an mac alla com maith leir an bfiol: Dá mbead gac éin-gléar ceól i n-éirinn bailighe irtead i n-éan-halla amáin agus iad go léir ar siubal i n-éirfead, ní féadfaí ríad ceól níor binne ná níor áilne ná níor taitneamhaighe do tabairt uata ná an ceól do tug an fíoil agus an mac alla dúinn an oirdce úo. Tóg ré an crioide agus an t-anam aram. Níor mothuigear pian ná tuirpe ná eagla ná éinnid eile aet amáin doibnear agus páram aiguid an fáir do bí an “Sioblaacán” as reinm agus d’ fanfaínn annroin as éirtead leir ar fead lae agus oirdce gan beit tuirpead de:

Nuair bí ré páirta cuir ré uair an fíoil agus tornuig ré as caint ar ceól na héirfeann agus bí cur ríor mhór aghainn mar gheall air. Cainteoir áluinn dob’ ead an “Sioblaacán” agus b’ait leat beit as éirtead leir. Ba liomta agus ba léigeannta na rmaointe do bí aige agus do tuit an gaeóil ó n-a beal com bleara le ceól. Ní faib ré dall ar éinnid. Do bíor as rmaointeam, anoir agus arí, an fáir do bí ré as caint, ar an gcaoi ’na faib ré as caiteam a cota aimpire agus as fiarfuihe díom féin cao é an fáit bí leir. Bíor veimnead go faib ré leat-éadtríom agus gur b’in é an éall go faib ré as imtead, mar a véarfá, le haer an traozáil agus as cur a muinéil i gcontabairt; aet ní faib ríor agham an uair rin ar an méir ar éuair ré trío.

Níor leis ré dam dul ro-fada leir na rmaointib reo mar tairmaing ré cuige feadóg agus tornuig ré as reinm uirru. Dá feadair an ceól do buair ré ar an bfiol, b’feair ná rin reacht n-uair an ceól do buair ré ar an bfeadóg. Do páruig ré ar gac uile nro d’airigear ruar go dtí rin. Ní éuibrad éanlaic na cruinne dá mbeirir go léir ’ran uaim as cantain le céile ceól

events. But he was not satisfied yet. He took down a fiddle which was hanging on the wall, and got it ready.

"Do you like music?" said he.

"I do, well," I said. "I always take a great delight in it."

"If that is so," said he, "you'll get music now or never."

"If it is like the music which the echo gave us awhile ago, do not mind it."

"Listen," said he, laughing, "and pass judgment when I am finished."

He began playing, and if I were speaking for a week, I could not give a proper description of the harmony which arose in the cavern. The Gioblachán was a splendid violinist, and he was able, from experience I suppose, to take music from the echo as well as from the violin. If every musical instrument in Ireland was gathered into one great hall, and that they were all playing together, they could not give sweeter, nor more beautiful, nor more delightful, music than the fiddle and the echo gave us that night. It lifted the heart and soul out of me. I felt no pain, no weariness, no fear, no anything but delight and satisfaction of mind, while the Gioblachán was playing, and I would stay there listening to him for a day and a night without being tired.

When he was satisfied he put aside the violin, and began to talk about the music of Ireland, and we had a long chat about it. The Gioblachán was a splendid speaker, and you would like to be listening to him. His ideas and thoughts were refined and learned, and the Irish fell from his lips as sweetly as music. He was not ignorant about anything. I was thinking, now and again, while he was speaking, of the way in which he was spending his time, and asking myself what was the reason for it. I was certain that he was half crazy, and that was why he was drifting, as you might say, with the winds of the world, and putting his neck in danger; but I had no knowledge then of all he had suffered.

He did not let me go too far with those thoughts, for he drew out a flute and began playing on it. Though excellent the music which he extracted from the fiddle, the music which he took from the flute was seven times better. It excelled everything I had heard till then. All the birds of the universe, if they were gathered in the cavern singing together, could not give more heavenly or more delectable music. The flute brought out the echo far better than anything else.

níor neamhda ná níor doibhne uata: Do tug an fearóðs an mac alla amac i bfuad níor fearr agus níor binne ná éan-puó eile:

“Cao deir tú leir rin?” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” nuair gsur ré dá peinneamaint:

“Ní fearóar fóir,” ar’ra mire, “ná fuilim fá d’raoideacht. Dá mbeinn as caint ar fearó lae agus bliadna, ní fearófaínn a innpint duit an méad doibhneir agus taitneim agus fáraim éiríde do tug an ceól úo dam. Ní’l éin-teacht ruar leat.”

“Ná bac leir an bplámáir anoir,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán.”

“Ní’lim as plámáir i n-éan-cóir,” ar’ra mire, áct b’féidir gur éirte dam a ráó ná fuil éin teacht ruar le deaplámaíocht an “fíir i n-áirde.”

“Tá tú as caint go ciallmáir anoir,” ar’ reirean, as cur r’airte ar.

“B’féidir é,” ar’ra mire, “áct bíor cun a ráó nuair bíor as éirteacht leat—”

“Agus leir an mac alla,” ar’ reirean:

“Agus leir an mac alla, ar’ eagla an plámáir—do cuir ré i n-uamail dam an tuarpargbáil do léigear agus do cuatar go minic i r’oaoib ceóil na n-áingéal ir na flaitir.”

“Ní’lim éiríochuighe i n-éan-cóir fóir,” ar’ reirean, agus d’éirig ré ’n-a fearam.

Torruig ré as amháin. Bí gút breas fonnmar ceólmáir as an “nSioblaacán” agus níor cáill re éanpuó i r’oaoib beir ir’igí ran uaim. Ní fearóar féin cia aca do b’fearr cun an mac alla do tabairt amac—an fíoil, an fearóðs nó gút an “Sioblaacán”—nó cia aca a raib an bairr aige i gcóimfeim; áct ir d’óig liom gur fáruig an gút orra go léir. Cuatar trí éad d’aoine as gabáil amháin i n-éirteacht éan-uair amáin i halla móir i mBaile-Áta-Clia; áct cé go raib an ceól agus an cóimfeim go han-breas ar fáó, ní raib éin-teacht ruar aige le ceól an “Sioblaacán” nuair tug ré uair “An Raib tú as an gCarráig,” agus nuair do bí an mac alla agus an d’óir do cuir ré ruar ran uaim as cuideactain leir:

"What do you say to that?" said the Gioblachán, when he ceased playing.

"I don't know yet, but I am under some spell," said I. "If I were talking for a year and a day, I could not describe to you the amount of pleasure, and delight, and satisfaction of heart, that music gave me. There is no coming near you."

"Do not mind the flattery now," said the Gioblachán.

"I am not flattering at all," I said; "but perhaps it would be more correct to say there is no coming near the handiwork of the Creator."

"You are talking sensibly now," he said, laughing.

"Perhaps so," said I; "but I was about to say when I was listening to you—"

"And to the echo," he said.

"And to the echo—to guard against flattery—it reminded me of the descriptions which I often read and heard about the angel music in heaven."

"I am not finished at all yet," he said, and he stood up.

He began to sing. The Gioblachán had a fine resonant musical voice, and it lost nothing by being in the cavern. I do not know which of them was the best to bring out the echo—the violin, the flute, or the Gioblachán's voice—or which of them excelled in harmony; but I think his singing surpassed the others. I heard three hundred people singing together in a great hall in Dublin at one time, but though the music and the harmony were very, very fine, they could not come near the Gioblachán's singing when he rendered "Were You at the Rock," and when the echo and the musical murmur which he aroused in the cavern were accompanying him.

C A S A D' A N T S U G Á I N .

D R A M A A O N - G h n í m :

NA D A O I N E :—

TOMÁS O h-ANNRÁCÁIN, fíle Connactac atá ar feachán.
MÁIRE NÍ RÍOŠÁIN, bean an tíge.

ÚNÁ, inígean Máire:

SÉAMUS O h-IARÁINN, atá luaithe le Úna:

SÍGLE, cómharrá do Máire:

Píobaire, cómharranna agus daoine eile:

ÁIT.—

Teac feilméir i gCúige Múman céad bliadhán ó foin. Tá fíor
agus mná ag dul tríd a céile in an tíg, no 'na fearaí coir
na mballa, aithil agus dá mbeir dampra criochnuighe aca:
Tá Tomár O h-Annracáin ag caint le Úna i bfiom-choraí na
rtáide. Tá an píobaire ag fársaí a píobairí ari, le torusaí
ar feinn arí, aet do beir Séamar O h-Iarainn deoc cúige;
agus rtaíonn ré. Tagann fear ós go h-Úna le n-a tabairt
amaí ar an uirláir eum dampra, aet tiúltann pí dó:

ÚNÁ.—Ná bí m'boðruaí anoir: Nac bfeiceann tú go bfuil
mé ag éirteac le n-a bfuil feirean d'a m'á liom. [Leir an
h-Annracáinac]: lean leat, cao é rin do bí tú 'm'á ar ball?

TOMÁS O h-ANNRÁCÁIN.—Cao é do bí an boíac rin d'a
iarraí oir?

ÚNÁ.—Ag iarraí dampra oim, do bí ré, aet ní tiúbráinn
dó é:

MAC UÍ h-ÁIN.—I r cainte nac tiúbráí: I r d'óig, ní mearann
tú go leigfínn-re do duine ar bí dampra leat, com fáo agus
tá mife ann ro. Á! a Úna, ní raib rólár ná rócamail agam le
fao go dtáinig mé ann ro anocht agus go b'facaí mé tura!

ÚNÁ.—Cao é an rólár duit mife?

MAC UÍ h-ÁIN.—Nuair atá maide leat-d'óigte in an
teine, nac b'fáíann ré rólár nuair d'óirtear uirge ari?

ÚNÁ.—I r d'óig, ní'l tura leat-d'óigte.

MAC UÍ h-ÁIN.—Tá mé, agus tá trí ceatramna de mo
éiríde, d'óigte agus loirghe agus caite, ag troid leir an
raoíal, agus an raoíal ag troid liom-ra:

ÚNÁ.—Ní féacánn tú com dona rin!

MAC UÍ h-ÁIN.—Ué! a Úna ní Ríogáin, ní'l aon eólar agao-
ra ar beata an báirí boíet, atá gan teac gan téagarí gan tíog-

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to OONA.*

MAURYA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance. HANRAHAN, in the foreground, talking to OONA.*

The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to OONA, as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now ; don't you see I'm listening to what he is saying. [*To HANRAHAN*] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you ?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him ? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you ?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it ?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned ?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,

barr, áct é ag imteacht agus ag ríor-imteacht le fán ar fuo^o an traoḡail móir, gan duine ar bit leir áct é féin. Ní'l maidin in ran treachtmaid nuair éirighim ruar naé h-abraim liom féin go mb'feárr dam an uais 'ná an reachán. Ní'l don fuo^o ag fearaí dam áct an bhonnatanur do fuair mé ó 'Dia—mo cúir abrán. Nuair tóraigim oíra rin, imtígeann mo bhón agus mo buairdear^o díom, agus ní cuimníghim níor mó ar mo ḡear-érad^o agus ar mo mí-áð. Agus anoir, ó connaic mé tura, a ũna, éim go bfuil fuo eile ann, níor binne 'ná na h-abraim féin!

ŪNA.—Ír ionḡantaé an bhonnatanur ó 'Dia an bártuigeacht. Com fada agus tá rin agad naé bfuil tú níor rairbhre na luét rtaic agus rtoir, luét bó agus eal aig.

MÁC UI H-ÁNH.—A! a ũna, ír mór an beannaéct áct ír mór an malláct, leir, do duine é do beir 'na báir. Feuc mipe! bfuil capaid^o agam ar an traoḡal ro? Bfuil fear b ó ar maí leir mé? Bfuil ḡrad^o ag duine ar bit oim? Bim ag imteacht, mo éad^oan boét donpánac, ar fuo an traoḡail, mar Oirín anuaid^o na féinne. Bíonn fuat ag h-uile duine oim, ní'l fuat agad-ra oim, a ũna?

ŪNA.—Ná h-abair fuo mar rin, ní féidir go bfuil fuat ag duine ar bit opt-r.

MÁC UI H-ÁNH.—Tar liom agus ruidrímid i ḡcúinne an tige le céile, agus déarfair^o mé duit an t-abrán do pinne mé duit. Ír opt-ra pinnear é.

[Imtígeann riad go dtí an coirneull ír rairde ón rrad^o, agus ruidéann riad anaice le céile.]

[Tis Sígle arteaé.]

SÍGLE.—Éaimis mé éugad com luat agus d'feud mé:

MÁIRE.—Céad fáilte rómáð:

SÍGLE.—Cad tá ar riúbal ag d'anoir?

MÁIRE.—Ag torugad atámuir. Bí don porc amáin againn, agus anoir tá an píobaire ag ól tige. Torócair^o an dampra arí^o nuair bérdear an píobaire réir.

SÍGLE.—Tá na daoine ag bailiugad arteaé go maí, bír^o dampra breag^o againn.

MÁIRE.—Bér^o a Sígle, áct tá fear aca ann agus b'feárr liom amuis ná arciḡ é! Feuc é.

SÍGLE.—Ír ar an bfeárr fada donn atá tú ag caint, naé ead? An fear rin atá ag cómpad^o com dlút rin le ũna in ran ḡcoirneull anoir. Cár b'ar é, no cia h-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rḡrairte ír mó éaimis i n-éirínn ariam, Tomár O h-Annpacáin éugann riad aih, áct Tomár Rógaire buó cóir do bairteaó aih, i ḡceart. Óra! naé rair^o an mí-áð oim, é do teaéct arteaé éugainn, cor ar bit, anoct!

but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

OONA.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

HANRAHAN.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Usheen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

OONA.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

HANRAHAN.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [*They go to a corner and sit down together. SHEELA comes in at the door.*]

SHEELA.—I came to you as quick as I could.

MAURYA.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

SHEELA.—What have you going on now?

MAURYA.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

SHEELA.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

MAURYA.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

SHEELA.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

MAURYA.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaus Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.

SÍGLE.—Cia'n róirt duine é? Nac fear déanta abhán ar Connac̃taib é? Cualaib mé caint air, ceana, agus veir ríad nac bfuil damróir eile i n-Eirinn com̃ maic leir: buò maic liom a feicirint as damra.

MÁIRE.—Spáin go deó ar an mbiteamnac! Tá'r asam-ra go ró maic cia 'n cineál atá ann, mar bí róirt cap̃tanair ioir é féin agus an céad-fear do bí asam-ra, agus ir minic cualaib mé ó 'Diarmuio boct (go ndéanaió Dia trócaire air!) cia 'n róirt duine bí ann. Bí ré 'na máigirtir r̃soile, fíor i gConnac̃taib, aet bioó h-uile cleap̃ aise buò meara ná a céile. As ríor-déanam̃ abhán do bioó ré, agus as ól uirge beata, agus as cup̃ impir ar bun amear̃s na gcom̃arpan le n-a cuio cainte. Veir ríad nac bfuil bean in rna cúis cúisib nac mealp̃aó ré. Ir meara é ná 'Dóinnall na Spéine r̃aó ó. Aet buò é veirp̃aó an r̃gél sup̃ ruais̃ an r̃asap̃ amac ar an bparp̃airte é ar r̃aó. Fuair ré aic eile ann rin, aet lean ré do na cleap̃annaib céadna, sup̃ ruais̃geaó amac ap̃ir é, agus ap̃ir eile, leir. Agus anoir ní'l aic ná teac ná daoió aise aet é beic as gabail na típe, as déanam̃ abhán agus as fá̃sail lóirtin na h-oir̃ce ó na daoinib. Ní diúl-tócaib duine ar bit é, mar tá r̃ait̃cior op̃ra roime. Ir móir an r̃ile é, agus b'eiuir go ndéanp̃aó ré r̃ann op̃t do g̃reamócaó go deó duic, dá gcuirp̃eá fear̃s air.

SÍGLE.—Go bfoir̃ó Dia op̃rainn: Aet ep̃eáó do tug ar̃teac̃ anoct é?

MÁIRE.—Bí ré as tair̃teal na típe, agus cualaib ré go r̃aib damra le beic ann ro, agus táinig ré ar̃teac̃, mar bí eólar aise op̃rainn,—bí ré móir go leóir le mo céad-fear. Ir iong̃antac̃ mar tá ré as déanam̃ amac a r̃uige-beata, cor ar bit, agus san aise aet a cuio abhán. Veir ríad nac bfuil aic a r̃acaió ré nac 'tug̃ann na mná sp̃aó, agus nac 'tug̃ann na r̃ir r̃uac̃ dó.

SÍGLE [as breic ar gualainn máire].—Iompuis do ceann, a máire, feuch é anoir; é féin agus d'ingean-ra, agus an dá iloig̃ionn buailte ara céile. Tá ré tar éir abhán do déanam̃ d̃i, agus tá ré d'á múnac̃ d̃i as cog̃ap̃nuis in a cluair. Óra, an biteamnac! beir̃ ré as cup̃ a cuio p̃irt̃peós ar ūna anoir.

MÁIRE.—Oc ón! go deó! Nac mí-ádam̃ail táinig ré! Tá ré as caint le ūna h-uile móim̃io ó táinig ré ar̃teac̃, tr̃i uaire ó foin. Rinne mé mo d̃it̃cioll le n-a r̃sap̃aó ó céile, aet teir ré op̃m. Tá ūna boct tug̃ta do h-uile f̃óirt̃ rean-abhán agus rean-r̃áim̃eir̃ de r̃géal̃taib, agus ir binn leir an g̃r̃eát̃uir̃ beic as éir̃teac̃t leir, mar tá beal aise rin do b̃r̃eásp̃aó an r̃mólac̃ de'n éraoió: Tá'r asao go bfuil an póraó r̃eir̃te r̃oc̃p̃uig̃te

SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching MAURYA by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together; he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him. The marriage is settled between herself and

roirp ūna agus Séamar O h-Iapainn ann rin, náite ó'n lá inoíú: feuc Séamur boct as an dorpur agus é as faire orra. Tá brón agus ceannfaoi air. Is fupur a feicrinc go mbuó maic le Séamur an rghairde rin do táctaò an móimio reo. Tá faicéior móir orim go mbéir an ceann iompuişte ar ūna le n-a cuio blaó-aireact. Com cinnte a'r tá mé beó, tiucfaó oic ar an oirde reo.

SÍGLE.—Agus nac b'éapórá a cup amac?

MÁIRE.—O'féapórainn; ní'l duine ann ro do cuideócaó leir, muna mbeir bean no dó. Áct is file móir é, agus tá mallact aise do rgoiltfead na cpainn agus do réabfaó na cloca. Deir riao go lobtann an ríol in ran talam, agus go n-imtígeann a gcuro bainne ó na bat nuair túsann file mar é rin a mallact dóib, má ruaiseann duine ar an teac é. Áct dá mbeir pé amuis, uire mo bannuirde nac leisfinn arteach air é.

SÍGLE.—Dá pacáó pé féin amac go toileamail, ní beir don bpiú in a cuio mallact ann rin?

MÁIRE.—Ní beir. Áct ní pacáó pé amac go toileamail, agus ní tís liom-ra a ruasáó amac ar eagla a mallact.

SÍGLE.—feuc Séamur boct: Tá pé dul anonn go n-ūna:

[Éirígeann Séamur 7 téirdeann pé go n-ūna.]

SÉAMUS.—An n'eamrócaíó tú an ríl reo liom-ra, a ūna; nuair béirdear an píobaire péiró.

MAC Uí h-ANN [as éirge].—Is mire Tomár O h-Annpacáin, agus tá mé as labairt le ūna ní Ríogáin anoir, agus com faó agus béirdear fonn uirre-pe beir as caint liom-ra ní leispió mé o'don duine eile do teact eapórainn.

SÉAMUS [gan aire ar m'ac Uí h-Annpacáin].—Nac n'eamrócaíó tú liom, a ūna?

MAC Uí h-ANN [go fíocmar].—Nár duairt mé leat anoir gur liom-ra do bí ūna ní Ríogáin as caint? Imtíge leat ar an móimio, a boairé, agus ná tós clampar ann ro:

SÉAMUS.—A ūna——

MAC Uí h-ANN [as béicil].—Fás rin!

[Imtígeann Séamar agus tís pé go dtí an beirt fean-mhaol.]

SÉAMUS.—A máire ní Ríogáin, tá mé as iapairde ceat opt-ra an rghairte mí-ádamail meirgeamail rin do caiteam amac ar an tís: Má leigeann tú dam, cuirpió mire agus mo beirt deap-brácar amac é, agus nuair béirdear pé amuis rochrócaíó mire leir;

Sheamus O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?

MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

SHEELA.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

MAURYA.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

SHEELA.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her. [SHEAMUS gets up and goes over to her.]

SHEAMUS.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

HANRAHAN (*rising up*).—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

SHEAMUS (*without heeding HANRAHAN*).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

HANRAHAN (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

SHEAMUS.—Oona——

HANRAHAN (*shouting*).—Leave that! (SHEAMUS goes away and comes over to the two old women).

SHEAMUS.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.

MÁIRE.—O! a Séamair, ná déan: Tá faicéir oim roimhe
tá malláct aige rin do rgoiltead na cialinn, deir ríad:

SÉAMAS.—Iy cuma liom má tá malláct aige do leasrad na
rpéarta: Iy oim-ra tuiciró ré, agus cuirim mo dúbhlán faoi:
Dá marbóad ré mé ar an móimio ní leigiró mé dó a cuio pír-
treoig do cup ar úna. A mháire, tabair 'm ceao:

SÍGLE.—Ná déan rin, a Séamuir, tá cómairle níor feárr 'ná
rin agam-ra.

SÉAMUS.—Cia an cómairle í rin?

SÍGLE.—Tá rúge in mo ceann agam le n-a cup amac: Má
leanann ríu-re mo cómairle-re maóiró re féin amac com rocair
le uan, d'a coil féin, agus nuair geobair ríu amuis é, buailir
an doirur air, agus ná leigiró ardeac air go bíd é.

MÁIRE.—Rac ó Dia oir, agus innir dam cao é tá in do ceann:

SÍGLE.—Déanpamairó é com deap agus com rimpl de agus
connaic tú ariam: Cuirfimid é ag carad rúgán go bfuigimid
amuis é, agus buailfimid an doirur air ann rin.

MÁIRE.—Iy forur a ríad, déct ní forur a déanam. Déanpáir
ré leat “déan rúgán, tú féin.”

SÍGLE.—Déanpamairó, ann rin, nac bpacairó duine ar bit ann
ro rúgán féir ariam, nac bfuil duine ar bit an ran tig ar féirir
leir ceann aca déanam.

SÉAMUS.—Déct an gceiriró ré ruo mar rin—nac bpacamar
rúgán riam?

SÍGLE.—An gceiriró ré, an ead? Ceiriró ré ruo ar bit,
ceiriró ré go ríad ré féin 'na rúg ar éirinn nuair atá glaine
óla aige, mar atá anoir:

SÉAMUS.—Déct cao é an cpoiceann cuirfeap rinn ar an
mbreís reo,—go bfuil rúgán féir ag teartál uainn?

MÁIRE.—Smuain ar cpoicionn do cup air rin, a Séamuir.

SÉAMUS.—Déanpáiró mé go bfuil an gaot ag eirige agus go
bfuil cúmhac an tige d'a rguabao leir an rtoirim, agus go
gcairfimid rúgán tairlaingt air:

MÁIRE.—Déct má éirteann ré ag an doirur béiró fíor aige nac
bruir gaot ná rtoirim ann: Smuain ar cpoicionn eile, a Séamuir:

SÍGLE.—'noir, tá an cómairle ceap agam-ra: Abair go

MAURYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAURYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAURYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is

b'fuil cóirte leagta as bun an énuic, agus go b'fuil ríad as iarraid ruzáin leir an gcóirte do learuagad. Ní feicfidh ré com ríada rin ó'n doir, agus ní b'eirí fíor aige nac fíor é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an ríeal, a Sígle. 'Níoir, a Séamuir, gab imear na ndaoine agus leis an rún leó. Innir dóib cad tá aca le ríad—nac b'facaib duine ar bit ran tír reo ruzán féir ríam— agus cuir crioicinn maí ar an mbreig, tú féin:

[Imtígeann Séamur ó duine go duine as cogarnais leó. Toraikeann cur aca as gáire. Tagann an píobaire agus toruigeann ré as reinm. Éirígeann trí no ceathair de cúpla cáib, agus toruigeann ríad as damra. Imtígeann Séamar amach.]

MAC UÍ h-ANNN. [as éiríge tar éir a beir as féadaint orra ar fead cúpla móimio.]—Pruit! ríopagaid! An t'ugann ríad damra ar an ríparaireadé rin! Tá ríad as bualaib an uirláir mar beir an oiread rin o'eallac. Tá ríad com t'iom lé bulláin, agus com ciotaib le arail. Go t'adair mo píobán dá mb'feair liom beir as féadaint orraib 'ná ar an oiread rin lachain bacac, as léimni as leat-coir ar fuo an tige! Fágaid an t-uirláir fá úna ní Ríogáin agus rúm-ra.

FEAR [atá dul as damra].—Agus cad fát a b'fárfamaoir an t-uirláir fút-ra?

MAC UÍ h-ANNN.—Tá an eala ar b'ruac na toinne, tá an phoénic Ríogáda, tá péarla an b'pollais bán, tá an b'énur amear na mban, tá úna ní Ríogáin as fearam ruar liom-ra, agus áit ar bit a n-éirígeann ríe ruar úmluigeann an g'ealac agus an g'rian féin oí, agus úmlócaib ríad-re. Tá ríad ró áluinn agus ró r'péireamail le h-aon bean eile do beir 'na h-aice. Adt ran go fóil, ríad tairbeánaim daob mar g'nídeann an buacail b'eadh Connacac rinnece, déarfaid mé an t-adrán daob do rinne mé do Reult Cúige Múman—o'úna ní Ríogáin. Éiríge, a g'rian na mban, agus déarfamaoir an t-adrán le céile, gac le déarfad, agus ann rin m'infimio dóib cad é ir rinne ríeannac ann.

[Éirígeann ríad 7 gabaid adrán.]

MAC UÍ h-ANNN.

'Sí úna bán, na g'ruaige buide,
An cúilfionn 'craib in mo láir mo éiríde,
Ir ire mo rún, 'r mo éumann go buan,
Ir cuma liom coirde bean adt í.

ÚNA.

A báir na rúile buide, ir tú
Fuair buaid in ran ríogal a'r clá,
G'rim do déal, a'r molaim tú féin,
Do cuir mo éiríde in mo cléib amúg.

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (*SHEAMUS goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.*]

HANRAHAN (*after looking at them for a couple of minutes*).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phoenix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (*OONA rises*).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you
Who have found victory in the world and fame;
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;
You have set my heart in my breast astray.

MAC UI N-ANN:

'Sí úna bán na sruaige óir,
 Mo fearc, mo cumann, mo sgráð, mo rctor,
 Raádaíó rí féin le n-a báro i gcéin;
 Do loit rí a éiríde in a cléib go móir;

ÚNA:

Níor bfaída oirde liom, ná lá,
 As éirteact le do cómháð breá;
 I r binne do béal ná reinm na n-éan;
 Óm' éiríde in mo cléib do fuairir sgráð;

MAC UI N-ANN:

Do riúbaíl mé féin an domán iomlán;
 Sacraí, éirí, an fpaínc 'r an Spáin,
 Ní facaíó mé féin i mbaile ná 'gcéin
 Aon ainmí rí fá'n ngréin mar úna bán.

ÚNA:

Do éulaíó mire an élaípreac binn
 San trháro rin córcail, as reinm linn;
 I r binne go móir liom féin do glóir,
 I r binne go móir do béal 'ná rin.

MAC UI N-ANN:

Do bí mé féin mo cádan boct, tráct,
 Níor léir dam oirde car an lá,
 Go bfaíó mé í, do goir mo éiríde;
 A' r do díbir díom mo bhrón 'r mo éraíó;

ÚNA:

Do bí mé féin ar maidin inóe
 As riúbaíl coir coille le páinne an laé;
 Bí eun ann rin as reinm go binn;
 "Mo sgráð-rá an sgráð, a' r nac áluinn é!"

[GLAOD AGUR TORANN AGUR BUAILÉANN SÉAMUR O N-LAPAINN AN
 DOIRUR ARTEAC.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob ú, oc ón í ó, go deó! Tá an cóirte móir
 leagta as bun an énuic. Tá an mála a bfuil litreaca na tíre
 ann pléargta, agus ní' l pleanas ná téad ná rópa ná daídaí aca
 le na ceangailt arí. Tá ríad as glaodac amac anoir ar ruzán
 féir do déanamh dóib—cibé róir ríur é rin—agus deir ríad go
 mbéir na litreaca 7 an cóirte cailite ar carbuir ruzán féir
 le n-a sceangailt:

MAC UI N-ANN.—Ná bí 's ar mboóruagá! Tá ar n-abrán
 ráirde agáinn, agus anoir cámaíro dul as dampra. Ní tagáinn
 an cóirte an bealaí rin ar aon cóir:

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,
My desire, my affection, my love and my store
Herself will go with her bard afar;
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,
Listening to your fine discourse;
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,
England, Ireland, France and Spain;
I never saw at home or afar
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp
On the street of Cork playing to us;
More melodious by far did I think your voice,
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,
The night was not plain to me more than the day
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;
There was a bird there was singing sweetly
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

(A shout and a noise, and SHEAMUS O'HERAN rushes in).

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is
overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the
letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie
nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are
calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that
is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay
sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem
done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this
way at all.

SÉAMUS.—Tagann ré an bealaic rin anoir—dét ir dóig sup rtrairnéar tura, agus nac bfuil eólar aSao air. Nac otagann an cóirte ear an genoc anoir a cómarpanna?

1A0 uile.—Tagann, tagann go cinnte.

MAC UI h-ANN.—Ir cuma liom, a deact no gan a deact: déit b'feair liom fide cóirte beir bairte ar an mbótar ná go scuipéa péarla an brollaig bain ó dampra dúinn. Abair leir an gcóirteoir rópa do carad do féin.

SÉAMUS.—O murder, ní tís leir, tá an oipeao rin de fuinneam agus de ear agus de rpreacao agus de lút in rna caplaib aigeanta rin go scaitir mo cóirteoir boct bbeir ar a gcinn. Ir ar éigin-báir ir féidir leir a gcearad ná a gcongáil: Tá raicior a anam' air go n-eipeócair riao in a mullaic, agus go n-imteócair riao uair de ruais. Tá sac uile feirpeac arca; ní facair tú riam a leicir de caplaib riaoáine!

MAC UI h-ANN.—Má tá, tá daoine eile inr an gcóirte a deánar rópa má'r éigin do'n cóirteoir beir as ceann na gcapall: fás rin agus leis dúinn dampra.

SÉAMUS.—Tá; tá trúir eile ann, déit maidir le ceann aca; tá ré ar leat-láim, agus fear eile aca,—tá ré as criú agus as cratao leir an rganrpaó ruair ré, ní tís leir fearam ar a dá cóir leir an eagla atá air; agus maidir leir an tríoimao fear ní'l duine ar bit rin tír do leigread an focal rin "rópa" ar a beul in a fiaonuire, mar nac le rópa do crocaó a deair féin anuirais, mar geall ar caoiris do goio.

MAC UI h-ANN.—Carad fear aSao féin rugán do, mar rin, agus fásair an t-uráir fúinn-ne. [Le úna]'hoir, a péilt na mban cairbeán doib mar imtígeann lúnó imear na noéite, no Helen fá'r' rgnoraó an Traoi. Dar mo láim, ó d'éas Déirpre, fá'r cuireao naoire mac úirnis cum báir, ní'l a hoirpre i néirinn inoiú déit tu féin. Torócamaoio.

SÉAMUS.—Ná torais, go mbéir an rugán aSainn. Ní tís linn-ne rugán carad. Ní'l duine ar bit annro ar féidir leir rópa do deánam!

MAC UI h-ANN.—Ní'l duine ar bit ann ro ar féidir leir rópa deánam!!

1A0 uile.—Ní'l.

SÍGLE.—Agus ir fíor daoir rin. Ní deairnaó duine ar bit inr an tír reo rugán féir ariam, ní meairam go bfuil duine in ran tís reo do connaic ceann aca, féin, déit mire. Ir maic cuimnísim-re, nuair nac raib ionnam déit gipreac beas go bfacair mé ceann aca ar gabair do ruig mo fear-deair leir ar Connao-

SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; its not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing s̄heep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [*To OONA*] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my

taib. "Bíod na daoine uile ag fáil, "ara! cia 'n ródur ruid é rin éor ar bit?" agur dubairt reiréan gur rugán do bí ann, agur go gnuíor na daoine a leictéir rin fíor i gConnacetaib. Dubairt ré go raedó fear aca ag congáil an féir agur fear eile d'a carad. Congbócair mife an fear anoir, má téirdeann tura d'a carad.

SÉAMUS.—Déanfaró mife glac féir artead:

[Imtígeann ré amac.]

MAC UÍ N-ANN [ag gabáil].—

Déanfaró mé cáinead cúige Mumán;

Ní fáigann ríad an t-uirlár fúinn;

Ní'l ionnta carad rugáin, féin!

Cúige Mumán gan rnar gan reun!

Gráin go deó ar cúige Mumán,

Nac brafáigann ríad an t-uirlár fúinn;

Cúige Mumán na mbailpreoir mbréan;

Nac otis leó carad rugáin, féin!

SÉAMUS [ar air].—Seó an fear anoir:

MAC UÍ N-ANN.—Tabair 'm ann ro é. Tairbeánfaró mife daoib cad déanfar an Connacetaó deag-múinte dearlámad, an Connacetaó cóir clirte ciallmair, a bfuil lút agur lán-rtuaim aige in a láim, agur ciall in a ceann, agur coráirte in a éiríde, aet gur peól mi-ad agur mórbuaidreadó an traozáil é amearg leibí-óiní cúige Mumán, atá gan doirde gan uairte, atá gan eólar ar an eala ear an ladaín, no ar an ór ear an bhrár, no ar an lile ear an bpoctanán, no ar reult na mbán ós, agur ar péarla an brollaig bán, ear a gcuid rtraoille agur gíobac féin. Tabair 'm cipín!

[Sineann fear mairé dó, cuiréann ré rop féir timcioll air; toraigéann ré d'a carad, agur Sígle ag tabairt amac an féir dó.]

MAC UÍ N-ANN [ag gabáil].—

Tá péarla mná 'tabairt foluir dúinn,

Ir í mo grád, ir í mo rún,

'S í ūna bán, an ruz-bean ciuin,

'S ní cuigro na Muimnig leat a rtuaim;

Atá na Muimnig reo dallda ag Dia,

Ní aicmígró eala ear lada líat,

Aet tiucrairó rí liom-ra, mo helen breag

Mair a mairar a pearra 'r a rgeim go brat.

Ara! mairé! mairé! mairé! Nac é reo an baile breag lágac, nac é reo an baile ear bárr, an baile a mbíonn an oiréad rin

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster:
 They do not leave the floor to us,
 It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun;
 The province of Munster without nicety, without
 prosperity.
 Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,
 That they do not leave us the floor;
 The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.
 They cannot even twist a sugaun!

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidins* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a wisp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and SHEELA giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us;
 She is my love; she is my desire;
 She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.
 And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.
 These Munstermen are blinded by God.
 They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,
 But she will come with me, my fine Helen,
 Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Arrah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that

nósaíre croícta ann naé mbíonn don earbuid rópa ar na daoineib; leir an méad rópa goirdeann ríad ó'n gcroísaíre. Cráiríteacáin atá ionnta: Tá na rópaib aca agus ní tugann ríad uata iad—acé go gcuireann ríad an Connacáca boét as carad rugáin dóib! Níor éar ríad rugán féir in ran mbaile reo ariam—agus an méad rugán cnáibe atá aca de bárrí an croísaíre!

Goirdeann Connacáca ciallmair

Rópa dó féin,

Acé goirdeann an Muimneac

Ó'n gcroísaíre é!

Go bfeicid mé rópa

Breáca cnáibe go fóill

Dá fársad ar ríogisib

Sac doinne ann ro!

Mar gheall ar don mnaoi amáin d'iméigeadar na Sreásaig, agus níor rtoradair agus níor mór-cómhnuigeadar no sur rítoradair an Traoi, agus mar gheall ar don mnaoi amáin bíod an baile reo damanta go deó na ndéir agus go bhuinne an bpráca, le Dia na ngrár, go ríorruide putain, nuair nár tuisgeadar sur ab i ūna ní Ríogáin an dara Helen do rugad in a mears, agus go rug rí bárrí áille ar Helen agus ar ūenur, ar a dtáinig poimprí agus ar dtuicfar 'na diais.

Acé tuicfar rí liom mo péarla mná

Go cúige Connacáca na ndaoine breáca;

Seobair rí feara fion a'r feoil,

Rinnceanna áirí, ríor a'r ceól.

O! múire! múire! nár éirgid an srian ar an mbaile reo, agus nár laraib réalta air, agus nár—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuis éar an dorur. Éirigean na rí uile agus dúnaid é d'aon ruais amáin air. Tugann ūna léim cum an doruir, acé beirid na mná uirrí. Téirdeann Séamus anonn cuici.]

ŪNA.—O! O! O! ná cuirgid amaé é. Leis ar air é: Sin Tomár O h-Annapáca, ir file é, ir báiré é, ir fear iongantac é: O leis ar air é, ná déan rin air!

SÉAMUS.—A ūna bán, agus a cuirle díleas, leis dó: Tá ré iméigte anoir agus a cúro pirtreós leir. Bíod ré iméigte ar do ceann amárac, agus bíod tura iméigte ar a ceann-ran: Naé bfuil fíor asat go maic go mb'fearr liom tu 'ná céad míle Déiríre, agus sur tura m'aon péarla mná amáin d'á bfuil in ran domán.

MÁC UÍ h-ANN [amuis, as bualaib ar an dorur].—Forsail! forsail! forsail! leisid arteaé mé. O mo fearc scéad míle mallacáca oiríab,

many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes
A rope for himself;
But the Munsterman steals it
From the hangman;
That I may see a fine rope,
A rope of hemp yet
A stretching on the throats
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlastingly, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,
She will receive feast, wine and meat,
High dances, sport and music!

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that——. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it. OONA runs towards the door, but the women seize her. SHEAMUS goes over to her.*]

OONA.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

HANRAHAN (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you

[Buailteann ré an doimhir ariir agus ariir eile:]

Mallaó na las oirraib 'r na láirib,
 Mallaó na ragaic agus na mbáic,
 Mallaó na n-earball agus an pápa,
 Mallaó na mbaintreabac 'r na nsaic:
 Forgai! forgai! forgai!

SÉAMUS.—Tá mé buideac díb a cómaranna, agus béid úna buideac díb amara. Buail leat, a rghairte! Déan do dampra leat féin amuis ann rin, anoir! Ní bfuigir tú arteaó ann ro! Óra, a cómaranna nac breá é, duine do beic ag éirteaó leir an rtoirim taob amuis, agus é féin go rocair páirta cor na teinead: Buail leat! Sreac leat: Cá 'uile Connac anoir?

and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [*He beats at the door again and again.*]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?

*EARLY IRISH AUTHORS, TRANSLATIONS OF
WHOSE WORKS OCCUR IN VOLUMES ONE
TO NINE OF IRISH LITERATURE.*

MAURICE DUGAN.

(About 1641.)

MAURICE DUGAN, or O'DUGAN, lived near Benburb, in County Tyrone, about the year 1641, and he wrote the song to the air of "The Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the "Typography of Ancient Ireland," which was extensively used by the Four Masters in their "Annals." O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," mentions four other poems, the production of O'Dugan, namely, "Set your Fleet in Motion," "Owen was in a Rage," "Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse," "Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay." The translation of "The Coolin" will be found among the works of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

MAURICE FITZGERALD.

(About 1612.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. He was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and he seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. Several of his works exist, but the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the "Ode on his Ship," though as Miss Brooke says in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. The translation of his "Ode on his Ship" will be found with the work of Miss Brooke.

THOMAS FLAVELL

Is the supposed author of "County Mayo" or "The Lament of Thomas Flavell," the English translation of which by George Fox will be found in its place under that author's name. He was a

native of Bophin, an island on the western coast of Ireland, and lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Hardiman says of the poem that "it is only remarkable for being combined with one of our sweetest native melodies—the very soul of Irish music."

GEOFFRY KEATING.

(1570—1650.)

"GEOFFRY KEATING, the Herodotus of Ireland," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "the Four Masters, and Duall MacFirbis were men of whom any age or country might be proud, men who, amid the war, rapine, and conflagration that rolled through the country at the heels of the English soldiers, still strove to save from the general wreck those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions, and history in the eyes of the scholars of Europe.

"Of these men, Keating, as a prose writer, was the greatest. He was a man of literature, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian, in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and ever since the publication of his 'History of Ireland,' some two hundred and fifty years ago, the modern language may be said to have been stereotyped. . . . I consider him (Keating) the first Irish historian and trained scholar who . . . wrote for the masses, not the classes, and he had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout all Ireland."

He was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, about the year 1570. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and he studied for twenty-three years in the College of Salamanca. On his return he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighboring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. Owing to his plain speaking in the pulpit, he was in danger of being arrested, and he fled for safety into the Galtee mountains.

Here he caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and here wrote his well-known and important "History of Ireland," ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, Keating was enabled to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and labored peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

“ In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,
 A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie;
 All these and more than in one man could be
 Concentrated was in famous Jeoffry.”

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are “Thoughts on Innisfail,” which D’Arcy Magee has translated; “A Farewell to Ireland,” a poem addressed to his harper; “An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies,” the “Three Shafts of Death,” a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration. He died about 1650.

TEIGE MACDAIRE.

(1570—1650.)

TEIGE MACDAIRE, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O’Brian, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogan, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usage, he wrote his elegant “Advice to a Prince” to his chief when the latter attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his “Literary History of Ireland” tells us that his poetry is all written in elaborate and highly wrought classical meters, and that there are still extant some 3,400 lines.

We give among the selections from the work of Dr. Hyde a few of the verses translated by him into the exact equivalent of the meter in which they are written.

MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell’s army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: “Go, make your songs now, little man !” This was one of MacDaire’s own countrymen.

JOHN MACDONNELL.

(1691—1754.)

JOHN MACDONNELL, “perhaps the finest poet of the first half of the eighteenth century,” says Dr. Douglas Hyde, was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh, the name of the residence of his family. O’Halloran in his “History of Ireland” speaks of him as “a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet,” and says that he “had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a ‘History of Ireland,’” which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer’s Iliad into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the “History of Ireland,”

was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754.

Hardiman ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the *Iliad* it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But, fortunately for his genius and fame, Pope was born on the right side of the Channel."

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and, poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards." We give a translation of one of his poems by an anonymous hand. Others, by D'Alton, will be found among the examples of his work.

GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.¹

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreath;
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—
The azure eye, whose light could prove
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,
From Albion's queen in pity crave:
E'en name the rank of countess high,
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,
"A sov'reign, and an hero's bride
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
I'll honors give, but none receive."

"But grant to him—whose infant sleep
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—
Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,
And honor'd soon the stranger child
With titles brave, to grace a name
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

¹This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the "*Anthologia Hibernica*" the visit is thus described: "The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long, uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Granu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance. (See also the examples of the work of Cæsar Otway.)

DUALD MACFIRBIS.

(1585—1670.)

THIS famous scholar was born in County Sligo. He was the author of "The Branches of Relationship," or "Volumes of Pedigrees." The autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as "The Book of MacFirbis," is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His "Collection of Glossaries" has been published by Dr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph "Martyrology," or "Litany of the Saints" in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on "Irish Authors" is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His "Annals of Ireland" has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archæological Society. A transcript of his catalogue of "Extinct Irish Bishops," by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," compiled in the year 1216. Some extracts from his works translated by Professor O'Donovan will be found among the examples from that gentleman's work.

ANDREW MAGRATH.

(1723 —)

ANDREW MAGRATH was born in Limerick about 1723. He was one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets, and one of the last who wrote in his native tongue. He wrote many songs and poems, of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Mangaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. The date of his death is not known, but he is said to lie buried in Killmallock Churchyard.

We append anonymous translations of two of his poems. None of them have, however, been adequately rendered into the English language.

THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,
 Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom;
 Yet Hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—
 The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.
 Save Down¹ and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken
 All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,
 I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,
 The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

¹ The ruler of the Munster fairies.

He told how the heroes were fallen and degraded
 And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim ;
 But Phelim and Heber,¹ whose children betrayed it,
 The land shall relume with the light of their fame.
 The fleet is prepared, proud Charles² is commanding,
 And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,
 The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,
 The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-strings shall tremble,
 And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;
 Ere "Samhain"³ our chiefs shall in Temor⁴ assemble,
 The "Lion" protect our own pastors again.
 The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration,
 In song shall exhale our warm heart's adoration,
 Confusion shall light on the foe's usurpation,
 And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—
 Away ! to each heart the proud tidings to tell :
 Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you !
 The treaty they broke your deep vengeance shall swell.
 The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,
 Surround him ! sustain ! Shall the gorged goal descending
 Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending ?
 Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe !

MY GRAND RECREATION.

I sell the best brandy and sherry,
 To make my good customers merry ;
 But at times their finances
 Run short, as it chances,
 And then I feel very sad, very !

Here's brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler ;
 Or ale, if your liking be humbler ;
 And, while you've a shilling,
 Keep filling and swilling—
 A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,
 Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure ;
 When Margery's bringing
 The glass, I like singing
 With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation ! I pour a libation,
 I sing the past fame of our nation ;
 For valorous glory,
 For song and for story,
 This, this, is my grand recreation.

¹ Renegade Irish who joined the foe. ² The Pretender.

³ The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the Druids. ⁴ Tara.

GERALD NUGENT.

(About 1588.)

GERALD NUGENT was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Devlin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent. By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language, like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth, he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond is given under that gentleman's name. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. When and where Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

(1670—1738.)

TURLOUGH CAROLAN, or O'CAROLAN, commonly called the last of the bards, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-Nusah, or Newton, in the County Westmeath, and went to school at Cruisestown, County Longford. When about fifteen (some say eighteen and others twenty-two) he lost his sight through an attack of small-pox. While at school he made the acquaintance of Bridget Cruise, whose name he made famous in one of his songs.

Many years later Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in County Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and chancing to take hold of a lady's hand he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" So it was, but the fair one was still deaf to his suit.

Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe had him carefully instructed in Irish and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and, his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighboring gentry, to most of whom he was already known; and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

In about middle life he married Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady

of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in County Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733 she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained until the end. He did not survive his wife long. In 1738 he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died.

Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "He composed over two hundred airs, many of them very lively, and usually addressed to his patrons, chiefly to those of the old Irish families. He composed his own words to suit his music, and these have given him the reputation of a poet. They are full of curious turns and twists of meter to suit his airs, to which they are admirably wed, and very few are in regular stanzas. They are mostly of Pindaric nature, addressed to patrons or to fair ladies; there are some exceptions however, such as his celebrated ode to whisky, one of the finest bacchanalian songs in any language, and his much more famed but immeasurably inferior 'Receipt for Drinking.' Very many of his airs and nearly all his poetry with the exception of about thirty pieces are lost."

Examples of his poetry will be found in translations by John D'Alton, Arthur Dawson, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, and Dr. George Sigerson.

There is a well-known portrait of him by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen, which bears some resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

MICHAEL O'CLERY.

(1580—1643.)

REFERRING to "The Annals of the Four Masters," Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "This mighty work is chiefly due to the herculean labors of the learned Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery," who was born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities. While yet young he retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own country and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from oblivion.

O'Clery then returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials "The Life of St. Ru-mold," "Irish Martyrology," and a treatise on the "Names of Ireland." John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints, "Trias Thaumaturga" and "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ." Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of "The Annals of Donegal," then by the title of "The Ulster Annals," and is now known over the world as "The Annals of the Four Masters," as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilronan, were named. He had also some little help from the hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught, two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maolconerys.

The work states that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labors were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the Parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "Testimonials" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the "Annals" were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "Testimonials," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, are subscribed the names of the Superior and two of the monks, together with the countersignature of O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the "Annals" O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a "Vocabulary of the Irish Language." This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

"The Annals of the Four Masters" begin at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and end A.D. 1616, covering a period of 444 years. The "Annals" were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

Examples of the translations by Owen Connellan and O'Donovan will be found among the work of these writers, also a translation by O'Donovan from the "Annals."

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN.

(1740—1825.)

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN was born in Cork in 1740, and died in Modeligo, Waterford, in the first quarter of the present century. He was a tall, handsome farmer. He traveled to Cork to purchase wedding presents for his betrothed, but was met on his way home by the news that she had married a wealthy suitor. He flung

all his presents into the fire, and from the shock lost his reason, which he never recovered.

A translation of an Irish poem of his by Dr. Sigerson is given among the examples of the work of that gentleman.

JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

(1695 ?—1720 ?)

JOHN O'NEACHTAN was still alive in 1715. He was a native of County Meath, but beyond this little is known about him. "He was," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "one of the earliest writers of Jacobite poetry, and perhaps the most voluminous man of letters of his day among the native Irish. One of his early poems was written immediately after the battle of the Boyne, when the English soldiery stripped him of everything he possessed in the world, except one small Irish book. Between forty and fifty of his pieces are enumerated by O'Reilly, and I have seen others in a manuscript in private hands. These included a poem in imitation of those called 'Ossianic,' of 1,296 lines, and a tale written about 1717 in imitation of the so-called Fenian tales, an amusing allegoric story called the 'Adventures of Edmund O'Clery,' and a curious but extravagant tale called the 'Strong-armed Wrestler.'

"Hardiman had in his possession a closely written Irish treatise by O'Neachtan of five hundred pages on general geography, containing many interesting particulars concerning Ireland, and a volume of 'Annals of Ireland' from 1167 to 1700. He also translated a great many church hymns, and, I believe, prose books from Latin. His elegy on Mary D'Este, widow of James II., is one of the most musical pieces I have ever seen, even in Irish :

" ' SLOW cause of my fear
NO pause to my tear,
The brightest and whitest
LOW lies on her bier.

FAIR Islets of green,
RARE sights to be seen,
Both highlands and Islands
THERE sligh for the Queen.' "

A translation by Thomas Furlong of O'Neachtan's famous song "Maggy Laidir" is given with the examples of the writings of that gentleman.

OSSIAN.

"SIDE by side with the numerous prose sagas which fall under the title of 'Fenian,'" says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "there exists an enormous mass of poems, chiefly

narrative, of a minor epic type, or else semi-dramatic *épopées*, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Ossian. Ossian¹ was the son of Finn mac Cúmhail, vulgarly 'Cool,' and he was fabled to have lived in Tír na n-óg, the country of the ever-young, the Irish Elysium, for three hundred years, thus surviving all his Fenian contemporaries and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. The so-called Ossianic poems are extraordinarily numerous, and were they all collected would probably (between those preserved in Scotch-Gaelic and in Irish) amount to some 80,000 lines. . . . The most of them, in the form in which they have come down to us at the present day, seem to have been composed in rather loose metres . . . and they were even down to our fathers' time exceedingly popular, both in Ireland and in the Scotch Highlands, in which latter country Ian Campbell, the great folk-lorist, made the huge collection which he called *Leabhar na Féinne*, or the Book of the Fenians.

"Some of the Ossianic poems relate the exploits of the Fenians ; others describe conflicts between members of that body and worms, wild beasts, and dragons ; others fights with monsters and with strangers come from across the sea ; others detail how Finn and his companions suffered from the enchantments of wizards and the efforts made to release them ; one enumerates the Fenians who fell at Choc-an-áir ; another gives the names of about three hundred of the Fenian hounds ; another gives Ossian's account of his three hundred years in the Land of the Young and his return ; many more consist largely of semi-humorous dialogues between the saint and the old warrior ; another is called Ossian's madness ; another is Ossian's account of the battle of Gabhra, which made an end of the Fenians, and so on. . . .

"There is a considerable thread of narrative running through these poems and connecting them in a kind of series, so that several of them might be divided into the various books of a Gaelic epic of the Odysseic type, containing, instead of the wanderings and final restoration of Ulysses, the adventures and final destruction of the Fenians, except that the books would be rather more disjointed. There is, moreover, splendid material for an ample epic in the division between the Fenians of Munster and Connacht and the gradual estrangement of the High King, leading up to the fatal battle of Gabhra ; but the material for this last exists chiefly in prose texts, not in the Ossianic lays. . . .

"The Ossianic lays are almost the only narrative poems which exist in the language, for although lyrical, elegiac, and didactic poetry abounds, the Irish never produced, except in the case of the Ossianic *épopées*, anything of importance in a narrative and ballad form, anything, for instance, of the nature of the glorious ballad poetry of the Scotch Lowlands.

"The Ossianic meters, too, are the eminently epic ones of Ireland. . . .

"Of the authorship of the Ossianic poems nothing is known. In the Book of Leinster are three short pieces ascribed to Ossian

¹ In Irish *Oisín*, pronounced "Esheen," or "Ussheen."

himself, and five to Finn, and other old MSS. contain poems ascribed to Caoilte, Ossian's companion and fellow survivor, and to Fergus, another son of Finn ; but of the great mass of the many thousand lines which we have in seventeenth and eighteenth century MSS. there is not much which is placed in Ossian's mouth as first hand, the pieces, as I have said, generally beginning with a dialogue, from which Ossian proceeds to recount his tale. But this dramatic form of the lay shows that no pretense was kept up of Ossian's being the singer of his own exploits. From the paucity of the pieces attributed to him in the oldest MSS. it is probable that the Gaelic race only gradually singled him out as their typical pagan poet, instead of Fergus or Caoilte or any other of his alleged contemporaries, just as they singled out his father Finn as the typical pagan leader of their race ; and it is likely that a large part of our Ossianic lay and literature is post-Danish, while the great mass of the Red Branch saga is in its birth many centuries anterior to the Norsemen's invasion."

A. RAFTERY.

(1780?—1840?)

THE story of the discovery of the writings of Raftery by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory is one of the most curious and interesting in the annals of literature. We have not space for it in detail ; in brief it was on this wise : Some time in the seventies Dr. Hyde heard an old man singing a song at the door of his cottage. The old man, at his request, taught Dr. Hyde the song and the latter went away.

Twelve years after, when Dr. Hyde was working in the Royal Irish Academy, he came across some old manuscript containing a number of poems ascribed to a man named Raftery, and among them the very song that he had learned on that morning long ago.

Seven years more elapsed, and Dr. Hyde one day met an old blind man begging. He gave him a penny, and passed on, when it suddenly occurred to him that he should have spoken to him in Irish. He did so and conversed with him for an hour. Among other things they talked about was Raftery, and Dr. Hyde learned much about the poet from the old man.

This set him upon the track of the poet, and the final result was the recovery of most of his poems and considerable material for his biography, which would otherwise have been absolutely lost. Had it not been for the fact that the poems were so well known up and down the country, it would have been impossible to recover many of them.

Raftery was born about 1780 or 1790 at Cilleaden, County Mayo, of very poor parents. He was early in life deprived of his sight by smallpox, so that he never had any better occupation by which to make a living than that of a fiddler. Though he was absolutely destitute and practically dependent upon alms, no poet of the people

ever exercised so widespread an influence upon those among whom he lived. He was never taught either to read or to write; he had no access to books of any kind, or any form of literature, except what he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from cottage to cottage, with his bag over his shoulder, picking up his day's meals as he went.

Lady Gregory in her "Poets and Dreamers" deals very fully with his work, and from the examples which she gives we are justified in claiming for this, the last of Irish bards, the name of an inspired one. It is said that he spent the last years of his life in making prayers and religious songs, of which Lady Gregory gives some interesting examples, and of which "The Confession," printed in the present volume, is typical.

He died at an advanced age, about 1840, and is buried at Killeenan, County Mayo, where there is a stone over his grave, and where the people from all parts round about gather in August of every year to do honor to his memory.

RICHARD STANIHURST.

(1545—1618.)

RICHARD STANIHURST was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year went to University College, Oxford. He studied law at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; and, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled "*Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium*," and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student at St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are "*De rebus in Hibernia gestis*" (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); "*Descriptio Hiberniæ*," which is to be found in "*Holinshed's Chronicle*," of which it formed a part of the second volume; "*De Vita S. Patricii*" (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); "*Hebdomada Mariana*" (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); "*Hebdomada Eucharistica*" (Douay, 1614, 8vo); "*Brevis premonitio pro futura commentatione cum Jacobo Usserio*" (Douay, 1615, 8vo); "*The Principles of the Catholic Religion*"; "*The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneid in English Hexameters*" (1583, small 8vo, black letter); with which are printed the four first Psalms, "*certaine poetical conceites*" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs.

OWEN WARD.

(About 1600 or 1610.)

LITTLE is known of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and

accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The "Lament," translated by J. Clarence Mangan, will be found among that author's contributions to this work; it is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the Prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.

MODERN IRISH AUTHORS, WHOSE WORK, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED, APPEARS IN
VOLUME TEN OF IRISH LITERATURE.

FATHER DINNEEN.

FATHER DINNEEN is a native of the district adjoining Killarney, in East Kerry, a district that has produced a crop of distinguished poets such as Egan O'Rahilly, Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Finneen O'Scannell. He drank in the traditional lore of this region during his boyhood, and always held the Irish language in special veneration. University and ecclesiastical studies, however, engrossed the best years of his youth and early manhood, and it was only when the enemies of Ireland's honor came forward at the Intermediate Education Commission, held in Dublin a few years ago, and sought to vilify Irish literature, to show that whatever little of it survived was either "silly" or "indecent," that he set seriously to work to lay before the world the collected works of several modern Irish poets, including those named above.

Besides collecting from manuscripts and editing for the first time the works of some six distinguished poets, Father Dinneen has in three or four years written several prose works in Irish, including an historical novel, "Cormac Va Conaill," a description of Killarney, and several plays. He has also finished a dictionary of the modern Irish language, with explanations in English. He is perhaps the most earnest writer of the Gaelic movement, and his *editiones principes* of the Munster poets are of the greatest value.

JAMES J. DOYLE.

✓ MR. JAMES J. DOYLE, the most unwearying worker and, with the single exception, perhaps, of Father O'Leary, the raciest writer of Irish dialogue living, was born at Cooleanig, Tuogh, County Kerry, forty-five years ago. The son of a well-connected, well-disposed, well-to-do farmer, he had the advantage of spending his boyhood in a singularly bilingual atmosphere; but it was only on leaving the local National school to enter the Revenue Service at the age of nineteen that he commenced to study the literature of his race. To Mr. David Connyn he attributes much of his earlier interest in Ireland's hal-lowed literature, an interest which has been steadily deepening for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Owing to circumstances with which our readers are unhappily only too familiar, Mr. Doyle remained unknown as a writer until the Oireachtas of 1898. On this occasion, however, he leisurely carried off a prize for three humorous Irish stories, and again at the

Oireachtas of 1900 he won the "Independent" prize for a story of modern Irish life. Still later, at the "Feis Uladh," he received first prize for a paper on "Ulster Local Names." This latter is one of his pet subjects, and has constituted the theme of many a lecture delivered in the interest of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle also won first prize in the "Irish Phrase-Book Competition" at the recent Oireachtas, 1901, and though not a teacher was fourth in the competition (open to all Ireland) for Archbishop Walsh's prize of £25 (\$125) for a bilingual school programme.

In 1881 he married Miss Mary A. Joyce, sister to Dr. King Joyce, of Dublin. She, like her devoted husband, is also bilingual, and it is not to be wondered at that they are, as the *Claidheamh* is wont to say, "bringing up seven sturdy, enthusiastic young bilingualists."

His numerous relatives and friends in the United States will share his own manifest gratification at the fact that his parents are still hale and hearty, and, as he himself is practically in the prime of life just now, there seems every hope that the readers of *An Claidheamh*—and probably of other Irish journals—will have access to his inimitable contributions for many a year to come.

As in the case of several of the most active members of the Gaelic League, his position of Supervisor in the Inland Revenue does not prevent him from rendering very efficient, if undemonstrative, service to his country. He resides at present in Derry, and is possibly the most energetic organizer in all Ulster. His assistance to Mr. Concannon has been simply invaluable.

"Cathair Conroi," children's stories, won the first prize at 1902 Oireachtas.

He was one of the original founders of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1876, and subsequently of the Gaelic Union, which founded the *Gaelic Journal* in 1882, and which might be said to have paved the way for the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle is the author of the following books, published by the Gaelic League: "Beert Fhear o' n-Tuaith," or "Two Men from the Country," a series of snapshots of Irish rural life in the form of dialogue; "Taahg Gabha," "Tim the Smith," a racy story of Kerry life; "Cathair Conroi," and other stories suitable for children; an "Irish-English Phrase Book."

AGNES O'FARRELLY.

✓ MISS AGNES O'FARRELLY, or in Irish *Una ni Thearghaille*, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in the County Cavan. She was born at Kiffenny House, East Breffin. She was the first lady candidate to take up Irish as subject for the M.A. examination in the Royal University, which she passed with the highest honors. She has spent much time in the Arran Islands learning to speak the language colloquially, and in 1899 she attended a course of lectures in Old Irish by Monsieur de Jubainville in Paris at the Collège de France. She has been for years one of the most prom-

inent members of the Coisde Griotha, or Executive of the Gaelic League. She is chief examiner in Celtic to the Board of Intermediate Education. Her principal writings are a propagandist tract in English called "The Reign of Humbug," and two stories in Irish, one called "Grádh agus Crádh," the other an Arran story called "The Cneamhaire," from which we give an extract, and, lastly, the splendid "Life of Father O'Growney," which has just been published and which is full of interest and information about the rise of the Irish Revival. She has nearly completed the collecting and editing of the text of John O'Neachtan's poems, and the editing of a very difficult text from the library of the Franciscans, containing an account of the wanderings of O'Neill and O'Donnell in Spain. She is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Irish Ireland.

THOMAS HAYES.

✓ THOMAS HAYES was born in Miltown Malbay on Nov. 2, 1866, where his father was a master cooper in comfortable circumstances.

He was educated in the National school. Both his parents were very good Irish speakers, and his home language was Irish. His house was always a great rendezvous for the neighbors, who used to meet there to tell stories, and the boy with mouth, and eyes, and ears open drank in a great many of the local tales and legends. Indeed, the house during this period was more like a branch of the Gaelic League than anything else.

His father was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his mother was intensely Irish.

In 1886 he was appointed as assistant teacher in Harold's Cross National School, Dublin. He went through a course in St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891-92, and in 1895 was appointed principal of St. Gabriel's Boys' School, Aughrim Street.

He is a good amateur musician, and carried off two first prizes at the R. I. A. M. School Choirs competitions in 1898 and 1901; the Oireachtas Gold Medal for singing, and also the prize for the best original air to "Caoinead An Guinn" at the Oireachtas, besides several second prizes at the R. I. A. M. Oireachtas and Leinster Feis.

In 1893 he joined the Gaelic League, and was soon after co-opted on the Executive Committee, of which he has since remained a member. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the League, and devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for several years to teaching Irish and singing in different branches of the League. He was the first teacher in Ireland to apply the Tonic Sol-Fa system to the teaching of Irish songs. His first attempt at Irish prose composition was published in the *Gaelic Journal* in 1894, and since then he has been in evidence more or less over his own name; but much of his work in Irish in the shape of articles, etc., has been unsigned.

PATRICK O'LEARY.

PATRICK O'LEARY, like his friend, Donnchall Pleinníonn of Cork, was one of the first martyrs of the Irish Revival. He died early, to the great loss of the movement, chiefly from overwork connected with it. His principal effort was the collection of Munster folk tales, called *Sgeuliugheacht Chírige Mumham*, chiefly from his native place near Eyeries, in the extreme south of Ireland. He was the first to collect the folk tales of Munster, having been incited thereto, as he says in his preface, by the Connaught collections of the "Craoibhín." He published many excellent things in the *Gaelic Journal*, and possibly elsewhere. He was a complete master of the language, and if he had lived would have undoubtedly become one of our ablest writers.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY was born in the year 1840, in the middle of a wild and mountainous district, about midway between Millstreet and Macroom, in the County Cork. Irish was at that time the language of that district. The people spoke scarcely any English. In that way it happened that Father O'Leary's childhood and youth were impregnated with Irish. He was fortunate in another way also. His mother was a highly educated woman, as well as a very talented one. When she spoke English to her children it was the best and the most correct English, and when she spoke Irish to them it was the best and the purest and the most correct Irish. His father had not received an English education, but the mastery which he had of the Irish language and the force and power with which he could use it were exceptional, even in a district where the language was, at that time, very copious and very powerful.

It is not to be wondered at that a person whose childhood and early youth were passed in the midst of such opportunities should have now the knowledge of the Irish language which Father O'Leary has. During that childhood and early youth he often passed considerable periods of time without ever speaking an English word.

The chief part of his English education was obtained at home from his mother. Having gone to a classical school in Macroom and learned some Latin and Greek, he went to the newly established College of St. Colman in Fermoy. Then he went on to Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867.

He never thought there was the remotest danger of the death of the Irish language until he went into Maynooth. When he got among the students in Maynooth he was astonished to find that there were many of them who could not speak a word of Irish. Not only that, but that there were large districts of the country where no word of Irish was spoken, and that such districts were growing larger each year, while those districts where Irish was

spoken were growing each year smaller. It was easy to see where that would end, and that the end was not very far off.

He then turned his attention to the study of Irish, determined to keep alive at least one man's share of the national speech.

Having been ordained and sent on the mission, he made it a point to preach in Irish and to speak Irish to the people whenever and wherever it was possible to do so.

But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

At last the Gaelic League made its appearance. The moment it did Father O'Leary went into the work, determined to do at least one man's share. He has continued to do so.

Father Peter is the "good old man" of the Munster Revival. His influence in that province is unbounded. Two of his plays, the "Ghost" and "Tadhg Saor," are constantly acted in Munster, and his writings, of which "Seadhna" is perhaps the best known, are acknowledged to be the most idiomatic of those of any Irish writer. He is very prolific, and every week sees something new from his pen, either in the Cork papers or in the Dublin *Leader*. He is one of the two vice-presidents of the Gaelic League.

P. J. O'SHEA.

MR. P. J. O'SHEA is a Kerry man, from the parish of An Team-pole Nuadh. He worked for many years as a Custom House officer in Belfast, and is at present in England. Over the signature of "Conán Maol," he has contributed an immense quantity of fine idiomatic Irish to the *Claidheamh Solnis* and other papers. He is of splendid physique and immense personal strength, and is descended from a race famous for their prowess and bravery in old times. His sketch of O'Neill in this library is a fair specimen of his style.

GLOSSARY.

A BOCHAL (<i>A bhuachaill</i>)	Boy, my boy.
ABOO, ABÚ !	To victory ! Hurrah !
A CHARA, A CHORRA	Friend, my friend.
A COOLIN BAWN (<i>a chuilin ban</i>)	her fair-colored flowing hair.
ACUSHLA (<i>a chuisle</i>) vein—ACUSHLA MA-CHREE	Pulse of my heart.
A CUSHLA AGUS ASTHORE MACHREE (<i>a chuisle agus a stoir mo chroidhe</i>)	O pulse and treasure of my heart !
A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE (<i>a chuisle geal mo chroidhe</i>)	O bright pulse of my heart.
AGRA, AGRADH (<i>a ghradh</i>)	Love, my love.
A-HAGUR (<i>a theagair</i>)	O dear friend ! Comforter.
AILEEN AROON (<i>Eibhlin a ruin</i>)	Ellen, dear.
ALANNA (<i>a leinbh</i>)	child.
ALAUN	a lout.
ALPEEN (<i>alpin</i>)	a stick.
AN CHAITEOG	The Winnowing Sheet (name of Irish air).
ANCHUIL-FHIONN (<i>an chuileann</i>)	the white or fair-haired maiden.
ANGASHORE (<i>aindiseoir</i>)	a stingy person, a miser.
AN SMACHTAOIN CRON	the copper-colored stick of tobacco.
AN SPAILPIN FANACH	wandering laborer, a strapping fellow.
A'RA GAL (<i>a ghradh geal</i>)	O bright love !
AROON (<i>a ruin</i>)	O secret love ! beloved, sweetheart.
ARRAH (<i>ar' eadh</i>)	(literally, Was it?) Indeed !
ARTH-LOUGHRA (<i>arc luachra</i> or <i>arc-sleibhe</i>)	a lizard.
ASTHORE (<i>a stoir</i>)	Treasure.
A-STOIR MO CHROIDHE (<i>a stoir mo chroidhe</i>)	Treasure of my heart.
ASTOR GRA GEAL MACHREE (<i>a stoir gradh geal mo chroidhe</i>)	Treasure, bright love of my heart.
A SUILISH MACHREE (<i>a sholais mo chroidhe</i>)	Light of my heart.
A THAISGE	Treasure, my darling, my comfort.
AULAGONE (<i>ullagon</i>). See HULLAGONE.	
AVIC (<i>a mhic</i>)	Son, my son.
AVOURNEEN (<i>a mhuirnin</i>)	Darling.
BAITHERSHIN (<i>b'fheidir sin</i>)	That is possible ! Likely, indeed ! Perhaps.
BALLYRAGGIN	scolding, defaming.
BAN-A-T'GEE (<i>bean-an-tighe</i>)	woman of the house.
BANSHEE (<i>bean-sidhe</i>) (literally, fairy-woman)	the death-warning spirit of the old Irish families.

- BANSHEE (*bean sídhe*).....fairy woman.
 BAUMASH, *raimeis*.....nonsense.
 BAWN (*ban*).....fair, white, bright, a park.
 BAWN, BADHUN.....cattle-yard or cow-fortress.
 BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUID (*beal an atha buidhe*).Mouth of the Yellow Ford.
 BEAN AN FHIR RUAIDH.....the red-haired man's wife.
 BEANNACT DE LA T'ANAM (*beanacht De le d'anam*)The blessing of God on your soul!
 BEAN SHEE (*bean sídhe*). See BANSHEE.
 BEINNSIN LAUCHRA..... little bunch of rushes (Irish air).
 B'EDER SIN (*B'fheidir sin*). See BAITHERSHIN.
 BIREDH (*bairreadh*).....a cap.
 BLADDHERANG — BLATHERING (from *blad-aire*)flattering.
 BLASTHOGUE (*blastog*).....persuasive speech, a sweet-mouthed woman.
 BOCCAGH (*bacach*).....a cripple, a beggar.
 BOCCATY (*bacaidé*).....anything lame.
 BODACH (*bodagh*).....a churl; also a well-to-do man.
 BOLIAUN BWEE (*buachallan bhuidhe*)ragwort.
 BOLIAUN DHAS (*buachallan deas*).....the ox-eye daisy.
 BOLLHUS.....rumpus.
 BONNOCHT (*buanaidh*).....a billeted soldier.
 BOREEN (*boithrin*)a little road, a lane (a diminutive of *bothar*, a road).
 BOSTHOON (*bastamhan*).....a blockhead; also a stick made of rushes.
 BOTHERED (*bodhar*).....deaf, bothered.
 BOUCHAL (*buachaill*).....a boy.
 BOUCHELLEN BAWN (*buachaillin ban*).....white (haired) little boy.
 BREHONS (*breitheamhain*).....the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.
 BRIGHIDIN BAN MO STORE (*brighidin ban mo stor*).....White (haired) Bridget, my treasure.
 BRISHE (*brisheadh*).....breaking; a battle.
 BROCHANS (*brochan*).....gruel, porridge.
 BROGUE (*brog*)a shoe.
 BRUGAID (*brughaidh*)a keeper of a house of public hospitality.
 BRUIGHEAN.....a fair mansion, a pavilion, a court.
 BRUSHNA (*brosna*).....broken sticks for firewood.
 BUNNAUN (*buinnean*).....a stick, a sapling.
 CAILIN DEAS.....a pretty girl.
 CAILIN DEAS CRUIDHE NA MBO (*cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.
 CAILIN OG.....a young girl.
 CAILIN RUADH.....a red (haired) girl.
 CAIRDERGA (*caoire dearga*).....a red berry, the rowan berry.
 CAISH (*ceis*).....a young female pig.
 CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA.....Castlekerke.
 CALLIAGH (*cailleach*).....a hag, a witch.
 CANATS.....a term of supreme contempt.
 CANNAWAUN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton.
 CAOCH.....blind, blind of one eye.
 CAOINE (*caoineadh*).....a keen, a wail, a lament.

- CAPPAIN D'YARRAG (*caipin dearg*).....a red cap.
 CASADH AN TSUGAIN.....the twisting of the straw rope.
 CAUBEEN (*caibin*).....a hat, literally "little cap," the diminutive of *caib*, a cape, cope, or hood.
 CEAD MILE FAILTE.....A hundred thousand welcomes!
 CEANBHAN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton. See *Cannawawn*.
 CEAN DUBH DEELISH (*acheann dubh dhilis*)..Faithful black head, dear dark-haired girl.
 CLAIRSEACH.....harp.
 CLEAVE (*cliabh*).....a basket, a creel.
 CLOCHAUN (*clochan*).....a stone-built cell, stepping-stones.
 COATAMORE (*cota mor*).....a great coat, an overcoat.
 CODHLADH AN TSIONNAIGH.....The Fox's Sleep (name of Irish air). Pretending death.
 COLLAUNEEN (*coileainin*).....a little pup.
 COLLEAGH CUSHMOR (*cailleach cos-mor*)...a big-footed hag.
 COLLEEN BAWN (*cailin ban*).....a fair-haired girl.
 COLLEEN DHAS (*cailin deas*).....pretty girl.
 COLLEEN DHAS CROOHA NABO (*cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.
 COLLEEN DHOWN.....a brown-haired girl. "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of *down*, brown.
 COLLEEN RUE (*cailin ruadh*).....a red-haired girl.
 COLLIOCH (*cailleach*).....an old hag, a witch.
 COLLOQUE.....collogue, whispering; probably from colloquy.
 COLLOGUIN.....talking together, colloquy.
 COLUIM CUIL (*St. Columbeille*).....St. Columba of the cells. The dove of the cell.
 COMEDHER (*comether*).....Come hither.
 CONN CEAD CATHA.....Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ireland in the second century.
 COOLIN (*cuilin*).....flowing tresses, or back hair. From *cul*, back.
 COOM (*cum*).....hollow, valley.
 COTAMORE. See COATAMORE.
 COULAAN (*cuileann*).....a head of hair.
 CREEPIE.....a three-legged stool, a form or bench.
 CREEVEEN EEEVEN (*Chraoibhin aoibhinn*)..Delightful Little Branch.
 CROMMEAL (*croimbheal*).....a mustache.
 CRONAN.....the bass in music, a deep note, a humming.
 CROOSHEENIN.....whispering.
 CROPIES.....the democratic party—alluding to their short hair, or round heads.
 CROSSANS (*crosan*).....gleeman, gleemen.
 CROUBS (*crub*).....a paw, clumsy fingers.
 CRUACH.....a conical-topped mountain, stack.
 CRUACHAN NA FEINNE.....Croghan of the Fena of Erin.
 CRUADABHILL.....Dabhilla's rock, a lookout on the coast of Dublin.

- CRUISKEEN (*cruiscin*).....a flask, a little jar, a cruet.
 CRUISING.....throwing.
 CRUIT.....a harp.
 CUBRETON (*cu-Breatan*).....a man's name, the hero of Britain.
 CUR CODDOIGH.....comfortable.
 CURP AN DUOUL (*corp o'n diabhal*).....Body to the devil!
 CUSHLA MACHREE (*a chuisle mo chroidhe*).....Pulse of my heart.
 CUSSAMUCK (*cusamuc*).....leavings, rubbish, remains.
- DALTHEEN (*dailtin*).....a foster child ; also a puppy.
 DAR-A-CHREESTH (*Dar Críost*).....By Christ !
 DAUNY (*dona*).....puny, weak.
 DAWNSHEE (from *damhainst*).....acuteness.
 DEESHY.....small, delicate.
 DEOCH AN DORAIS.....the parting drink, the stirrup-cup.
 DEOCH SHLAINTE AN RIOGH.....Health to the King !
 DHUDEEN (*duidín*).....a short pipe, what the French call *brûle-gueule*.
 DHURAGH (*duthracht*).....a generous spirit, something extra.
 DILSK, DULSE (*duileasc*).....sea-grass, dulse.
 DINA MAGH (*Daoine maithe*).....the good people, the fairies.
 DOONY. See DAUNY.
 DRAHERIN O MACHREE (*Dreabhraithrin o' mo chroidhe*).....O little brother of my heart.
 DRIMIN DON DILIS (*Dhruimeann donn dhileas*).....Dear brown cow.
 DRIMMIN (*dhruimeann*).....a white-backed cow.
 DRIMMIN DHU DHEELISH (literally, the dear cow with the white back, but used figuratively in Ireland).....name of a famous Irish air.
 DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH (*Dhruimeann dubh dhileas*).....white-back cow.
 DRINAWN DHUNN (*droighnean donn*).....brown blackthorn.
 DROLEEN (*dreoilín*).....the wren.
 DROOTH.....thirst (*cf.* "drought").
- EIBHLIN A RUIN.....Dear Ellen.
 EIBHUL (*uibéal*).....clew.
 ERENACH (*airchinneach*).....a steward of church lands, a caretaker.
 ERIC (*eiric*).....a compensation or fine, a ransom.
 ERIN SLANGTHAGAL GO BRAGH (*Eire Sláinte geal go brath*).....Erin, a bright health forever.
- FADH (*fada*).....tall, long.
 FAG-A-BEALACH (*Fag an Bealach*).....Clear the way ! Sometimes *Faugh a Ballagh !*
 FAUGHED.....despised.
 FAYSH (*feis*).....a festival.
 FEADAIM MA'S AIL LIOM.....I Can if I Please (name of Irish air).
 FEASCOR (*feascar*).....evening.
 FEURGORTACH (*fear gortach*).....hungry-grass ; a species of mountain grass, supposed to cause fainting if trod upon.
 FLAUGHOLOCH (*flaitheamhlach*).....princely, liberal.

- FOOSTHER.....fumbling.
 FOOTY.....small, mean, insignificant.
 FOSGAIL AN DORUS.....Open the Door (name of Irish air).
 FRECHANS (*fraochan*).....a mountain berry; huckle-berries.
 FUILLELUAH (*fuil a liugh*).....an exclamation.
 FUIRSEoir.....a juggler, buffoon.
- GAD.....withe, etc., for attaching cows.
 GANCANERS. See GEAN-CANACH.
 GARNAVILLA (*Gardha an bhile*).....The Garden of the Tree; a place near Caher.
 GARRAN MORE (*gearran mor*).....*Garran*, a hack horse, a gelding; *more*, "big."
 GARRON (*gearan*).....hack or gelding, a horse.
 GEALL.....a pledge, a hostage.
 GEAN-CANACH.....a love talker; a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys.
 GEASA.....an obligation, vow, bond.
 GEERSHA (*girseach*).....a little girl.
 GEOCACH.....a gluttonous stroller.
 GILLY (*giolla*).....servant; hence the names Gilchrist, Gilpatrick, Kilpatrick, Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. (*Giolla-Chriosda*, servant of Christ; *giolla-Phaidrig*, servant of Patrick, etc.).
- GIRSHA. See GEERSHA.
 GO-DE-THU, MAVOURNEEN SLAUN (*Go dteith tu mo mhuirnin slan*).....May you go safe, my darling; i.e. Farewell.
 GO LEOR.....plenty, a sufficiency, enough.
 GOLLAM (*Golamh*).....a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish Milesians.
 GOMERAL.....a fool, an oaf.
 GOMMOCH (*gamach*).....a stupid fellow.
 GOMSH.....otherwise "gumption"—sense, acuteness.
 GORSOON, GOSsoon (*garsun*).....a boy; an attendant (*cf.* French *garçon*).
 GOSTHER (*gastuir*).....prate, foolish talk.
 GOULOGUE (*gabhalog*).....a forked stick.
 GRACIE OG MO CHROIDHE.....Young Gracie of my heart.
 GRAH (*gradh*).....love.
 GRAMACHREE (*gradh mo chroidhe*).....Love of my heart.
 GRAMACHREE MA COLLEEN OGE, MOLLY ASTHORE (*gradh mo chroidhe mo cailin og, Molly a stoir*).....Love of my heart is my young girl, Molly, my treasure.
 GRAMMACHREE MA CRUISKEEN (*gradh mo chroidhe*, etc.).....Love of my heart my little jug.
 GRAWLS.....children.
 GREENAN (*grianan*).....a summer house, a veranda, a sunny parlor.
 GUSHAS. See GEERSHA.

HULLAGONE (<i>Uaill a chan</i>).....	an Irish wail, grief, woe.
IAR CONNAUGHT.....	Western Connaught.
INAGH (<i>An-eadh</i>)	Is it? Indeed.
INCH (<i>inse</i>).....	an island.
IRISHIAN.....	(English word) one skilled in the Irish language.
JACKEEN.....	a fop, a cad, a trickster.
KATHALEEN BAWN (<i>Caitlin ban</i>)	Fair-haired Kathleen.
KEAD MILLE FAULTE (<i>cead mile failte</i>)....	A hundred thousand welcomes!
KEEN. See CAOINE.....	the death-cry or lament over the dead.
KIERAWAUN ABOO.....	Kirwan forever! Hurrah for Kirwan!
KIMMEENS	sly tricks.
KINKORA (<i>Cionn Coradh</i>).....	"The Head of the Weir," the royal residence of Brian Boru.
KIPEEN (<i>cipin</i>)	a bit of a stick.
KISH (<i>ceis</i>).....	a large wicker basket.
KISHOGUE (<i>cuisseog</i>).....	a wisp of straw, a stem of corn, a blade of grass.
KITCHEN.....	anything eaten with food, a condiment.
KITHOGUE (<i>ciotog</i>).....	the left hand.
KNOCKAWN (<i>cnocan</i>)	a hillock.
KNOCK CUHTHE (<i>cnoc coise</i>)....	the mountain-like foot.
LAN	full.
LANNA	<i>i.e.</i> <i>alanna</i> , child (which see).
LAUNAH WALLAH (<i>Lan an Mhala</i>).....	the full of the bag.
LEANAN SIDHE.....	Fairy sweetheart.
LEIBHIONNA.....	a platform or deck.
LENAUN (<i>leanan</i>)	a sweetheart, or a fairy lover.
LEPRECHAUN.....	a mischievous elf or fairy. ¹
LONNEYS.....	expression of surprise.
LULLALO (<i>Liuiigh liuiigh leo</i>).....	Scream, scream with them! (Burthen-words in lullaby.)
LUSMORES (<i>lus mor</i>)	a foxglove, fairy-finger plant.
MA BOUCHAL (<i>Mo bhuachaill</i>).....	My boy.
MACHREE (<i>mo chroidhe</i>).....	My heart.
MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO....	"The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," a famous Irish air.
MAGHA BRAGH (<i>amach go bragh</i>).....	out for ever.
MAHURP ON DUOUL (<i>Mo chorp on deabhal</i>)..	My body to the devil!
MALAVOGUE.....	to trounce, to maul.
MAVOURNEEN (<i>Mo mhuirnin</i>).....	My darling.
MERIN (<i>meirin</i>).....	a boundary, a mark.
MILLE MURDHER (<i>mile murder</i>)	A thousand murders!
MILLIA MURTHUR.....	A thousand murders (a common ejaculation).
MO BHRON.	My sorrow.
MO BHUAICHAILIN BUIDHE.....	My yellow-haired little boy.
MO BOUCHAL (<i>Mo bhuachaill</i>).....	My boy.
MO CRAOIBHEAN CNO (<i>Mo chraoibhin cno</i>) ..	My little branch of nuts.

¹ The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoemaking, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavors to induce his captor by various ruses to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.

- MO CROIDHE (*Mo chroidhe*).....My heart.
 MOIDHEREDsame as "bothered."
 MO LEUN (*Mo lean*).....My sorrow.
 MO MHUININ.....My darling.
 MONADAUN (*monadan*).....a bog berry.
 MONONIA (MUNSTER).....Latinized form of Irish *Mumhan*, pronounced "Moo-an."
 MOREEN (*morrin*).....the diminutive of *Mor*, a woman's name, now obsolete. Grandmother.
 MORYAH (*mar 'dh eadh*).....but for.
 MOY MELL (*Magh meall*).....The Plain of Knolls—a druidic paradise.
 MULVATHERED.....worried.
 MUSHA (*Ma is eadh*).....well (in such phrases as "Well, how are you?" "Well, how are all?") Also, If it is! Well indeed!
 NACH MBAINEANN SIN DO.....(him) whom that does not concern (Irish air).
 NEIL DHUV (*Níall Dubh*).....black-haired Neil.
 NHARROUGH (*narrach*).....cross, ill-tempered.
 NIGI (*naoi*).....nine.
 NI MHEALLFAR ME ARIS.....I shall not be deceived again.
 NORA CREINA (*Nora chriona*).....Wise Norah (an Irish air).
 OCH HONEexclamation expressing grief.
 OCHONE MACHREE (*Ochon mo chroidhe*).....Alas, my heart!
 OGE (*og*).....young.
 OH, MAGRA HU, MA GRIENCHREE HU (*O mo ghradh thu! Mo ghraidhín croidhe thu!*).....O my love thou art! My heart's loving pity thou art!
 OLLAVES (*ollamh*).....a doctor of learning, professor.
 OMADHAUN (*amadan*).....a fool, a simpleton.
 OROan exclamation.
 OWNA BWEE (*Amain bhuidhe*).....Yellow river.
 OWNY NA COPPAL (*Eoghan na capall*).....Owen of the horses.
 PADHEREENS (*paidrin*, from *paidir*, the pater).....the Rosary beads.
 PASTHEEN FINN (*paistin fionn*).....little fair-haired child.
 PATTERN.....(English word) a gathering at a saint's shrine, well, etc.; festival of a patron saint.
 PAUDAREENS. See PADHEREENS.
 PAUGH.....flutter, panting.
 PEARLA AN BHROLLAIGH BHAIN.....Pearl of White Breast (Irish air).
 PHAIDRIG NA PIB (*Padraig na bpiop*).....Patrick of the pipes; Paddy the piper.
 PHILLALEW (*fuil el-luadh*).....a ruction, hullabaloo.
 PINCIN. See PINKEEN.
 PINKEEN (*pincin*).....a very small fish, a stickleback.
 PLANKTY (*plaingstigh*).....Irish dance measure.
 POGUE (*pog*).....a kiss.
 POLSHEE.....diminutive of Polly.
 POLTHOGE (*palltog*).....a thump or blow.
 POREENS (*poirin*, a small stone).....small, applied to small potatoes.

POTEEEN (<i>poitin</i>).....	(literally, a little pot) a still ; hence illicit whisky.
RANN	a verse, a saying, a rhyme.
RATH	a circular earthen mound or fort, very common in Ire- land, and popularly believed to be inhabited by fairies.
REE SHAMUS (<i>Rígh Seamus</i>).....	King James.
RHUA (<i>ruadh</i>).....	red or red-haired.
ROISIN DUBH.....	Black Little Rose.
ROSE GALB (<i>Roise Geal</i>).....	Fair Rose.
RORY OGE (<i>Ruaidhri og</i>).....	young Rory.
SALACHS (<i>salach</i>)	dirty, untidy people.
SALLIES (<i>saileog</i>).....	a willow, willows.
SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH (<i>'S amhuirnin dhilis</i>)	And my faithful darling.
SCALPEEN (from <i>scalp</i>).....	a fissure, a cleft.
SCUT (<i>scud</i>).....	a thing of little worth.
SEAN VON VOCHT (<i>sean bhean bhocht</i>).....	poor old woman.
SHAMOUS (<i>Seamus</i>) ..	James.
SHAN DHU.....	dark John.
SHAN MORE.....	big John.
SHANE RUADH.....	red-haired John.
SHAN VAN VOGH (<i>an Tsean Bhean Bhocht</i>)	Poor Old Woman.
SHAROOSE (<i>Searbhas</i>)	bitterness.
SHEBEEN (<i>sibin</i>).....	a place for sale of liquor, gen- erally illicit.
SHEEIN	young pollack, or of any fish.
SHEELAH (<i>Sighle</i>).....	Celia.
SHEE MOLLY MO STORE (<i>Si Molly mo stor</i>)..	It's Molly is my treasure.
SHEILA NI GARA (<i>Sighle ní Ghadhra</i>).....	Celia O'Gara (an allegorical name of Ireland).
SHEMUS RUA (<i>Seamus Ruadh</i>).....	red (haired) James.
SHILLALY, SHILLELAH.....	an oak stick, a cudgel. From the wood of Shillelagh in County Wicklow.
SHILLOO.....	a shout.
SHOHEEN HO, SHOHEEN SHO (<i>Seoithín seoidh</i>)	Burthen words of lullaby. Hush-a-by.
SHOOLING.....	strolling, wandering. From the word <i>siubhal</i> , tramping.
SHOUGH (<i>seach</i>).....	a turn, a blast or draw of a pipe.
SHUGUDHEIN (<i>'Seadh go deimhin</i>).....	Yes, indeed !
SHULE AGRA (<i>Siubhail a ghradh</i>)... ..	Walk, love ; <i>i.e.</i> Come, my love.
SHULERS (<i>siubhalóir</i> , a walker).....	tramps.
SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM.....	Up with me and down with me.
SLAINTE GEAL, MAVOURNEEN	Bright health, my darling.
SLAINTE GO BRAGH (<i>Slainte go bhrath</i>)....	Health forever !
SLAN LEAT !.....	Adieu ! Farewell !
SLEEVEEN.....	a sly, cunning fellow. From <i>slíobh</i> , sly.
SLEWSTHERING.....	flattering.
SLIABH NA M-BAN.....	The Mountain of the Women.
SMADDHER.....	to break. From <i>smíot</i> , a frag- ment.
SMIDHEREENS	small fragments. Probably from <i>smíot</i> , as above.

SMULLUCK (*smullóg*) a fillip.
SOGGARTH AROON (*Shagairt a ruin*) Dear Priest!
SONSY happy, pleasant. Probably
from *sonas*, happiness.
SOOTHER to wheedle. From the English.
SOWKINS soul.
SPAEMAN fortune-teller.
SPALPEEN (*spailpin*) a common laborer; also a con-
ceited fellow with nothing
in him.
SPARTH (*spairt*) wet turf.
SPIDHOGUE (*spideog*) a puny thing or person.
SPRAHAUNS (*spreasan*) an insignificant fellow.
STHREEL (*straóileadh*) a slut, a sloven.
STOOKAWN (*stuacan*) a lazy, idle fellow.
STRAVAING rambling.
STRONSHUCK (*stroinse*) a big lazy woman.
SUANTRAIGHE a sleeping or cradle song.
SUGGAWN (*tsugan*) a rope of hay or straw.

TARBH bull.
TH' ANAM AN DHIA (*D'anam do Dhia*) My soul to God!
THE CRUISKEEN LAWN (*Cruisgin lan*) Full little flask or jar.
THRANEEN, TRANEEN (*traithnin*) a little; a trifle; a stem of grass.
THUCKEENS (*tuicin*) an ill-mannered little girl.
TILLOCH (*tulach*) small plot of land, a hillock.
TIR FA TONN (*Tir fa Tonn*) Land under the wave--Hol-
land.
TIR-NA-MBOO (*Tir na m-beo*) Land of the live (beings).
TIRNANOGE (*Tir nan og*) Land of the young.
TRUMAUNS (*troman*) a reel on a spindle.
TUG the middleband of a flail.

UCHLUAIM the breast or front hem of a
sail.
ULICAN. See HULLAGONE.
ULLAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.
USHA. See MUSA (*mhuisse*).

VO Alas! Oíne, ay de mi!

WEENOCK (*'mhaoineach*) O treasure.
WEESHEE (*weeshy*) little. From *wee*.
WEIRA, WIRRA. See WURRA.
WHAT *Hollg* IS ON YOU? What are you about?
WIRRASTRUE (*O Mhuire is truagh*) O Mary, it is sad! (an ejacula-
tion to the Virgin).
WIRRASTRUE (*'Mhuire is truagh*) Mary! 't is a pity!
WISHA. See MUSA.
WOMMASIN strolling.
WURRA (*A Mhuire*) O Mary! (*i.e.* the Blessed Vir-
gin).
YEOS (English word) yeomen.

GENERAL INDEX.

THIS consists of an Index of Authors, books quoted from, titles of stories, essays, poems, subjects dealt with, of which the library consists, and first lines of the poetry. And these are each indicated by different kinds of type as set forth below.

As 'IRISH LITERATURE' touches upon Irish life at every point, the index has been made as full as practicable without overweighting it, and the entries are cross-referenced as fully as may be needed by those interested in any phase of it.

As the arrangement of the library is according to the authors' names, and as the biographies contain a full bibliography of each author, we have not indexed the whole of their works, but only those represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

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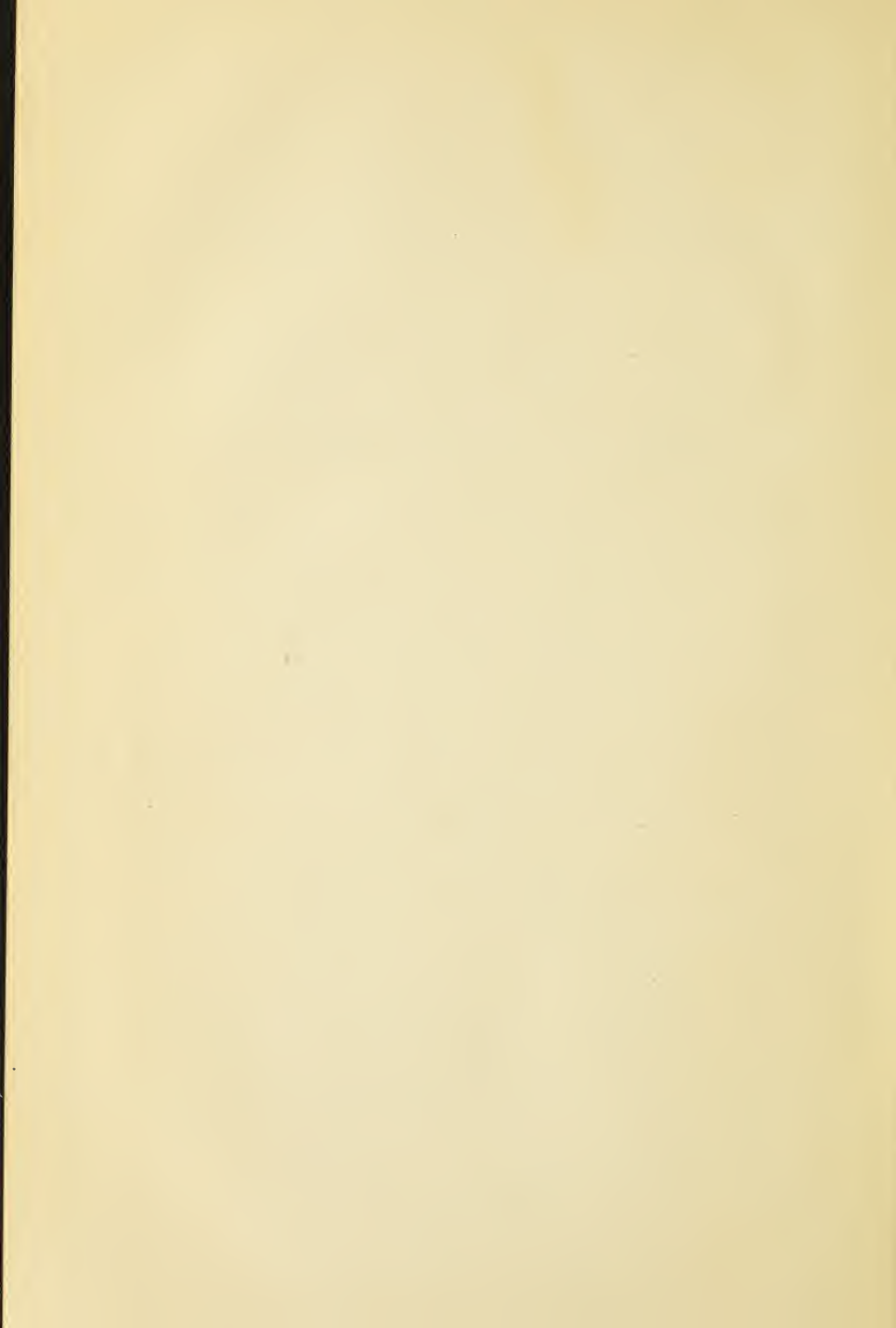
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